THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Metaphors of Colonel Watterson

Colonel Watterson has a way with the English language to which we cannot at this time do full justice. It is a style that is bound up with the country's history. As far back as the memory can reach in American journalism there were colonels busily writing in this vein. It is the style that Tom Moore noted in 1810; that flapped all through the debates on the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War; that Dickens found in full possession of the New York press. If Colonel Watterson's art should ever be lost, it could be learned again from *Martin Chuzzlewit,* but it will not be lost. Away from the corrupted centres of civilisation it still flourishes and there is a flash of it now and then even in the metropolis. It was an eminent metropolitan editor who a few years ago struck out the famous phrase, "A syndicated sin and a shameless shame," which is worthy of the nation and of Watterson. To other countries it may seem ridiculous, but to us it is simply homelike, as natural as nasality and as indigenous as the rolling r's of the rolling prairies. From a specimen of Colonel Watterson's prose we could construct a complete picture of society, haircloth, steel engravings, Rogers groups and all, and it is obviously too large a subject. We merely offer without comment a few examples of his skill in the use of metaphor.

❧

Of President Roosevelt's Provincetown address:

He seized hackneyed truths, dressed them in fresh language, and dealt them out as though they were hot from his intellectual anvil.

❧

Concerning a tame, leading citizen:

He is so tame that he is, in fact, almost shy.

❧

On a strange accident in a fool's paradise:

Politically, at least, he was living in a fool's paradise, because that which he considered to

MAURICE HEWLETT

The Stooping Lady, which ended its serial run last month, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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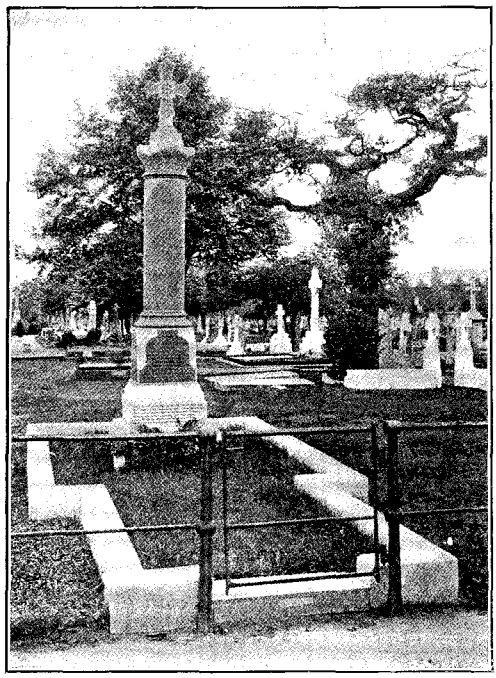

MRS. CRAIGIE'S (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES) GRAVE IN ST. MARY'S CEMETERY, KENSAL GREEN, LONDON

be his duty brought the house down upon his head, and, of a sudden, he saw what seemed to him incredible, the working of a deal by which the very fabric was to be pulled up by the roots, and this at the hands of those he had loyally served and whom he thought his friends.

❧

Of Senator Foraker as an earthquake on horseback that lives in a tent:

It is scarcely probable, however, that Senator Foraker, having pitched his canvass for the Republican nomination for re-election to the Senate, or for riding into the Presidency if he can create a tidal wave of sufficient volume to secure that end. . . .

❧

Politics, and especially national politics, keep the Colonel in a state of mind most of the time, and if certain things should happen, which he says he firmly believes will not happen, we shall expect to see him take the stump, platform in hand, bring the serpent to his knees and force him to apologise. And, as was said on another occasion, should the worst come to worse, "We see that old war horse of the Democracy waving his hand from the deck of the sinking ship."

❧

Mrs. Craigie's Grave

A monument, says the London *Sphere*, has just been erected over the grave of Mrs. Craigie, in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green. It bears the inscription:

To the dear memory of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Novelist and Dramatist. Born Chelsea, Mass., U. S. A., November 2, 1867; died London, August 13, 1906. Aged thirty-eight years. "Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."—JOHN ix. 4.

❧

"Personality in Journalism"

If Charles A. Dana were living it would amuse him to read in the *Atlantic Monthly* the mild moral reflections which his life occasions. "When the idealist turns opportunist he may well become a little cynical and lend himself to cynicism in others," says the tender commentator after a discussion of Dana's "personality in journalism," in which no trace of Dana can be found. For years after a man is dead we subdue our voices and write only epitaphs. We think it somehow respectful to his memory to smooth out every line and wrinkle of his character and bury him deep in that Potter's field of vague moralities wherein all dead celebrities look alike. To make our great men not only uninteresting but incredible is the special province of their little survivors, and apparently is esteemed as virtuous forbearance. Not that Dana was a great man. He was only a strong, distinct, extraordinarily interesting person, a great journalistic figure that has since grown greater because it has been followed by journalistic ciphers. Read, if you can, the present editorial page of the New York *Sun*, and Dana of course will seem a Titan, but that is an unfair test. Set him, rather, against the editors of newspapers and magazines generally, better men, many of them, by negative standards, more judicious and kindly, often quite wonderfully harmless, and the con-

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trast is still striking enough. The question of journalism nowadays is not so much its good or bad character as whether it has any character at all. Dana seemed a man among automatons, and he appeared in print with all his sins upon him, hatred, malice and the love of mean causes, but with his gifts, too, and his wide knowledge and his generous impulses and above all his great power of setting the mind in motion, one way or the other, but at least in motion—and nowadays what fearful risks would we not gladly run for a newspaper man who could set us to thinking? He was far too good and far too bad for any such attenuated phrase as an "opportunist who had perhaps become a little cynical." Why need we so often write about our men of talent with a moral whine, paring them down to their "message to mankind," justifying, apologising, issuing them in small, expurgated, hypocritical judgment-day editions, from which the last thing you would ever guess is that they were men of talent? In the spinsterhood of American letters it is always assumed that life is nothing but a succession of hairbreadth moral escapes. Surely we may safely admit that now and then a man is sent into the world on the simple errand of reminding other people that they are alive. If Dana *must* be reduced to terms of social medicine, call him a cure for the apathetics or reader's complaint or old subscriber's sleeping sickness, or whatever the technical term may be for that most obstinate of diseases which now runs like a murrain throughout the perusing portions of these United States.

Nor does Godkin seem any more lifelike in the hands of the *Atlantic* writer, who apparently thinks a man's "personality" is synonymous with his power for good. Power for good he may have had, but that is not why we miss him. We think of something besides the safety of our opinions while we read, and Godkin supplied us generously with incidental pleasures. It is ungracious to say that the personalities of Dana and Godkin "may still be felt in every issue of the *Sun* and *Post*," when what we do feel mainly is their absence from every issue. But the *Post* has its compensations. It still expresses the spirit of one man, not Godkin, but Mr. Rollo Ogden, and it is that fact rather than any Godkin tradition which gives it its distinctiveness to-day. Every little while it prints leading articles which Mr. Godkin could never have written and which for imagination, wit, evidence of wide reading and a certain individual vigour are as far above the standards of other papers as Godkin's were in his best days. The etiquette of newspaper anonymity does not conceal the fact that Mr. Ogden is now the only man whose personality can be strongly felt in that field of daily journalism in which Dana and Godkin did their best work. Here again we must waive the question of his power for good. We only know that like those two men he has an astonishing number of readers who are always saying that he "rubs them the wrong way," but who apparently take the greatest pleasure in taking offence. They bristle, but they go on reading. It is this sort of compelled attention, accompanied by explosive asides, that best bears witness to a "personality in journalism." Years afterward we forget our bruised opinions and remember the pleasure of the intellectual contact.

David Christie Murray

The late David Christie Murray first became widely known by the publication of *A Life's Atonement*, which ran in *Chambers's Journal* in 1879. Previous to that time he had been engaged in journalism in Birmingham and in London. While by no means works of the first order, *A Life of Atonement* and *Joseph's Coat* and *Val Strange*, which soon followed, gave evidence of great narrative skill. One of the reasons why Murray did not attain to much more eminent rank as a novelist was his irregularity. Yet there were times when he could turn out work with marvellous swiftness. "A Man of Kent," of *The British Weekly*, relates that when the Sherlock Holmes stories first appeared he asked Murray to write half a dozen stories on the same lines for a magazine. It was stipulated that he should read Sherlock Holmes and follow a similar plan of connecting the stories by a powerful personality. Mur-

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ray undertook the business on a Saturday. On Monday afternoon he appeared with the first story. He asked immediate payment for it on the ground that he was moving to a house in Kensington and wanted ready money. The same process was repeated on each succeeding day, till the six stories were all given in and paid for. In delivering the last, he remarked that he had just read Sherlock Holmes's story "The Speckled Band," and that it was much better than any of those he had written himself.

Christie Murray, says "A Man of Kent," had excellent social qualities. Among all his misfortunes he bore a certain air of dignity; he was very genial when he liked, and he was an excellent narrator. He had a keen eye for vanity, and once gave a most amusing account of a third-rate writer who introduced himself. "Mr. Murray," said this person, "let me introduce one man of genius to another. I am—" Murray, of course, seized the situation and allowed the stranger to go on speaking. The talk went on like this:

"Mr. Murray, do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Ah, but I play the piano very well. Mr. Murray, do you paint?"

"No."

"Ah, I have been successful in painting. Mr. Murray, do you write poetry?"

"No."

"Ah, my poems are more esteemed by good judges even than my criticisms," and so on.

Grieg

The death of Edward Grieg has removed from the ranks of musical composers one of the last of the "Old Guard." He was a connecting link in the fast weakening chain of continuity binding the present to the past. On the one side he touched hands with Schumann, Mendelssohn and Liszt, and with Strauss and Debussy on the other. The loss is a heavy one for musical art, suffered at a time when it can least bear it. Grieg was an uncompromising artist with all that the term implies, one in whom tradition was respected, though never permitted to rule, in fine, a strong and sane individuality. In any discussion of nationalism in music, Grieg's name has always figured prominently, and there has been more or less of a tendency to claim him as one of its foremost exponents. This is a clear injustice to the composer. True, his music has at times distinct local colour, a characteristic quality belonging to the North, a breath of the soil. It was but natural that he should be influenced by the folk-songs of his country. But he never placed the outer covering above the substance. Underneath its Scandinavian dress, his music lives and speaks in the universal language of art. It is idle to attempt to select from Grieg's rather large creative output his masterpieces. Opinions would naturally differ. It is safe to say, however, that any selection would include the piano concerto, the violin sonatas, the lyrical pieces and a sheaf of his exquisite songs, undoubtedly among the most beautiful in the literature of the Lied. His "Peer Gynt" suite is perhaps the most widely known of his works. It established his national reputation. Grieg had a large fund of melodic inspiration, though his themes are, with some few exceptions, short-breathed. It is too soon to assign to him his final place in the musical hall of fame; but among those added during the nineteenth century it is certain that the name of Grieg will have an honoured position.

The Late Judge Finch

Judge Francis Miles Finch, who died in Ithaca on July 30th, at the age of eighty, had a literary reputation that he never attempted to exploit. The "Blue and the Gray" and "Nathan Hale" are known to all the school children in the country, while Cornell University owes him some of her most popular songs, such as "The Chimes," and Yale may claim his famous "smoking song." However, Judge Finch, engrossed by his judicial labours, never published any of his poetical works. To find the "Blue and the Gray" one has to turn to the file of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1867, where it first appeared. Some of his Cornell friends,

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THE LATE JUDGE FRANCIS MILES FINCH

among whom was the late Moses Coit Tyler, induced him to make a choice of his favourite verses, which he gathered, and even went as far as to preface with a few words bearing testimony to his diffidence and modesty. The death of Moses Coit Tyler made him renounce his project, which may never be carried out.

❧

"Fair Harvard," British Version

We do not assume responsibility for the following story. If you were to ask about it in Cambridge, Massachusetts, you would undoubtedly be considered guilty of grave indiscretion, while as to the offender, he is not only quite unconscious of any *faux pas*, but probably remembers it with the same sort of innocent delight with which Colonel Etienne Gerard of illustrious memory used to tell of how he slew the fox on the occasion of his uninvited participation in the hunt of the English officers during the wars of the Peninsula. According to the tale, an Englishman who had done something or other in the world was to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University last Commencement. He had been in the United States for some months, and on his way to Cambridge, in June, he stopped in New York, where he was "put up" at a certain club. There, one evening, he was talking with a member and the conversation turned to the subject of American college singing. For this feature of our University life the Englishman expressed an unbounded and

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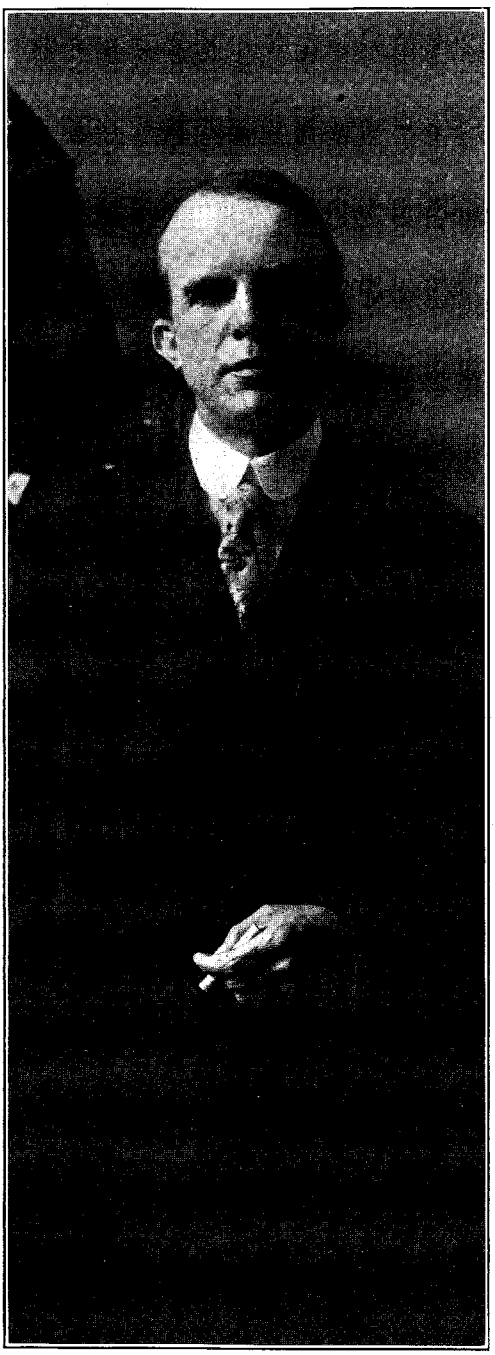

EDWARD PENFIELD
Author of *Holland Sketches*

rather un-British admiration. He liked it, and wished there were more of it in the old country. In view of his forthcoming honours he felt that he was in a measure a Harvard man—"not that he had forgotten Oxford, you know"—and in consequence he evinced a natural preference for "Fair Harvard." He felt, he said, that he ought to learn the words of that song so that he might be able to join in on occasion. Did his interlocutor know them and would he teach them to him?

❧

Now the man to whom the Briton so indiscreetly appealed for instruction happened to be a Westerner, whose sense of what he considered humour was greater than his awe of the Alma Mater of President Roosevelt. In addition he cherished a grudge, the reason of which is another story. So he blandly acceded to the Englishman's request, and with a perfectly grave countenance led him to a remote corner of the club and did not leave him until he considered him letter perfect. The visitor was delighted with his newly acquired knowledge, and his opportunity to air it came duly a week or ten days later. It was amid the classic surroundings, etc.—for detailed description consult any of a number of works of fiction—and a thousand voices broke into the inspiring strain. Suddenly, however, those in the immediate vicinity of the Englishman ceased singing and looked at one another with puzzled expressions. The Briton's face as he sang was beaming with good nature and satisfaction, and he had the air all right, for from boyhood he had known it as the vehicle of Tom Moore's "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." Only the words were not exactly accurate, for instead of the familiar

Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy Jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past
To the age that is waiting before.

the version of the newly honoured visitor ran something like this:

Fair Harvard, thy glories have all gone to rust,
And thy trophies of triumph are few,
For the Crimson has ever been trailed in the dust
By the Orange and Black and the Blue.

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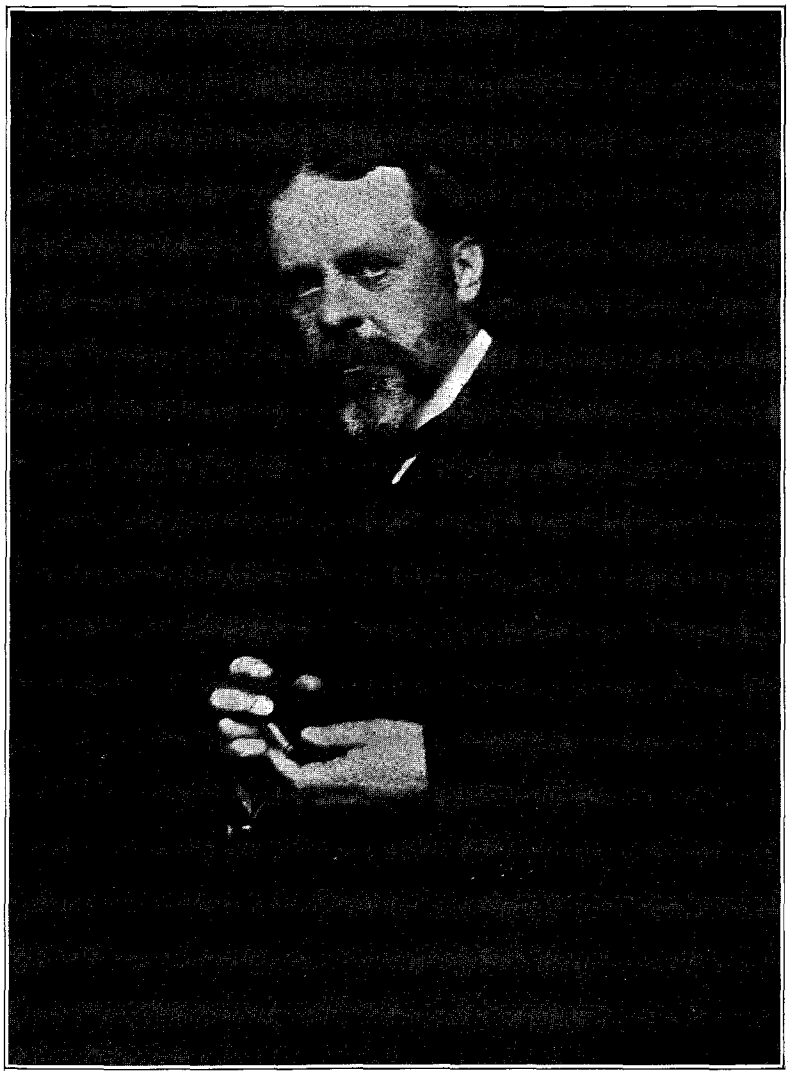
Shakespeareans and the Laity

What our well-informed reviewer, Mr. Edward Fuller, says of Professor Raleigh's book in "The Truth about Shakespeare," on another page of this magazine, may be very sound from the point of view of a student of Shakespeare criticism, but the book was written for us laymen quite as much as for Shakespearean scholars, who are our natural enemies. We account it a blessing that instead of enriching Shakespeareana by a study of the plays as stage pieces he has given us a delightful book. To know as much as Professor Raleigh does and not be unpleasant about it, to write of Shakespeare with wit, imagination and strong feeling, to draw upon experience and common sense instead of other commentators seems to a layman very remarkable and worth more than the clearing up of any number of doubtful passages by the study of



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL, OF HARVARD

Professor Wendell's *France of To-day* will be discussed in a later issue

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Shakespeare's stagecraft. The projects and discoveries of Shakespeare scholars are, after all, mainly interesting to themselves. Nothing can persuade a layman that a Shakespeare commentator is not generally a man who privately dislikes Shakespeare or is weary of him, and who for that reason constantly takes refuge in irrelevancy, writing his notes as schoolboys draw pictures on the margins of their books. In Shakespeare's company and eager to escape, they kill time by all manner of curious and needless labours, memory exercises, verbal excursions, now quoting all the passages they can think of that are somewhat alike, and again all those that are altogether different; not knowing what to do, but feeling bound to do something, hence collating, emending, elucidating anything to relieve the embarrassment of being alone with Shakespeare. Act. I., Sc. II., Line 20, Note 56. "'*Biting.*' Often used metaphorically by Shakespeare. So of '*nipping.*' *Cf.* 'a nipping and an eager air.'" They cannot understand Shakespeare, because instead of vitality and personal experience they have only grammar and a knowledge of one another's books. Hence these extraneous verbal activities and forlorn iterations of their predecessors' comments, tributes, moral reflections and the like. A sentiment from Dr. Johnson which no freeborn reader would be willing to remember for five minutes will be hoarded for generations by these desperate men. Thus there has grown up about the poet a sort of liturgy of ennui. And they need not do it. That is what puzzles a layman—why this particular class of persons ever started at the business and why they keep on, when there are numismatics, philately, chess, gardening, so many entirely respectable avocations, at a safe distance from the hated poet.

❧

Now Professor Raleigh's truth about Shakespeare is of a different kind from that sought by other Shakespeareans, and is attained by different means. "Shakespeare's dramatic estate," he says, "cannot be brought under the hammer, for it is rich in nothing but poetry." He therefore reads Shakespeare as the world has generally read its poets, allowing some scope to his own intuitions, common instincts, self-knowledge and knowledge of other men. He reads poetry without the Shakespeare parasite's determination at any cost to become very busy about it.

The embroidery of Shakespeare has become a national industry, harmless enough so long as it is not mistaken for criticism. But even good critics sometimes permit themselves the dangerous assumption that Shakespeare's meaning is not written broad on the play:

> And thus do they of wisdom and of reach,
> With windlasses and with assays of bias,
> By indirections find directions out.

What they fail to remark is, that in the very act of rescuing buried meanings, alleged to be all-important, they are condemning the work of the playwright. Shakespeare is subtle, fearfully and wonderfully subtle; and he is sometimes obscure, lamentably obscure. But in spite of all this, most of his plays make a distinct and immediate impression, by which, in the main, the play is to be judged. The impression is the play.

And in regard to the language of Shakespeare:

Here the good progress made in recent times by the science of language is of little avail; most of the masters of that science are men who know all that can be known about language except the uses to which it is put. The methods of science are invaluable, and they will prove fruitful in the study of Shakespeare when they come to be applied by those who understand how poetry is made and who join the end to the beginning. . . . Much of Shakespeare's language is hot from the mind, and only partially hardened into grammar. It cannot be judged save by those whose ease of apprehension goes some way to meet his ease of expression.

For all his learning, he owes his knowledge of the plays mainly to some kinship in himself with the qualities that produced them, and he can say what he knows because he has the gift of expression. A clumsy writer could not tell Professor Raleigh's kind of truth. The methods and results are not those of Shakespeareana and should be fought by Shakespeareans tooth and nail, for they obviously tend to throw them all out of employment.

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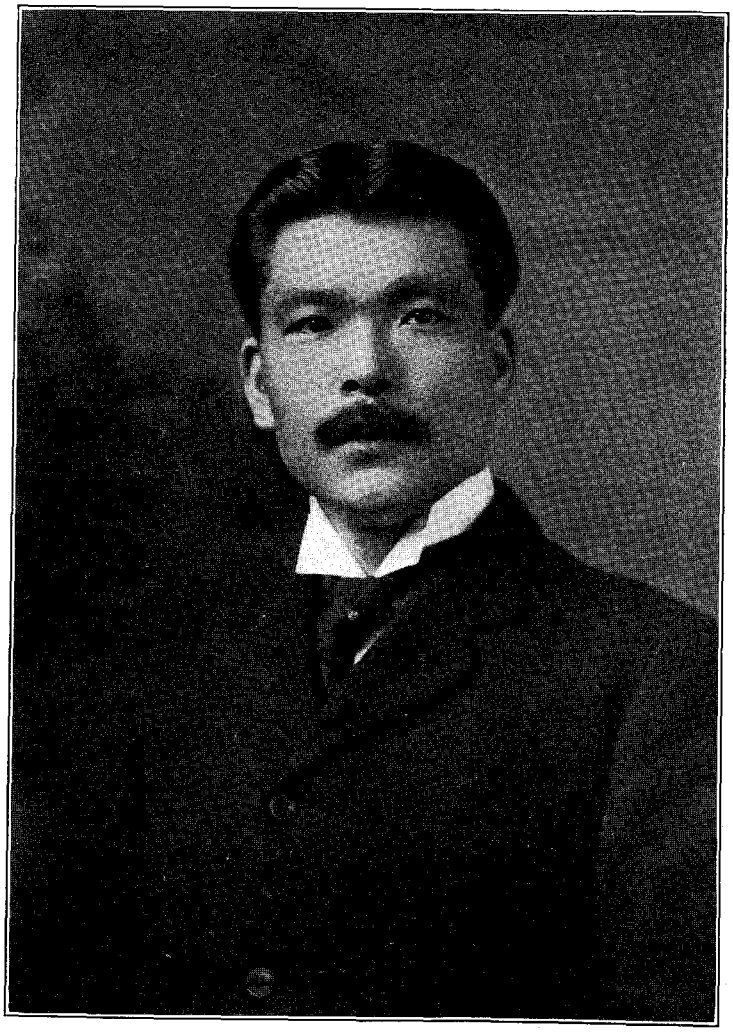
Masuji Miyakawa

Masuji Miyakawa, the author of the recently published *Life of Japan,* which has been regarded with some suspicion as having probably been inspired by the Japanese Government, has the peculiar distinction of being the only American lawyer of Japanese birth. Of the Samurai Class, he was educated in his youth in Japan, but came to the United States and was graduated from an American college. Returning to Japan, he acted for a time as official interpreter of the Imperial Government. He is now an American citizen and is Professor of Law at the University of Indiana. In addition to the *Life of Japan,* he has written *The Powers of the American People. Life of Japan* is illustrated in native character by native artists, and the sketches were loaned to the author by the Japanese Government.

New Legal Peril

A very warm letter has come to us from a lady who lives on Warm Springs Avenue, in Boisé, Idaho. It is a good deal belated, so that we were at first



MASUJI MIYAKAWA

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disinclined to publish it; but in that case the lady would have supposed that we had nothing to say. So here it is:

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Your editorial "A New Peril," dealing with what you term "Professor Münsterberg's excursion into the field of criminology," has just fallen into my hands. Had the information on which you based your comment been correct, you would have scored a telling point; unfortunately, however, you have been misled so far afield as to make of your resultant editorial almost an absurdity (I am trying to be charitable!). Not to correct this, on the part of an Idaho citizen, would be rank disloyalty; not to retract it, on the part of the writer of the editorial, would be (though I hate the word) something akin to stultification.

So eminent a scholar as Dr. Münsterberg needs no defender. It is for Idaho I wish to say a word.

You say Professor Münsterberg was "called in to determine the veracity of Orchard by psychologic formulas and psychopathic lore." You speak of "his appearance as a psychological expert at the Haywood trial at Boisé City." Nothing could be further from the truth. Professor Münsterberg was not "called in" by any one in Idaho. He played no part whatsoever, "expert" or otherwise, in the Haywood trial. He merely sat quietly among the other interested spectators at one or two sessions, just as you or I might have done. He came to Boisé, so he has stated in the press, to study Orchard as a type of criminal and moral degenerate particularly pertaining to a series of articles on "The Psychology of Evidence" that he contemplated writing for some scientific journal. Dr. Hillis was also here to attend this famous trial, and has since stated, I believe in print, his opinion as to Orchard's veracity. Shall we, then, see an account of "Dr. Hillis's Appearance in the Haywood Trial as a Moral Expert"? The facilities afforded Dr. Münsterberg for his study of Orchard in private came, naturally enough, from the prosecution, since Orchard was a witness for the State. Had the scientist desired to study Steve Adams or any witness on the other side he would have been obliged to seek such opportunity from the defence. So much for the statement that "he associated only with those connected with the prosecution." Idaho was more or less maligned and insulted all through this famous case in the columns of publications of the Debs order. The integrity of her brave executive and the disinterestedness of the State prosecutors were likewise continually assailed, even by Eastern journals of a much higher type, whose only possible excuse was their lack of knowledge regarding the West in general and Idaho in particular.

Through the pain of the ordeal, Idaho's judiciary has passed to complete vindication, while through much yawping and howling of the press Idaho bore herself with dignity and composure. No refutations or apologies seem forthcoming from the Debs press, nor could that be expected; but the high traditions of THE BOOKMAN, on a vastly higher plane as it is, makes our expectation of fairer treatment from that quarter not unwarrantable.

At the time when we wrote our comment of which the lady complained, we had read only the newspaper accounts and had not seen Professor Münsterberg's own letter on the subject. We therefore cheerfully modify our statement so far as it represented Professor Münsterberg as having appeared as a psychological expert at the Haywood trial. That, however, was not an essential part of what we said; and his published letter gives even more force and point to our criticisms, which related (1) to the questionable propriety of his publishing any opinion about the case while it was still *sub iudice;* and (2) to his proposal that, hereafter, psychological experts should be employed to determine the veracity of witnesses in important criminal cases. We have nothing to retract or to explain in our remarks under these two heads.

Modern Mexico

What would probably be regarded as the most complete and critical book on Mexico, a country that is likely to occupy a more conspicuous place in the eyes of the world in coming years, that has as yet been printed, is Percy F. Martin's *Mexico of the Twentieth Century*. The Mexican press has been outspoken in its praise of the author, maintaining that no writer who ever came to Mexico, Baron von Humboldt and Mr. Ward not excepted, has seen more of the country or taken greater pains to make himself in-

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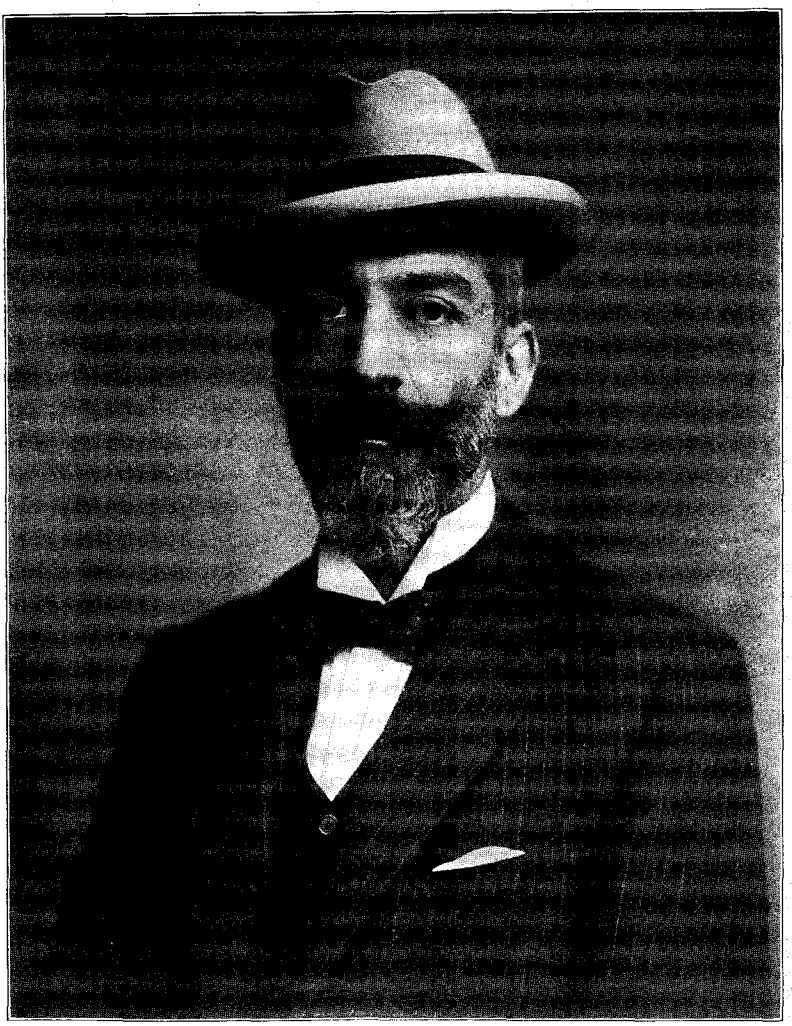
timately acquainted with the people and their institutions. Mr. Martin was born in March, 1861. He was educated at the London University, at Brussels, and by private tutors. After a year's experience upon the London Stock Exchange, he took up journalism, joining the reportorial staff of the *Morning Post,* and subsequently that of the *Evening News.* At the same time he acted as London correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Mail* and other provincial papers, and as London city editor of the *Freeman's Journal.* Under the editorship of W. T. Stead, Mr. Martin contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and in 1901-02 he went to the British West Indies as the special commissioner of the *Daily Express.* Before this he had twice made the complete tour of the world as the special correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald,* the *Financial News* and the *British Trade Journal.* In 1904 he went to South Africa for the same papers, and during the last two years he has been in Mexico as the correspondent of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail.* Mr. Martin is a recognised expert on railways and mines. In the course of his experiences he has visited practically every mine of note in the world.



PERCY F. MARTIN

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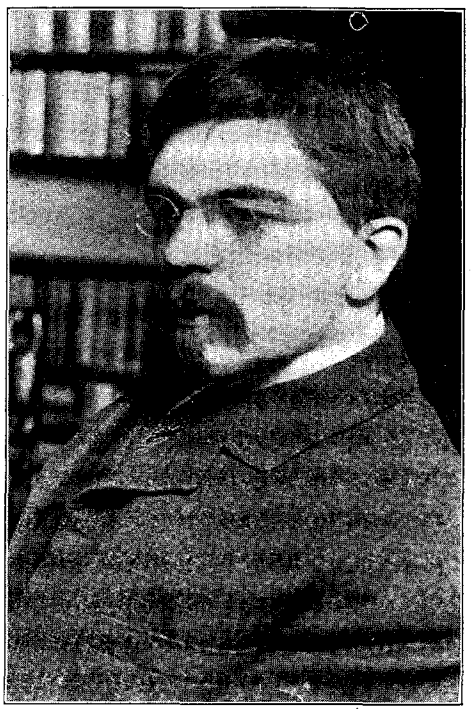
"Vanité"

Probably a great many of our readers who try to keep in touch with recent Continental fiction are already acquainted with *Vanité,* by the brothers Paul and Victor Marguerite. While not a book that is at all likely to hold a great or a conspicuous place in French literature, *Vanité* is of interest from many points. In the first place, to the American who has not seen Paris for five or six years it brings subtly the impression of something new. It would probably be the same in the case of a self-expatriated Frenchman. It is no more the Paris which De Maupassant described in his books of the late eighties, or the Paris of Daudet's novels, or even the city of which Bourget wrote in his studies of seven or eight years ago, than it is the Paris of Balzac or of Scribe. So keenly are you made to feel that it is the atmosphere of to-day, that the note of yesterday would have a strange and jarring effect. You could not well imagine one of the characters dropping an allusion to the Dreyfus case or the Fashoda controversy. It would sound as historical as a dissertation on the Affair of the Queen's Necklace. *Vanité* deals with the Brevier family, the story of whose varied fortunes the authors use for the purpose of airing certain opinions on divorce and the terrible struggles of present-day Parisian social life. Pierre Brevier, who began life on the wharves of Marseilles, and who has risen to the head of the Quatre Saisons, the great department store which challenges the supremacy of the Louvre and the Bon Marché, presents a variation from a familiar stock figure of French fiction. His limitations, due to the lack of advantages in his youth, are apparent, and yet he commands respect. He is not of the type of Moulinet, the bumptious parvenu of Ohnet's *Maître de Forges.* He does not, like Daudet's Sauvadon, employ an Élysée Meraut to give him ideas, to tell him what he must



ROYAL CORTISSOS

The editor of the *Vierge Don Quixote*, which will be reviewed in a later issue

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF FILSON YOUNG

Author of the much-discussed *The Sands of Pleasure*

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think of this book or that when he goes into society.

It was not long after the telephone had come into general use that its value as a literary and dramatic factor was first appreciated. Since that time it has been industriously serving the novelist and playwright. Yet we cannot recall that it has been employed to better effect than in one of the situations in *Vanité*. There is a great dinner at the Breviers', followed by a ball, and in the interim between the two Pierre Brevier is summoned to the wire. The voice at the other end is that of one of his partners, the Jew Hottmann, who has just brought about the ruin of the Quatre Saisons by disastrous and criminal speculations on the Bourse. The tone in which Hottmann makes his avowal of his frauds and informs Brevier of the impending crash is one of mingled mockery and despair. After all, he says, he will not be there to suffer, he will not read the terrible story that *La Vie*, the newspaper edited by his enemy, Le Vigreux, will publish in the morning; he will be done—gone out altogether. "Hottmann!" screams Brevier. But with a bitter laugh of farewell the other hangs up the receiver at his end, leaving the maddened and impotent Brevier hurling insults and imprecations into the deaf instrument.

LISI CIPRIANI

Lisi Cipriani

Lisi Cipriana, the author of *A Tuscan Childhood*, was born and educated in Tuscany and belongs to a Florentine patrician family. Her father, General Giuseppe Cipriani, and her uncle, Count Leonetto Cipriani, both did much toward the unification of Italy. Mrs. Browning refers to them for this in the *Summing Up of Italy*. The family suffered financial reverses, and at nineteen Miss Cipriani came to this country, where, through friends, she immediately secured a position as teacher of modern languages in a preparatory school. She taught for three years at the Girls' Classical School in Indianapolis, going from here to the University of Chicago, where in less than two years she received, with honours, the three degrees the University confers. Immediately after having received the doctor's degree she was put on the faculty and taught principally comparative literature.

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REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY-TELLERS

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

I. His Literary Creed

THERE is a peculiar satisfaction in undertaking a critical study of Mr. Marion Crawford for a series of articles which by their very title avow the intention of viewing the novelist primarily in his capacity of story-teller. While it is quite true that an interesting plot is the indispensable corner-stone of successful fiction, yet many of the greatest novels are not those in which the story-teller's art has reached its highest development—they are great because they are not only stories, but a great deal else besides: fearless paintings of existing conditions; trenchant criticisms of life. And conversely, many a novel faulty in structure, false in colouring, exaggerated in action to the point of melodrama, have been vitalised by that magic instinct of the born story-teller, that inimitable gift of making miracles seem plausible, and convincing you that impossibilities could have happened simply by telling you with assured audacity that they really did happen. Consequently, to approach a novelist primarily on the story-telling side is neither a direct road to discovering his permanent place in fiction nor a barrier to such discovery. It simply determines the initial point of view, saves the trouble of many explanations and saving clauses, and often makes possible a greater indulgence for short-

VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES

As seen from Mr. Crawford's present home, Sorrento.

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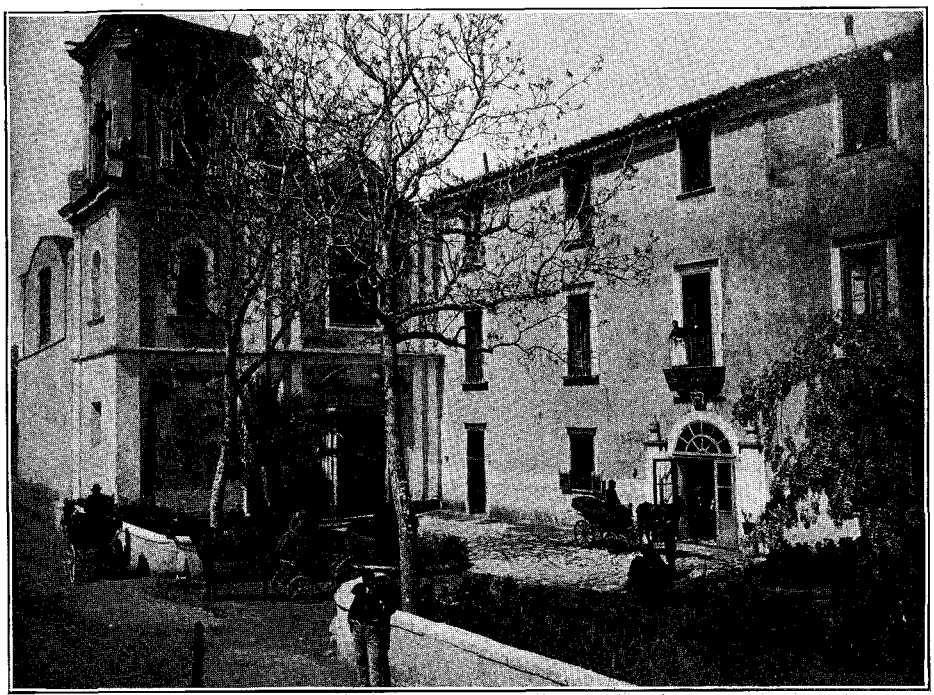

THE HOTEL COCUMELLA, AT SORRENTO

Once a monastery, and now a pension, well known to tourists. Here Mr. Crawford lived with his family for many years. In the visitors' book is still to be read, in his minute, clear-cut handwriting, the cordial endorsement that nowhere else in Europe had he found a similar combination of comfort, courtesy and economy, and that he left only because about to enter his own villa in the immediate neighbourhood.

comings, a more cordial recognition of merit. In the case of Mr. Crawford the advantages of this standpoint are sufficiently obvious. Whatever position may be assigned to him now or hereafter in English letters, it must be conceded that he is first, last and always a prince of story-tellers, whose title was inborn and not acquired. Just a quarter of a century ago, when *Mr. Isaacs* unexpectedly caught the attention of a volatile reading public, there were those who predicted, in view of its oddity of theme and treatment, that the newly discovered author would never again repeat his initial success, that Mr. Crawford would remain in the class of authors of one book. Yet any one with a well-developed critical sense must have seen in *Mr. Isaacs,* beneath its Oriental colouring and its mystical atmosphere, the first flowings of that strong, steady, inexhaustible current of narration which has held its even way through upward of twoscore volumes, not one of which deserves the stigma of mediocrity, while just a few possess a quality entitling them to a higher recognition than they have yet received.

There is yet another reason for preferring to treat of Mr. Crawford primarily as a story-teller, and that is that it is the point of view from which he himself would choose to be treated. The first axiom of all impartial and helpful criticism is that an author's work should be judged in the light of what he has intended to do. Most novelists of real importance have sooner or later expressed in print their theories of the art they practised, but few have done so with the terse clearness, the uncompromising conviction that characterise Mr. Crawford's suggestive little monograph upon *The Novel—What It Is.* To the critic it is a most helpful little volume, not for a better understanding of what constitutes a novel—since there are a score of points on which one is inclined to take

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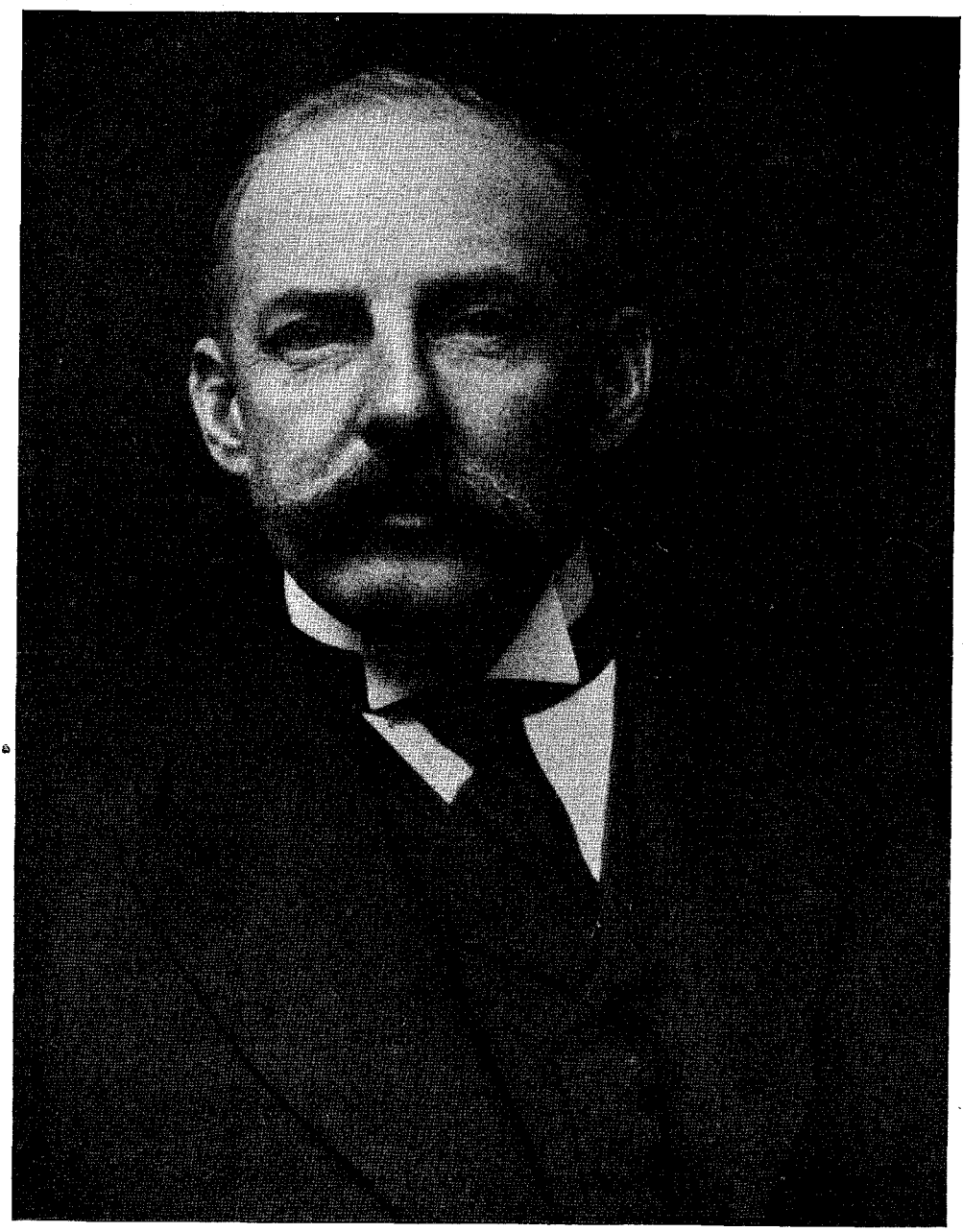
issue with the author—but for a better understanding of Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is a convenient key to every one of his merits and defects. And for that reason it seems wise to examine it somewhat carefully, to quote from it rather freely, and to get quite clearly before us just what his theories of fiction are and why those theories do not always bear the fruit which he expected to obtain from them.

In the first place, then, the novel is defined by Mr. Crawford as a "market-



FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

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able commodity," of the class collectively termed "intellectual artistic luxuries." In other words, the first object of the novel is "to amuse and interest the reader," and a novelist is at all times under an implied contract with the prospective purchasers to give them the entertainment they are looking for and to attempt nothing more serious than entertainment. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has no tolerance whatever for the purpose novel, not merely because "in art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake," but for the more specific reason that the purpose novel is "a simple fraud, . . . an odious attempt to lecture people who hate lectures, to preach at people who prefer their own church, and to teach people who think they know enough already." The novel is nothing more nor less than "a pocket theatre," the novelist nothing more than "a public amuser."

> It is good to make people laugh; it is sometimes salutary to make them shed tears; it is best of all to make our readers think—not too serious thoughts, nor such as require an intimate knowledge of science and philosophy to be called thoughts at all—but to think, and, thinking, to see before them characters whom they might really like to resemble, acting in scenes in which they themselves would like to take part.

Mr. Crawford need not have added to the above paragraph a single word regarding his attitude toward romance and realism; for it is obvious that the novelist who recognises that his chief duty is to entertain, and who deliberately purposes to leave out of his books all characters whom his readers would not like to resemble and all scenes in which his readers would not care to play a part, must of necessity have scant sympathy for the realistic school, or small use for the definition of the novel as "a cross-section of life." What he does have to say upon this subject is exactly in accord with what one would expect him to say. Zola he concedes somewhat reluctantly to have been a great man, "mightily coarse to no purpose, but great, nevertheless, a Nero of fiction." But "Zola's shadow, seen through the veil of the English realistic novel, is a monstrosity not to be tolerated." The fact that "in our Anglo-Saxon system the young girl is everywhere" seems to him in itself a sufficient reason why we should "temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous shorn lamb." And after defining the realistic school as that which "purposes to show men what they are," and the romantic school as the one which "tries to show men what they should be," he frankly declares that for his part he believes that "more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art."

There is just one more paragraph which deserves to be emphasised, because it touches quite unconsciously upon the source of the real weakness not only of Mr. Crawford's novels, but of the romantic school as a whole:

> Practically, what we call a romantic life is one full of romantic incidents which come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of a man's or a woman's character. It is therefore necessarily an exceptional life, and as such should have an exceptional interest for the majority.

Now there cannot be any question that the theory contained in this paragraph is admirable; the trouble is that as a working formula it almost never succeeds. Even in Mr. Crawford's own novels, admirable as they are—for he understands beyond question the technique of his craft—it would puzzle the critic to point out any one romantic life made up solely of incidents which have "come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of the man's character." The hidden flaw in all romantic fiction is due to the fact that the incidents which come unsought, as the result of character, rarely show the romantic quality which a Scott, a Dumas, a Stevenson demands. The novelist may take the greatest pains in his selection of exceptional types of men and women, and may show equal care in bringing them together under exceptional conditions; nevertheless, in nine cases out of ten, if he leaves them alone to follow consistently their natural bent; if he does not actively intervene and force them to say "no" or

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to say "yes"; if he does not check and harass and complicate their actions by the intervention of blind, illogical fate in the shape of disaster, disease and death, he will find them naturally and quietly doing the normal and obvious thing, and frustrating his hope of providing that exceptional interest which is demanded by the majority. In *Mr. Isaacs,* perhaps quite as consistently as in any of his later books, Mr. Crawford evolved a long series of highly romantic happenings directly from the peculiar temperament of his hero; yet take away the element of chance—the accidental blow on the head received by Isaacs in the game of polo, the coincidence which made Miss Westonhaugh's brother the unknown benefactor of Isaacs in his days of poverty, and finally the girl's illness and death from jungle fever—and the story would necessarily have had a radically different and more prosaic ending. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario,* the most admirably real of all Mr. Crawford's Italian stories, the fact remains that the vital issues of the plot arise, in the one case, out of a purely chance identity of names between two distant cousins, and in the other, from an almost incredible series of coincidences—a lost pin, a stolen envelope, a forged letter. Now, in romantic fiction there is no logical objection to the use of chance, accident, fate, call it what you will. The mistake lies in trying to write romance in accordance with a realistic formula, and to convince the reader that sane men and women did strange, unlikely deeds as the direct result of their own characters.

II. His Novels

Mr. Crawford, however, in a measure disarms criticism by confessing genially that he is himself "the last of literary sinners." His creed, so far as he has one, slips on and off easily, like a well-worn glove. In theory, as we have seen, he is a romanticist; in practice he is in turn realist, psychologue, mystic, whatever for the moment suits his need or appeals to his instinct of born story-teller. His stage-setting, his local colour are painted in from life with scrupulous fidelity; a Balzac or a Zola could not be more faithful to reality in matters of topography. You may at any time, if you please, trace the peregrinations of Count Skariatine through the back alleys of Munich, or Paul Patoff through the labyrinthine paths of Constantinople. And his people are as real as his streets and houses. The whole world knows that his Mr. Isaacs was drawn direct from life, the original being a certain Mr. Jacobs, a trader in rare jewels, who later came into note through his dispute with the Nizam of Deccan over the price of the Great Empress diamond. Talk with Mr. Crawford about his other characters and you will learn that there is nothing exceptional in the case of Mr. Isaacs. He will tell you with a quiet smile that the men and women who throng the pages of his *Saracinesca* trilogy are all real people, whom he has for the most part known and liked well; that Corona is still living; that Spica is a composite portrait of a cadaverous Pole and a famous Neapolitan duellist, who died a couple of years ago; that Count Skariatine, the crazed nobleman in *A Cigarette Maker's Romance,* was in reality a German count, who once a week, just as in the story, left his workbench in the little tobacco shop and sat at home waiting in vain for a summons to the Bavarian Court; that Vjera, the Russian girl who sold her hair to pay the count's debt of honour, was also a reality; and that even Fischlowitz's dingy tobacco shop, with the absurd mechanical figure of a Viennese *Gigerl* in the window, existed in Munich exactly as Mr. Crawford drew it, and was in fact the shop where he went day after day to buy his cigarettes.

His method, then, may be summed up somewhat after this fashion: he begins by taking a real stage-setting, some one of the many corners of the world of which his cosmopolitan experience has given him intimate knowledge; he brings upon the stage a group of real people of strong and interesting personality, whom he has personally studied in real life, idealising them to suit his purpose, yet not so much as to mar the illusion of reality. And having up to this point held himself in check, he now gives free rein to his imagination, and puts these thoroughly real people through a series of

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highly romantic adventures, forcing them to think and say and do many things which our sober second judgment tells us they never would have said or thought or done—and yet, with his inborn power of story-telling, convincing us for the time being that it all must have happened exactly as he says it did.

It would be futile to attempt to survey in detail any large number of Mr. Crawford's twoscore novels, nor would any very useful purpose be served were it practical to do so. There is a surprisingly large proportion of his books which a critic may quite safely ignore—books which one and all maintain an even quality of interest, yet add nothing to our estimate of him as a man or artist. As is well-nigh inevitable in a novelist who never allows himself to forget that "novel writing is a business," and who has the technique of construction down almost to a mechanical perfection, the difference between his earlier and later books is mainly a loss of spontaneity and an increased conventionality in plot and character. Mr. Crawford has not "written himself out," to use the phrase which he has declared is so terrible for any author to hear; nor is it likely that he ever will write himself out. His average standard to-day is far nearer to that of his best work than that of Mr. Howells, let us say, comes to *Silas Lapham*—nearer, indeed, than many another novelist whom the world has chosen to honour could come to his own best achievement after a quarter of a century of unremittent toil. It is nevertheless a fact that the volumes which one feels inclined to single out for specific discussion all belong to the first decade of Mr. Crawford's literary activity.

Mr. Isaacs of course must remain one of the volumes which will be read as long as Mr. Crawford continues to be remembered. Crude though it may be in construction, and uneven in style, it nevertheless remains a rather remarkable achievement, one of those rare first efforts that are nothing short of a sheer stroke of genius. It is usually an unwise experiment to read over in maturity a story which gave keen pleasure in early youth; yet if the present writer may be allowed to cite his own personal experience, *Mr. Isaacs* is one of the books that stand the test surprisingly well. Mr. Crawford himself admits that he was most fortunate in having begun his literary career with this particular book; theosophy was in the air, Kipling had not yet pre-empted the field of India for fiction, and there was, moreover, a certain mingling of poetry and cynicism, of mature experience and youthful enthusiasm, that went well with the strange theme and the vivid colouring. And one may seriously question whether any single volume written by Marion Crawford in the height of his powers could have duplicated the success of *Mr. Isaacs* if put forth as the first novel of an unknown author.

Dr. Claudius, which followed *Mr. Isaacs* within the year, may well be passed over with the comment that for a book so badly handicapped the wonder was that it succeeded at all. As has very truly been said, "a learned Heidelberg Phil.D., however sentimental and yellow-bearded, is a less attractive conception than a youthful and pure-blooded Iranian adventurer, whose glowing eyes outshine his jewels." Yet but for the caprice of fate it might have been known to the world as Mr. Crawford's first book, for it had been in the hands of the publishers many months before *Mr. Isaacs* was issued. Of the books which followed, at an average rate of two volumes a year, *A Roman Singer* was notable for that extreme simplicity of style which has since become one of Mr. Crawford's most effective assets: *Marzio's Crucifix,* as representing a long step forward in the technique of unity of plot; *Kahled,* as the most effective and artistic of all the author's purely fanciful efforts. But the volumes which it seems worth while to single out for more detailed comment are *The Three Fates, A Cigarette Maker's Romance,* and the *Saracinesca* trilogy.

It is a curious and unexplained fact that when the topic of Mr. Crawford's novels comes up in a company of fairly well-read men and women, and they have all expressed a more or less intelligent opinion about *The Ralstons* and *Don Orsino* and *Fair Margaret,* if you then make mention of *The Three Fates* you are likely to find that no one present has read the book nor one in ten even heard

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of it. Yet it is easily the best of Mr. Crawford's American stories; it is simply not in the same class with *Katharine Lauderdale* and *Marion Darche*. The people in it are all thoroughly alive; at times they tempt one to say that they are the most intensely alive of any characters Mr. Crawford has ever drawn. The principal character is a young and struggling author making the rounds of New York publishing houses and striving to win a hearing for his first novel. It takes no very profound intuition to guess that there is a modicum of autobiography worked into the pages of *The Three Fates*, and its author makes no attempt to deny it. If you ask Mr. Crawford which of his American stories he personally likes best, this is the one that he will name, adding with a reminiscent sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret, "The fact is, I put a great deal of myself into *The Three Fates*."

The personal touch is, of course, an all-sufficient reason to explain the author's preference, but a critic's choice should rest on sounder basis. And in this case that basis is to be found in the rather exceptional study it contains of some phases of love, where both the man and the woman are quite young. The emotions of maturer men and women are comparatively easy to chronicle; they know life too well to jeopardise their happiness with imaginary ills. But the very young are prone to magnify their troubles and their grievances, to torture themselves over trivial faults and absurd scruples, which are, of course, for the time being as vital and momentous to them as the profounder trials of maturer years. And the task of interpreting these youthful crises with sympathetic understanding and just a touch of indulgent irony is one which just a few novelists successfully achieve. One recalls especially certain chapters in William Black's *Madcap Violet* and Mr. Howells's *April Hopes;* and to these may be added *The Three Fates*. Like so many of Mr. Crawford's earlier volumes, the construction is faulty. There is no clear-cut central theme. The most that can be said for the plot is that the author has sought to show how a young man of a keenly sensitive artistic temperament may, in those vital formative years when his life's career is just opening before him, find his ideals of women so subtly and yet so radically modified that in a comparatively brief space he has found himself able to love tenderly and sincerely three different women, and to receive from each in turn a permanent impression, a modification of his character which time will only strengthen. And yet, as the first and the second successively withdraw themselves from his life, he knows that there can be no going back, even should they so elect; they have been very dear to him, they have each played the part of one of the Fates in his life, yet there is no resurrection for the emotions which are dead. And at the end of the story the man, sobered by sorrow and toil and hard-won achievement even more than by the sudden and unforeseen responsibility of great wealth, hesitates to put to the test the last of his three Fates. He knows that this time there is no question of a transitory passion, but rather the deep, lasting love of mature manhood; this third woman means so much in his life that even her friendship is a precious thing, which he fears to jeopardise by speaking prematurely. This dénouement of *The Three Fates* is one of the most artistic and felicitous single touches to be found in Mr. Crawford's writings. We know that the third and greatest opportunity is merely deferred, not lost; yet the contrast between the boy's precipitancy and the man's delay is the best measure of the difference in kind as well as degree between the earlier and later love.

It is customary to regard the cycle of Italian novels, beginning with the *Saracinesca* trilogy and continued in *Corleone* and *Tarquisara*, as the strongest and most finished work that the author of *A Roman Singer* has produced. This, however, is not the view held by those critics who have made the most careful study of his novels; nor is it the view held by Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, he has sometimes expressed a doubt whether on the whole his Italian stories have not been more of a detriment to him than a help. The public seemed to expect them of him, he explains, and so confined his activity to that particular field

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THE PALACE OF THE SARACINESCA FAMILY IN ROME

From a drawing by Walter Hale

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when he would much rather have directed it elsewhere. Of these Italian books as a whole it may be said that they have at least the merit of presenting to English readers a comprehensive picture of social life in Italy such as cannot be found elsewhere in English fiction. The fact that Mr. Crawford was born in Rome and spent much of his early life there, and that later he deliberately elected to make Italy his permanent home, placed him in a position to write from the standpoint of a native. In fact, he is on firmer ground and writes with a more assured knowledge when the scene is laid in Rome than when the action takes place in Boston or New York. Nevertheless, while they are his most ambitious efforts, even the best of them, even *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario,* have not the artistic charm and unity possessed by several slighter works. And the reason is not hard to find. *Saracinesca* and its sequels belong to the type best defined as the Epic Novel, the type wherein a great social movement, a moral or political revolution drawing to a climax, serves as the background of the story, while the destiny of some special group, some single family, some individual man or woman, closely interwoven with the progress of the general movement, forms the central thread of the plot, the focus of interest. At first sight *Saracinesca* seems to fulfil the conditions of the Epic Novel. The setting is Rome, on the eve of the downfall of the Pope's temporal power and the achievement of a united Italy; and the central thread concerns itself with the fortunes of a single family, the Saracinesca, proud, conservative, loyal adherents of the Church. Yet when we study the book's construction a little closer we realise that the relation between the general and the specific theme is of the most perfunctory sort. The historical background is admirable as a piece of verbal painting; it shows on the surface the days of careful study which its author acknowledges that he wrought into its construction. But it fails to be, properly speaking, an Epic Novel, because there is no close and necessary connection between the historical movement then going on in Italy and the private drama of the Saracinesca family. Take any one of the big, unmistakably epic novels, whether it be *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or Zola's *L'Assommoir,* the epic of slavery or of intemperance; you will find the central theme inseparably interwoven with the general—the fate of Uncle Tom symbolic of the slave system, the fate of Gervaise symbolic of the demon of alcohol. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario* there is no such close connection, no central symbol; nor did Mr. Crawford intend that there should be. For the symbolic novel is next of kin to the purpose novel; it teaches and preaches and does other kindred things which conflict with the creed which Mr. Crawford professes. Nevertheless, oddly enough, *Don Orsino,* much inferior to its predecessors in human interest, is in point of structure much more logical and correct. In fact, it may be called an epic of the era of disastrous building speculation in Rome; and the fact that Don Orsino's fortunes were closely entangled in the general panic which resulted gives us the connection between the general and the special *motif* which this form of novel demands.

In point of form, however, Mr. Crawford has never done anything more perfect than *A Cigarette Maker's Romance.* In dimensions it is a rather long novelette; in structure it obeys the rules of the short story rather than those of the novel. It contains no superfluous character or incident, and its time of action is confined within a space of thirty-six hours. It seems worth while, even at the risk of repeating what must already be familiar to a majority of Mr. Crawford's readers, to run over briefly the substance of this little masterpiece. Count Skariatine, a Russian of noble birth who has quarrelled with his father and been disinherited, is eking out a pitiful living by rolling cigarettes for a thrifty Munich tobacconist. Disappointment and privation have so preyed upon his mind that he has become affected with a periodic delusion that a letter has come from Russia restoring him to his lost position and that messengers from his family will visit him on the morrow. Once a week, under the spell of this delusion, he absents himself from the tobacco shop and waits in confidence all day, only to

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awaken when the clock tolls midnight to a shuddering realisation of his abnormal condition. On the particular night when the story opens Count Skariatine's periodic delusion is just coming upon him. Once again he tells his employer the familiar story of the letter from Russia, the friends who will come to-morrow, the necessity of his bidding the tobacconist good-bye. The tobacconist's wife, who refuses to believe any part of the count's story, or even that he is a count at all, rudely breaks in upon him with a claim for money, the value of a stolen mechanical figure, a Viennese *Gigerl,* for the loss of which the count was in reality not responsible. Incensed, however, by the woman's attitude and relying upon the visionary fortune which he expects upon the morrow, Count Skariatine rashly gives his word of honour that the value of the *Gigerl* shall be paid within twenty-four hours. The next day runs its usual course, and the evening finds the count slowly struggling to a consciousness that not only have his friends failed to come, but that he has pledged his honour to pay a sum of money which he does not possess, and has no hope of raising in time, and that he is not willing to live dishonoured. The rest of the story tells how Vjera, the humble Russian girl who day after day has rolled cigarettes side by side with the count and learned to love him with dumb hopelessness, discovers his desperate need and comes to his aid; how the count, under the spell of his temporary insanity, declares his love for her and makes extravagant promises of the wonderful things he will do for her as soon as his estates are restored to him; how she raises the money needed to save his honour, and how finally, when on the morrow the count returns as usual to his bench, and the friends he has so long awaited actually do arrive and bring him word that he is sole heir to his father's wealth, he presents to them the humble little cigarette-maker as the future Countess Skariatine:

> I had contracted a debt of honour, and I had nothing wherewith to pay it. There was but an hour left—an hour, and then my life and my honour would have gone together. . . . She saved me, gentlemen; she cut off her beautiful hair from her head and sold it for me. But that is not the reason why she is to be my wife. There is a better reason than that. I love her, gentlemen, with all my heart and soul, and she has told me that she loves me.

It is in passages such as this that we get the key to Mr. Crawford's perennial hold upon the hearts of his readers. His real strength lies not in his mastery of technique or his originality of plot, but in his ability to picture for us honest gentlemen and noble women, whom we are the better for having known if only through the medium of the printed page. If there is room for choice, his men are better than his women, more finely drawn, with subtler understanding. There is a long list of them whom you cannot forget even if you would—even in *Saracinesca* alone there are a whole group whom it is a joy to remember: old Saracinesca, with his chronic fondness for quarrelling with his well-loved son; the melancholy Spica, whose fame in duels made him a *memento mori* wherever he went; even Astrardente, the worn-out old dandy, shows at the last certain fine instincts which make us glad of the privilege of having known him. It is doubtful whether any of the novelists who are writing to-day have given the world so many characters whom the average reader remembers with pleasure and recalls years afterward by name.

What place will be ultimately assigned to Mr. Crawford in the history of fiction it is somewhat early to predict. Excepting as a conservative force, it is doubtful whether he has influenced the development of the modern novel in any important degree. Yet few novelists of the present day have been more widely read or have had a more salutary influence in fostering a taste for what is clean and pure and high-minded in literature and in life. He occupies a position somewhat apart from the general trend of fiction, and for that reason is somewhat difficult to class. Almost any comparison that one ventures to make is sure to strike a majority of readers as odd and unjustified. Recently one of the English reviews spoke of him as approaching most nearly to Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, a curious partnership, which the writer

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wisely did not try to justify. In purpose and ideals, as well as in the uniformly readable quality of his books, he suggests a certain kinship with the late William Black, yet of the two Mr. Crawford is undeniably the finer artist, as well as the better story-teller, with a far better chance of being remembered by a later generation. And whatever position is ultimately assigned to him, one thing is certain: that the general tendency of academic criticism will be to do him ampler justice and concede to him a higher meed of praise than he has hitherto received.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE FINAL TOUCH*

LTHOUGH the George Sand and Alfred de Musset bibliography has long ago reached the proportion of an entire literature, a collection of their letters recently published at Brussels now gives the final touch, makes the last astounding revelation in the history of this affair, which has already been presented from such varying angles of sympathy.

After *Elle et Lui, Lui et Elle,* the first *Lettre d'Un Voyageur,* the *Confession d'Un Enfant du Siècle,* after allusions without number in contemporary memoirs, after *his* poems, *her* novels, a less rich subject might well have been exhausted. Never, except in *Clarissa Harlowe* (not even in *The Ring and the Book* or the *Wagner* and *Wesendonck* letters) have so diverse points of view been brought to bear upon any episode of passion. Nevertheless, nothing that has come before begins to compare in interest with this latest publication. Instead of being—as one expects in the case of documents long withheld—a meagre aftermath from a closely gleaned field, these letters contain the very kernel, the heart of the whole affair, all that could be learned if *he* and *she* were to come back from Parnassus in a mood of amazing frankness.

*Correspondance de George Sand et D'Alfred de Musset. Publiée intégralement pour la première fois d'après les documents originaux. Par Félix Décori. Avec dessins d'Alfred de Musset. Bruxelles: E. Déman, Libraire-Editeur, 1904.

And remember that this is real! This is not Dante rhapsodising over a vision, but the intimate record of the crisis between two creatures of genius. This slender volume holds the outpouring of two great masters of language at the most emotional period of their entire lives. In these very words they addressed each other. These are their doubts, their efforts to win a living basis, a plane upon which they may enjoy one another without the friction inevitable from their opposing natures. They even overstep the possible limits of human candour, but with such searching, relentless analysis, such gemlike beauty of utterance, that, merely as literature, the collection possesses the imperishable freshness of a classic. Beyond this, it is the tangible presentment of such hidden throes as ordinary people seldom experience, never by any chance are competent to express.

The manuscripts were left by George Sand in safe hands, not to be printed till a decorous time after her death. Their authenticity is satisfactorily guaranteed.

In the first short note Alfred merely sends her a copy of verses inspired by reading *Indiana,* with a few lines ending, "Believe, madame, the assurance of my respect." From the date (June, 1833), it must have been written soon after that famous dinner given to the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* at the Frères Provinciaux, where the two first met—*he,* a fashionable youth, a cross between Byron's Don Juan and an archangel; *she,* a mature woman living apart from her husband and already supporting two babies by her pen. In the *Histoire de ma*

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ALFRED DE MUSSET

Drawn by himself

Vie she has charmingly described that delightful time when considerations of economy and convenience induced her to study Paris in the guise of a *petit étudiant,* wearing frock coat, trousers and woollen scarf rather than the proper and hampering female costume of the thirties. It is curious to speculate how far her attitude toward life might, after all, have been modified had she lived three-quarters of a century later, in the era of thick boots and tailor-made skirts!

His letters go on peacefully enough, distinguished and simple, quite free from pose or youthful display. He mentions trivial matters, makes half-jesting allusions of a sentimental trend, but only such as a poet of three and twenty might naturally address to a muse some seven years his senior. He speaks of reading *Lélia,* then tentatively hints at more definite love making, not serious, yet at once striking the key of all their future troubles. ". . . You can only give a moral kind of affection" (so early in the game one hesitates to translate his *amour* too literally), "which I cannot return; . . . but I can be, if you deem me worthy, not even your friend—that is still too moral for me—but a kind of comrade, with no rights, . . . consequently without jealousy. . . ." Without jealousy! Poor lad! His comradeship soon proves of the frailest!

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The tenth letter is in a tone of easy good-fellowship. In the eleventh he comes out roundly with the fact that he is desperately in love with her. He is, or feigns to be, a trifle uncertain how she will receive this.

At letter twelve the pair have already travelled far afield, far enough to have accumulated a store of tender and melancholy reminiscences. He writes an obviously insincere farewell. She will go to Italy; everything is over between them.

Then comes a break of many weeks, because of his accompanying her to Italy. This pause covers the period of their journey, the episode of his illness and Pagello's entrance upon the stage, and those scenes of mingled adoration and distrust which he so openly describes in the *Confession*.

In the next letter, written in Venice on the eve of his departure, he keeps to a tone of lofty and impersonal kindness: ". . . and he who has not known how to honour you when you were his, will still be able to see clearly through his tears and honour you in his heart. . . ." This, of course, follows that official transfer-

GEORGE SAND WITH PIPE

Drawn by Alfred de Musset

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rence of her affection to Doctor Pagello, of which such different accounts are given in *Lui et Elle* and *Elle et Lui*—different in point of view, but completely in accord as far as Pagello's relation to her, the divergence being merely a matter of dates!

Following this, she writes describing her expedition to Vicenza with Pagello, a sentimental pilgrimage to the inn where Alfred had slept on his homeward journey. She is full of affection, of maternal care for his health, and ends with the bewildering statement that Pagello sheds as many tears as she over their young friend's departure!

His answer, from Geneva, cannot be paraphrased. After a few insignificant details of travel, he bursts forth, *"Je t'aime encore, d'amour, George. . . ."* He interrupts himself to describe a shopping expedition and breaks off to deride his own reflection in a mirror. *"That* the man you wished to love!" He deplores his own youth and instability, he chafes inexpressibly at their inequality of age and resents it upon her with the bitterness of pain. *"Pauvre, George.* You were deceived. You thought yourself my mistress; you were only my mother!" The letter closes with an avowal of friendship for her—and Pagello!

As the correspondence goes on a distressing situation develops. Fundamentally, the trouble arises from three causes—the difference of age, the fact that two people of real genius furnish too much excitement even for an irregular *ménage,* and from a fantastic reversal of the usual position between man and woman. In spite of her continual assumption of the rôle of mother toward him, she eternally remains the more manly of the two. He forever displays a feminine singlemindedness. His passions dominate him. Whatever their ultimate effect upon his writing, the immediate result was to shut him up within himself ("nailed up in a coffin," as he says), apparently without power to write, to occupy himself with outside matters or have a thought beyond the tormenting circle of questions as to the nature of their mutual affection.

She, on the other hand, had already become a trained, industrious bread winner, meeting responsibility fully, in an eccentric fashion, perhaps, but undeniably meeting it. No matter how intense her preoccupation with him, she is still able to pay attention to the general conduct of her life.

Throughout the entire correspondence it is impossible to decide whether she is trying to force her passion into a maternal direction in spite of herself, on account of his youth, or whether she endures a degree of passion quite foreign to her nature for the sake of an otherwise unattainable stimulus and intellectual excitement. She even tries to persuade herself and him that their relation may be capable of readjustment:

> I feel that all our lives we shall love each other with our hearts and intelligences, that we shall try by an elevated (*sainte*) affection mutually to cure each other of the pain we have suffered each for the other's sake. *Hélas, non!* We have not been to blame; we fulfilled our destiny, and our characters, more violent, more difficult than those of other people, prevented our settling down to the existence of ordinary lovers. But we may be sure that we were born to know and love. Except for your youth and the weakness I felt one morning for your tears, we should have continued like brother and sister.

Here, and on many subsequent occasions, she is convinced that they have finally weathered the storm and reached quiet waters. He frequently comes to the same conclusion; then a word, a souvenir of some moment, and the passion breaks out afresh.

Part of the enchantment of the whole situation comes from its uncertainty. Is she curbing or spurring her emotions? Is she using Pagello as a desperate remedy, as an insurmountable barrier between her and Alfred, or does she really seek contentment in the comfortable repose of her easy-going Italian? These questions remain unsolved, but every letter emphasises her masculine attitude toward life and work. Alfred can think of nothing but themselves. She talks of her children, sends him upon various small commissions—to buy shoes and gloves, to take Maurice for an airing, to

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jog Buloz's memory about sending her remittances. She gives a cheerful account of her daily life, tells of a pet starling—"the most insolent, cowardly, impish creature, the greediest, the most extravagant; . . . he drinks ink, he eats the lighted tobacco out of my pipe. The smoke pleases him immensely, and all the time I smoke, he perches upon the pipe-stem and bends amourously over the hot bowl."

He answers that he has made a good bargain for her with Buloz, that he has been ill, that he reached Paris with the full intention of diverting himself, of plunging in recklessly. Everything falls flat upon his palate. He goes to her empty apartment. "It is not a mistress that I lack. It is my comrade George."

Her answer is full of recommendations about his health. "I beg you, on my knees, no wine, no women! *It is too soon!*"—the italics are not hers. Her advice to him can better be read than translated. Then, after the custom of poets, who, as Warrington remarked to Pendennis, seldom fail to extract solid profit from any emotional experience, she sends him the first *Lettre d'un Voyageur,* the one describing her solitary walking trip, and throwing such a queer sidelight on her attitude toward *ce bon Pagello.*

She begs Alfred to burn this production if he finds it indiscreet; or if he sees fit, after a little editing, to offer it to Buloz for the *Revue.* She gives a picture of their household in Venice—Pierre Pagello, his brother Roberto, herself and Gulia Puppati (a natural sister of the Pagellos) and the starling, a peaceful company, occasionally disturbed by the violent inroads of l'Arpalice, a lady with whom Pierre had imperfectly severed relations. One of l'Arpalice's visits is marked by a *vacarme épouvantable,* by damage to the doctor's person and raiment, and threats of vengeance upon George Sand, who narrates the whole with a touch of tranquil drollery: "It's not my fault if Pagello can't stand her any longer; she has done her best to bring this about, and I doubt if any eloquence of mine would repair as grave wrongs as the injury to his hair and his *bel vestito.*"

While *she* turns every minute to account, writing *André,* carrying on a curious but emotionally restful existence, *his* letters show him perfectly incapable of doing anything but live over their past. Time and again he begins with protestations of having at last reached that goal of friendship toward which she constantly urges him, only to end with outbreaks of unquenched passion. He exonerates her from all blame, however, when he declares that in warning him that his hour had come she had fulfilled every obligation toward him. He rejoices in her happiness with Pagello, using an overemphasis which only proves his jealous misery. Crying, like King George, *"J'aurai des maîtresses!"* he harrows himself by pilgrimages to her dismantled apartment, Quais Malaquais, breaking out with snatches of charming playfulness, "I, too, will buy a starling, *et parbleu!* he will be good enough to eat ink, too, whether he likes it or no. . . ." Alfred, too, will embody their story in a *roman,* but as a matter of fact he only writes a few verses.

Again she answers on a level of good, solid comradeship. As before, her poise and control only bring an explosion. "You tell me to be calm," he cries, "and it is you—you who have just opened my veins—you tell me to staunch my blood."

Her reply deals with the mischievous offices of friends, who have circulated rumours, who have tried to make trouble between them. Suddenly she exclaims, with unmistakable sincerity, "Why can't I live between you two (Alfred and Pagello) . . . *sans appartenir ni à l'un ni à l'autre?*"

Here the images grow mixed, till the thread is almost lost, as to which is to be father, mother or son in the ideal combination she can imagine but not carry out. She extols Pagello's simple virtues. Not having money for a bouquet, *ce bon Pierre* gets up at dawn and walks two leagues to gather flowers for her. Could she really have imagined that this engaging trait would be soothing to Alfred? Is she trying to convince herself? Is she experimenting? And then, strangest of all, Pagello writes to him, beginning with a flourish of magnificent sentiment, ending with warning against champagne!

Alfred's answer to this is the graceful note he might have sent any acquaintance.

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GEORGE SAND

By Alfred de Musset

Evidently the impossible position galled him humanly, notwithstanding his word to the contrary. "Never, I promise," he assures Pierre, "never again will I drink that accursed beverage . . . without seriously reproaching myself."

Again there is a lapse. She has been to Paris; they have met. It is all to begin over, he writes from Baden—the struggle to forget her! His letters grow sadder. Discounting his poetic fluency, there still remains a foundation of suffering, full of the impulse of youth toward happiness, with a tragic insight which warns him that it will ever prove unattainable. Such a picture of their meeting as he implies! The vibration of his passion sends a thrill which sweeps away every incongruous detail. You forget the absurdity of Pierre Pagello growing exacting and suspicious—Pagello in Paris being slightly provincial and by no means so easy and comfortable in a strange country. You lose sight of everything but the naked

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souls of two creatures of genius; you are overcome with the impression of his failure. Friendship! Comradeship! . . . *"J t'aime, ô ma chair et mon sang! Je meurs d'amour . . .*" he cries, flinging aside all pretence of reason or submission. He speaks of the world about him—forests and mountains, the gaieties of Baden. "All this is not life; it is the noise of life."

She accepts the situation. "We must not meet again. What you express is passion, but it is not the lofty enthusiasm of your good moments." Her struggle defines itself. She is seeking to create peace and quiet out of nitroglycerine and quicksilver. The atmosphere becomes so overcharged that even Pagello grows unmanageable and is sent about his business. "Is elevated and trustful love an impossibility? Must I die without ever coming across it?" she complains with the regret of those women who would always choose rather to love exclusively with their heads, and who are destined to suffer from continually arousing passions which they can never entirely satisfy.

She refers to their interview; he has overwhelmed her with reproaches. She reminds him that in Venice he had definitely told her, "George, I was mistaken. I beg your pardon, but I do not love you." Even then he was bored with the company of a tired, ailing woman, therefore, after leaving her of his own free will, by what right does he question her loyalty?

Evidently she dreads a renewal of his power over her, of the disorder his caprice has wrought in her life. The question of loyalty touches her on the quick. She frankly explains her extraordinary code (in much the same words as Lucretia Floriani uses to Prince Karol); she believes in this code and proposes conscientiously to live by it. Nothing could be more consecutive, and it allows for considerable consecutiveness . . . in her gentlemen!

Again they see each other, with the same result. The letters grow tenser and tenser, but nowhere on Alfred's part is there a trace of the bitterness which Paul de Musset later lavishes upon her. He rather blames himself, almost paraphrases certain passages in the *Confession,* and in her version, *Elle et Lui.*

Finally Sainte-Beuve makes an unsuccessful effort to bring about an understanding, but their separation is inevitable.

"Senza veder," Alfred writes; "et senza parlar, toccar la mano d'un pazzo chi parte domani."

Characteristically, the whole ends with a letter from her about the safe-keeping of their entire correspondence!

No description, no quotations can give the faintest idea of this extraordinary picture of their lives. It is as if their actual voices spoke, not always clearly, but with a freshness which leaves you with the sense of having been present, or at least in the next room, during the very scenes to which they allude. The woman stands out, tender, solicitous, full of an exquisite outward femininity, with a man's will and purpose, but longing for peaceful enjoyment of her poet. At heart, unwilling to relinquish him, and small wonder! It is not every day that Alfred de Musset waits, even at the door of George Sand! You see her position, a modern creature to her finger tips, born before her time, but too wholesomely great to be out of emotional sympathy with her own era. Consequently she suffers from a divided nature, her sense of order and accomplishment forever warring with her desire to taste life to the limit.

The young man, on the other hand, is given over to emotional excess. Stimulated by her intellect, delighting in her companionship, he nevertheless pushes his demands into a region where she is reluctantly willing but temperamentally incapable of meeting them. To satisfy him she must needs have been both herself, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, with the faithfulness of Penelope, and even then, who can say?

Nevertheless, whatever she may have suffered, it is impossible not to believe that, vulgarly speaking, it paid! Particularly since, with all her eccentricity of conduct, she was at no time in the least a *detraquée.* Throughout the whole nine months of their affair she was busy not only with Alfred and Pagello, but writing *André,* the *Voyageur,* and carrying on an active correspondence with her

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family and friends. Oddly guarded letters, some of these, with her finger ready for the sordino if any gentleman should mistake her attitude.

It is a delightful picture, this of her life in Venice, with its description of what Mr. James calls the "Celestial cheapness" of Italy, with its unconcerned mention of Alfred's illness and departure. Certainly she was something of a *sournoise,* to keep up this air of tranquillity, when any courier might bring her one of those letters from him which, even after the lapse of more than seventy years, cannot be read without an irrepressible wave of emotion.

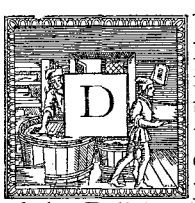
Whatever objections may be urged against making public letters of so sacred and intimate a character, in this case unquestionably it is not only enriching the world by a piece of literature which can hardly be rated too high, but in a measure effacing the painful impression left by too eager and acrid partisans of either side.

In these last letters, where they speak for themselves, unvexed by interpreters, both *he* and *she* show in the light of two sincere human beings (however strangely organised), whose joys and pains were keener than those of the world at large, and whose mutually inflicted wounds came from the inherent qualities of their natures.

The whole forms a marvellous example of tragic comedy, wherein fate plays the grim jest of joining a young man's appetites to a feminine hypersensitiveness, while in the woman's case an outward semblance of engaging weakness and dependence masks a well-balanced, virile instinct toward justifiable self-preservation.

Mary Moss.

LOVENJOUL AND HIS COLLECTION



URING the night following August 18, 1850, in that curious house in the Rue Fortunée, near the present Parc Monceaux, which he had prepared for the reception of the Polish widow who, after so many years of eccentric courtship, became his wife, Honoré de Balzac died in his fifty-second year. The news of the death circulated quickly and with unfortunate results. Before the body of the novelist had been removed for burial in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, the house was being literally sacked by a horde of creditors. The widow was driven away to find a temporary home with Balzac's sister, Madame de Surville. Resentment and greed drove the invading creditors to every kind of vandalism. Cabinets and drawers were broken open and their contents scattered to the winds. Huge piles of papers, letters, sketches of new tales, drafts of contemplated books, were flung by armfuls from every window. The work of pillage was well nigh complete when there appeared on the scene Balzac's Belgium worshipper, the Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul.

Soon it became noised about the quarter that a mad nobleman was willing to pay high prices for scraps of writing from the hand of the eccentric author whose house had been so carelessly despoiled, and there began a systematic rummaging through cellars and dirt heaps. For years De Lovenjoul lived in Paris wandering about the courts and alleys adjacent to Balzac's home. In these years he was able to piece together the foundation of the subsequently great Balzac Museum. Some priceless manuscripts were found in shops, where they were being used for the purpose of wrapping up butter and groceries. One characteristic and very valuable letter was traced to three places, in three pieces, and the first piece was rescued just as it was being twisted up to light a cobbler's pipe. The greed of certain shopkeepers was of invaluable assistance to De Lovenjoul in his search. A grocer ferreted out a

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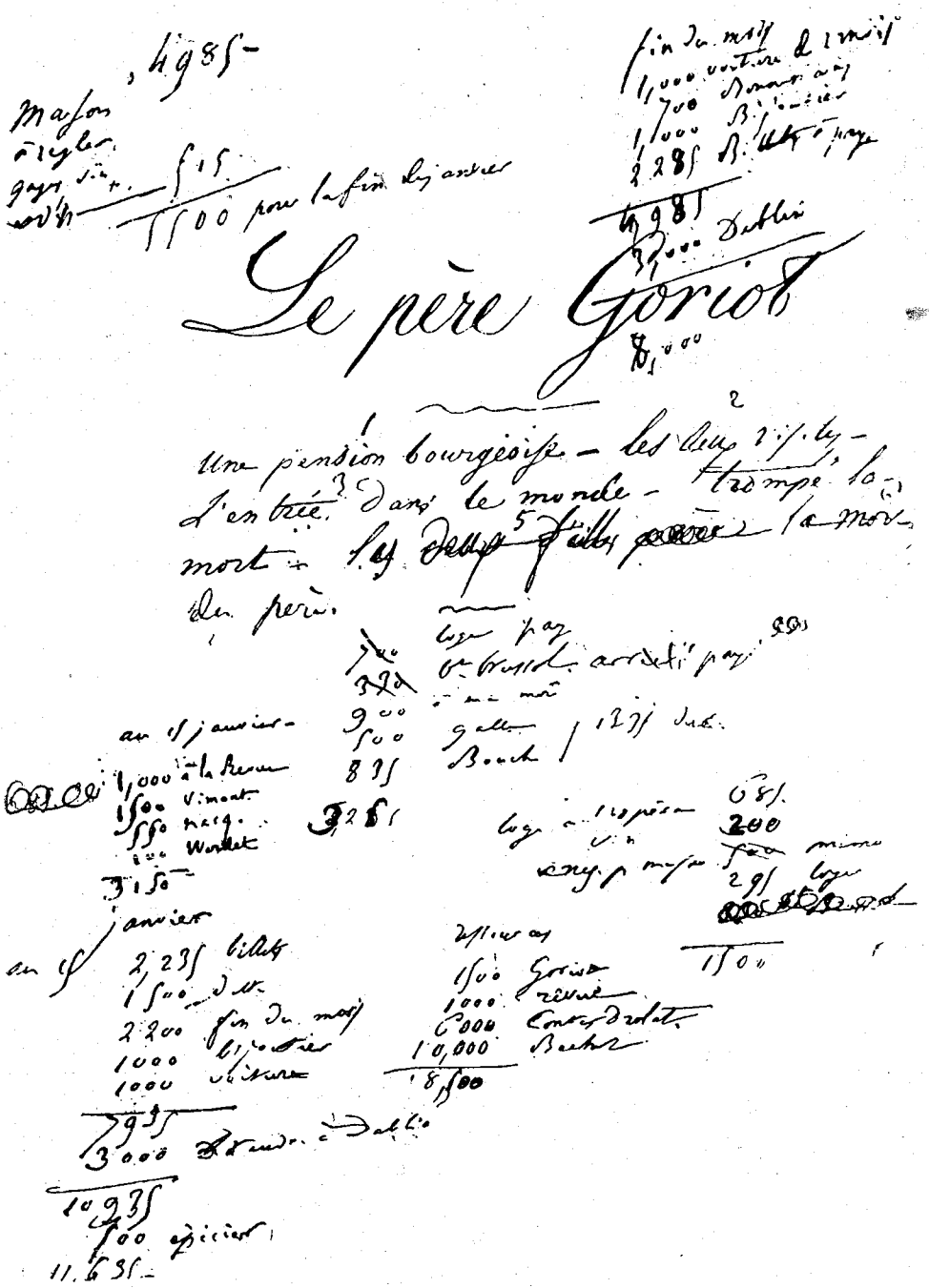

BALZAC'S FIRST DRAFT OF "LE PÈRE GORIOT"

A very curious and characteristic page, indicating the novelist's life and method of work. In the lines in the middle is outlined the plot of the book as it stands. The figures scratched all over the page epitomize Balzac's gigantic efforts to make his income from his pen keep up with his huge debts.

From the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul

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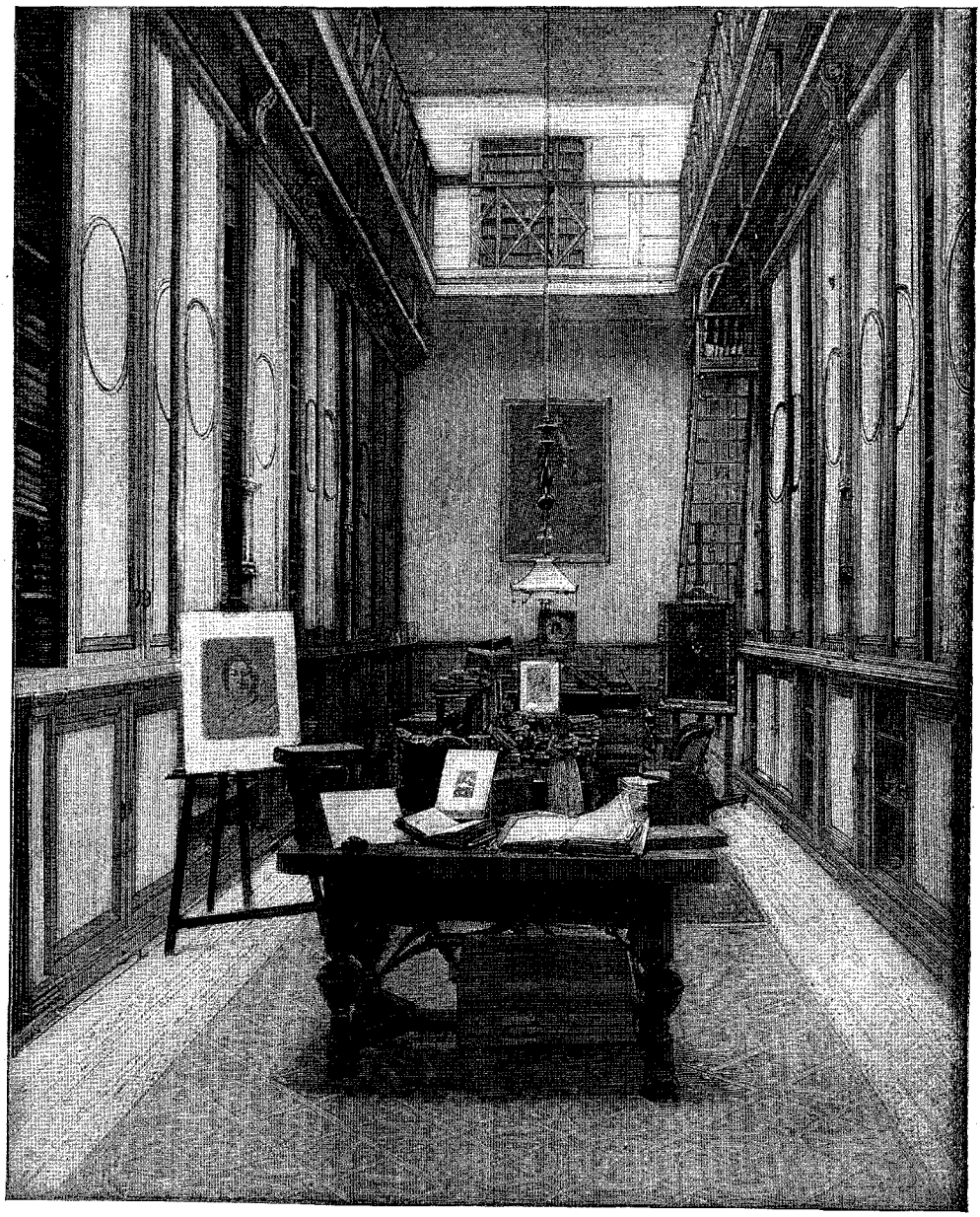
number of Balzac's letters and sold them by the quarter or the eighth of a page in the belief that he could obtain more in this way than by selling a whole letter unmutilated. From Balzac's cook, whose door it took him a two years' siege to force, De Lovenjoul bought seventy letters. It was in this way that he was able to piece together and to preserve for posterity the famous *Lettres à L'Étrangère.*

This Vicomte Charles de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, who died recently, bequeathing his collection to the Institute of



THE GREAT BALZAC MUSEUM

From the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjou

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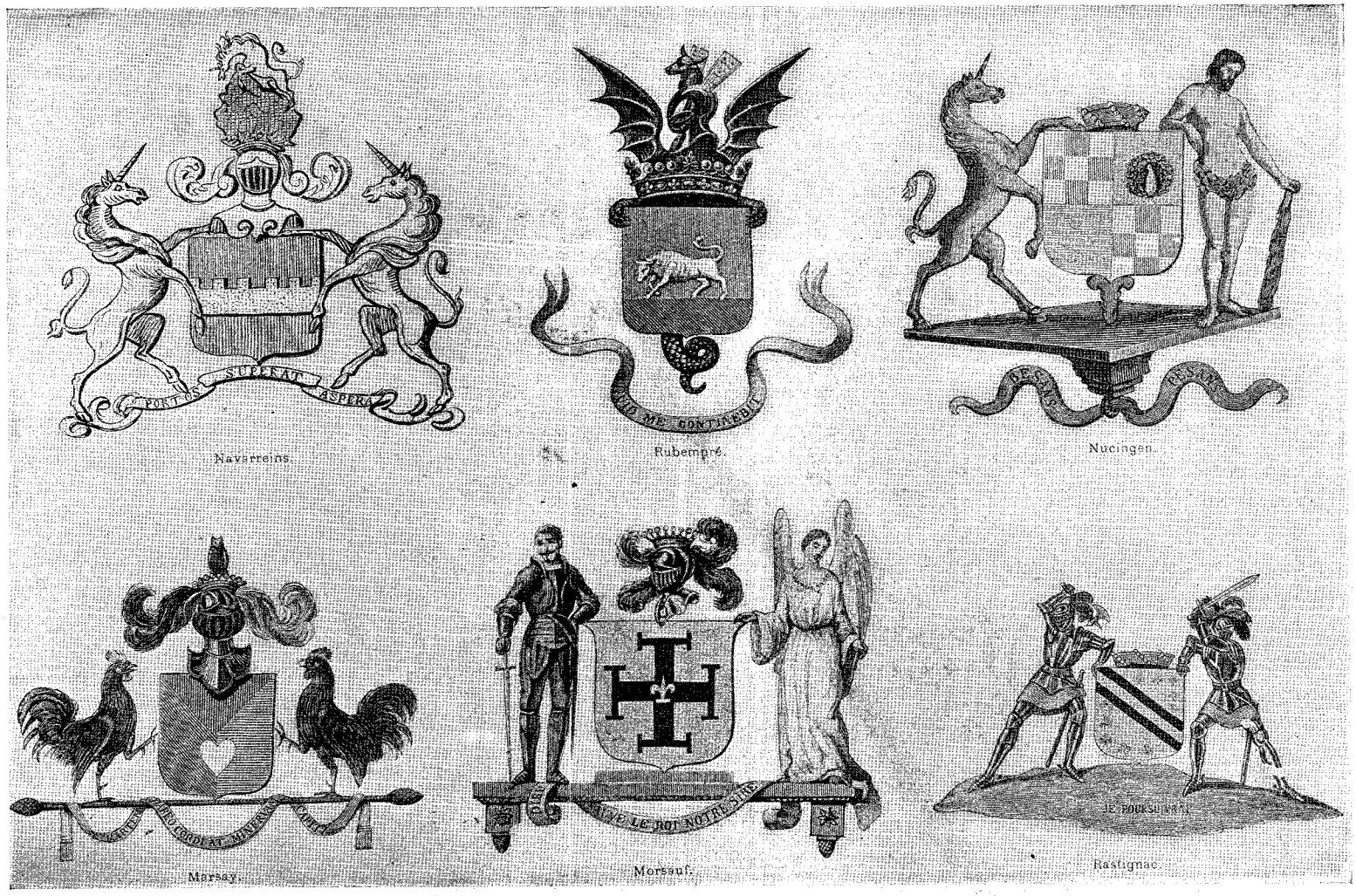

THE COATS OF ARMS OF THE MORE IMPORTANT ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES OF BALZAC'S "COMÉDIE HUMAINE"

From the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul

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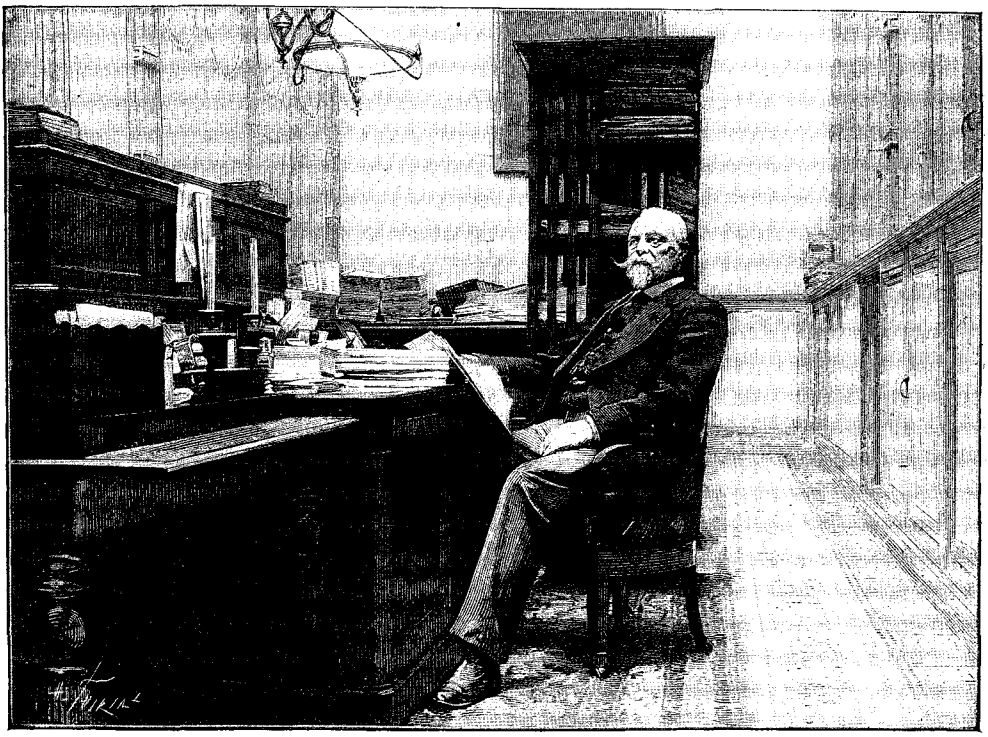
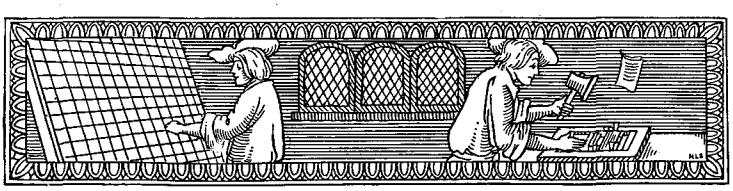


THE LATE VICOMTE CHARLES DE SPOELBERCH DE LOVENJOUL

France, was a wealthy Belgium nobleman, the last of his branch of an ancient family. To the patience of the born collector he brought leisure and a large fortune. His first literary idol was Sainte-Beuve, whose method of critical work he sought to imitate, but with only mediocre success. Later he purchased everything he could find relating to Stendhal, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Prosper Merimée, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier and George Sand, but finally he devoted himself exclusively to Balzac. With the exception of *Eugène Grandet,* he had in his possession the manuscripts of practically every one of Balzac's published novels, and in addition he owned much material which threw light on that period of Balzac's life, between the ages of twenty and thirty, when he produced a vast number of stories of unquestioned inferiority. He never gave up hope of adding the manuscript of *Eugène Grandet* to the collection. He knew in whose hands it was, and used to say: "The day I know whatever its owners wish for most in the world, it is mine."

L. E. Roussillon.



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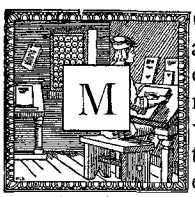
A HALF-FORGOTTEN ROMANCE



ORE than twenty years ago there was a small, excellent hotel at the northeast corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street; kept by an elderly German married couple, the place was noted for its good cooking, its home-like atmosphere. Many well-known Americans and Germans in literary and artistic life made a rendezvous of Werle's, and at the table d'hote dinner you could always count on meeting entertaining companions. It was one of those houses where at any time before midnight the sounds of pianofortes, violins, violoncellos, even the elegiac flute, might be heard and, invariably, played by skilled professional hands. There was, I recall, a small vine-covered entrance, on the steps of which we sat listening to some passionately played Chopin Ballade, or to string music made across the street.

For several weeks I had been a frequenter of the place, when the mistress of the establishment told me that the Red Countess would be at one of the dinner tables. Later I saw sitting near the centre of the dining-room, which was in the basement, a large, rather heavy woman, with red hair of the rich hue called Titian by æsthetic hairdressers and ardent reporters. Her face was too fleshy for beauty, but the brows and the intense expression of the eyes made up for any lineal deficiency. She must have been in the forties, and the contours of her finely moulded head, her aristocratic bearing and the air of one accustomed to command attracted my attention. This lady spoke four or five languages and was the very hub of the company. Finally, after watching her and listening to her very musical voice, often disturbed by ironic intonations, I asked a friend her name.

"The Red Countess, otherwise the Golden Serpent, otherwise Countess Shevitch, otherwise the Princess Racowitza, otherwise Helena von——"

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Is this the heroine of Meredith's novel, *The Tragic Comedians?*"

"The same," was the answer, for my companion read English, even the English of Meredith, an unusual feat for a German two decades ago. The moment was hardly historic for me, but it sent me back to Meredith and to his exasperating, clever story. After the tragic death of Ferdinand Lassalle, Helena von Doenniges married Prince Yanko Racowitza, and some time after his death the widow married a Russian of birth, Count Shevitch, a political agitator, and with him came to New York. The Russian Government had expropriated the estates of her husband, and as they were active nihilists, or anarchists, or any one of the names invented for the public so as to discredit the war for liberty, the Shevitchs had to make their living, the Count in journalism for the propaganda, the Countess as a writer. I barely recall a volume of short stories, I think entitled *Rags*, signed with her name, the theme of which was devoted to proletarian life on the East Side, a theme that is thrice familiar now, but in those days had the merits of novelty. Gorky has since taught us how the submerged tenth lives and rots and dies. Soon after I encountered her, the Countess Shevitch with her husband returned to Europe, and the Count recovering possession of his proscribed lands, the pair settled in Munich, where their home to-day is a magnet for the literary, musical and artistic elements of that delightful city on the green river Isar.

If you have read Meredith's vivid but one-sided book you will not need to be told that its "Tragic Comedians," "Clotilde von Rüdiger" and "Sigismund Alvan," are masks for the high-born Helena von Doenniges, daughter of General von Doenniges, Bavarian ambassador to Switzerland—it was before the consolidation of the German Empire—and the celebrated agitator, brilliant writer, so-called father of German Socialism, Ferdinand Lassalle. Mr. Meredith told the story in his own crackling, incendiary style, after the appearance of Helena's book—veritable confessions of her relations with Lassalle. She was a Christian, educated in a Hebrew-hating house (though it was whispered that on her

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maternal side a trace of Oriental blood was not to be denied), and Lassalle was the fine flower of the Jewish-German; a thinker, a born leader, and one of the handsomest men of his day in the Oriental style, the style of which Meredith writes: "The noble Jew is grave in age, but in his youth he is the arrow to the bow of his fiery eastern blood, and in his manhood he is . . . a figure of easy and superb preponderance, whose fire has mounted to inspirit and be tempered by the intellect." It was the love romance, now a half-forgotten one, that set all Europe gossiping, wondering and, finally, sent it into semi-hysterics, as the affair turned into a tragedy, for which the woman was universally condemned.

HELENE VON SHEVITCH. BORN VON DOENNIGES

After the painting by Franz von Lenbach

The main events in this lamentable case are not so simple as they appeared in the published reports of the time, 1864; nor as distorted as they stand in Meredith's account. It must be kept in view that the chief cause of the Von Doenniges contempt for Lassalle was not alone because of his Jewish ancestry—he was known to be a free-thinker; nor was his connection with the German-Democratic party an absolute bar to his hopes of an alliance with Helena—was not Lassalle on intimate terms with Bismarck? Had not Bismarck jokingly remarked that if Lassalle seriously entered the political arena, he, Bismarck, would put up the shutters of his shop? (There was a grim *nuance* to this joke, as some remember Bismarck's curious behaviour at the news of Lassalle's sudden death.) Did not Lassalle persuade Bismarck not to impose a property qualification for the electoral franchise in the Reichstag? No, Lassalle was far from being a negligible suitor; his father was rich, he had been given a liberal education, he was considered one of the most learned jurists and abnormally brilliant pleaders at the contemporary bar, the one hope of the social Democracy—why should the Von Doenniges have objected to such a union? They occupied the best of social positions in Munich, though they were not extremely wealthy. Helena had in her own right 70,000 thalers. But her parents were narrow, prejudiced, with old-fashioned notions about manners and morals. They were strict Protestants. And it is here the shoe pinched. Ferdinand Lassalle was called one of the most dissolute men in Germany. That he found time to gamble, drink, and pursue the never too elusive siren and also work fifteen hours a day, like the intellectual giant he was, must be set down to the prevalence of the legendary in the lives of public men. If Liszt had led the existence he was accredited with he would not have composed all the music he did; not to speak of his pianoforte performances. It may be said without further discussion that Lassalle was neither a great saint nor a prodigious sinner. And being fluent of tongue, always on view, and the participator in a half dozen scandals, he was credited by his enemies—and he had, luckily for him, a legion—with leading a loose life. Which is manifestly impossible. Yet the Von Doenniges were only too glad to believe the talk, and as there was one ugly spot in Lassalle's career, they invariably pointed it out to the exclusion of his indisputable record for ac-

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complishing remarkable things. A reckless man in speech and bearing, Lassalle was named by some of his co-religionists, *Chutzpe,* i. e., a daring, impertinent fellow.

He was born at Breslau, April 11th, 1825. After a stormy youth he entered the legal profession and astonished everyone by his knowledge of Roman laws and Hegelian philosophy. *Heraclitus the Dark* was the thesis of one of his books; *Franz von Sickingen* the name of his only drama. He became a fighting socialist, absorbing, it is asserted, most of his socialistic learning from Karl Marx and Ricardo. He was called "The Social Luther," and though opposed to duelling —he refused many challenges—he was a dead shot and a dangerous swordsman. Lassalle was the first president of the General Workingman's Club. His fighting motto was: "State support for co-operative production." He was not in sympathy with "passive resistance" as a weapon against the government. A fallacy, he cried: "Passive resistance is the resistance which does not resist." It might be easy to maintain that Lassalle, if he had lived and not married into the philistine Munich family, might have drifted into the ranks of the militant anarchists. That he would have broken with Marx is almost a certainty. The blood ran too hotly in his veins to long endure the opportunism of his cooler-headed colleague. Possibly Bakounine—Richard Wagner's associate in the Dresden insurrection of 1848—would have charmed the younger man; there were 70,000 Bakounistes in Spain alone in 1873. And would Lassalle have espoused Marx's side in the polemical duel at Geneva between Bakounine and Marx, Marx, who had contemptuously called Proudhon's philosophy of want, "a want of philosophy"? Germany has never been the home of anarchy; socialism has always outnumbered its adherents. Marx, with his international-social democracy, was pinching Lassalle's national ideal, and though Bismarck was flattering the youthful agitator by adopting some of his ideas, Lassalle was in reality dissatisfied. Either Bakounine or Prince Krapotkin might have won him over. His ambition was insatiable. He did not believe in a divided throne. He was romantic, and romanticism is one parent of philosophic anarchism, though Flaubert wittily called the god of the Romanticists an upholsterer. But Russian revolutionists had not made their appearance on the map of European unrest before Lassalle died.

He was a powerfully built man, five feet six inches in height, with a broad, deep chest. Brown-haired and blue-eyed, he was vain of his appearance, dressing in dandy fashion and always carrying the gold-headed cane of Robespierre, which was presented to him by the novelist Förster; temperamentally, Lassalle recalled Mirabeau. In 1841 Heinrich Heine met him in Paris and admired him exceedingly. He said of him: "Ferdinand Lassalle is a young man of the most distinguished gifts of mind; with the profoundest learning, the widest knowledge, the greatest acuteness—uniting with the ardent gifts of exposition and energy of will with a hability in action which are astounding." He furthermore addressed him as "the son of the new Time." To the gaze of the sickly poet, Lassalle was the one man destined to lead his beloved people forth from the wilderness to the promised land;—"people" in Heine's sense, being all the poor and oppressed of this world, not merely his tribal forbears. Unhappily, Lassalle failed to realise the golden dreams of the German prophet.

A few years later he became immersed in the legal affairs of Countess Hatzfeldt, who, desiring to sever her marriage with a gay husband, employed the young lawyer with the eloquent tongue. If Helena von Doenniges was his fate, so was this Hatzfeldt woman, who stood by him in all his troubles, always playing the friend—some deny she was anything else —and giving him an annuity of 7,000 thalers for winning the case against her husband, that gave her a share in large landed estates. But there was a disagreeable occurrence during the progress of the trial. Count Hatzfeldt presented a certain feminine acquaintance of his with an annuity bond of £1,000 value. Lassalle, they say, instigated the pursuit of both bond and lady and secured the former for the Countess. His companions in the undertaking were arrested, indicted, condemned to prison. Ferdi-

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nand escaped only after a trial in Cologne, in 1848, and because of his irresistible address in the court room. Nevertheless the story of the stolen *casette* stuck to him, and coupled with the fact that he had been imprisoned six months for participation in the socialist riots at Dusseldorf in 1846, his reputation was too much for the Von Doenniges. Wagner disliked him; some say he was jealous of his personal success. Von Bülow, the pianoforte virtuoso, admired him, though Lassalle offended him when he declared that Cosima von Bülow was a blue-stocking. "Citizen of the world," as he delighted to call himself, Lassalle was at the height of his powers, intellectual and physical, when he was introduced to Helena von Doenniges.

This must have been some time in January, 1862. They had heard of each other from mutual friends: he of her beauty, she of his brilliancy and witty insolence. She was very beautiful; a gold-crested serpent and golden fox Lassalle had christened her. A glance at her portrait painted by Von Lenbach shows us a girl of the Mrs. Scott-Siddons type; poetic, emotional, impulsive, weak —very weak—as to will, altogether a young woman spoiled by a doting grandmother, a *schwärmer,* and of a rebellious, warm-blooded temperament. Just because Lassalle was abused at home for a Jew, a demagogue and a man who was said to live on the bounty of a titled woman—the latter was a false assertion—just because of these well-nigh inscrutable barriers, the capricious young person fell in love with him; while he, desirous of settling in life and not blandly indifferent to the social flesh-pots of the proud Munich family, assumed the attitude of the accepted conqueror. Mr. Meredith gives an electric presentment of the first meeting; but for a more sober, more truthful rendering of the same incident, it is better to go to Helena von Doenniges-Shevitch herself. She published in Breslau, 1879, a little volume entitled *Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle* (My Relations with Ferdinand Lassalle). It is said that when a woman writes her confession she is never further from the truth. Heine once made a wicked jest about women who write with one eye on the paper, the other on a man; adding that the Countess Hahn-Hahn must alone be excepted because she was one-eyed! There are many *lacunæ* in this confession of an unhappy woman, yet the impression of sincerity is unmistakable; too much so for Mr. Meredith, who was in search of a human document over which he could play his staccato wit and the sheet-lightnings of his irony.

We learn from Helena that she was no novice at flirtation and that, like many girls of high spirit, she refused to be auctioned off to the highest bidder by her worldly parents. She resolved to marry Lassalle. There were cries of indignation. She was sent to Switzerland, but at the Righi she contrived to meet Lassalle. Contemporaneous with her passion for him, she permitted the amiable attentions of a young Wallachian prince, Von Racowitza, a Danube osier with Indian-idol eyes, as Meredith calls him. This prince, affectionate, good-hearted, rich, was the choice of Helena's parents. She told him that she loved Lassalle and that she intended to marry him. The prince concurred in her plans. He was a nice youth and as pliant as a reed. Finally, at Geneva, in the summer of 1864, seeing that she would be sequestrated by her father, she left his roof and went to Lassalle's hotel, accompanied by her faithful servant, Marie-Thérèse—a venal wretch, as she found out later.

Then Lassalle assumed his most operatic attitude. Elopement? Never! Either you come to me, a gift from your father's hands—! You may guess the pose of the fiery orator. Bewildered, the girl could not understand that the man feared the loss of political prestige if he carried off the daughter of a prominent government official. So he procrastinated —those whom the gods hate they make put off the things of to-day until to-morrow. Proudly—for Lasalle's pride was veritably satanic—he returned Helena to a family friend—she refused to go home—and her parents were summoned. There was a painful interview between the mother and Lassalle—Helena in the background—one that would make a magnificent fourth act for an ambitious dramatist. Meredith puts epigrams in the mouths of these disturbed people that

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is so much sawdust—do not all his people talk as brilliantly and as inhumanly, from Father Feverel to the comedians of the *Amazing Marriage?* This page is a darker one in the Confessions. The angry mother used outrageous language; Lassalle kept his temper and went away decidedly the hero of the occasion. Alas! he also left Helena to the tender mercies of two enraged parents. The General

FERDINAND LASSALLE

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entered cursing and actually dragged his daughter by the hair through the dark avenues to her home. Locked up, without the slightest hope of reaching Lassalle—she was told that he had immediately left the city—threatened with severer personal abuse, for General von Doenniges was an old-style Teutonic father, the wretched girl lost all hope. Daily was she upraided by her parents, by her sister and brother. The sister's engagement had been just announced to a member of some old family; so old that it was dusty. The brother played on her feelings with his tears. He would lose caste if his sister married a Hebrew. (He didn't say "Hebrew," but something opprobrious, patterning after his father.) In a word, the entire family battery was trained on her, and as she despaired of Lassalle—she was assured by forged proofs that he was glad to get rid of her—and was sick in body as well as soul, she capitulated. She promised not to see him. What she didn't know was that Lassalle was raising heaven and earth to get at her; that he had appealed to Church, State, to the Court itself; that he had recruited a regiment of friends, and, finally, that he had bribed the unspeakable Thérèse, Helena's maid, with 180 francs to carry a letter, planning an escape, to her mistress. Thérèse took the letter to the General and was given 20 francs, thus selling the poor girl for $40. Police guarded the house. Negotiations were forced on Von Doenniges by the now aroused Lassalle, who realised what a mistake he made when he had juggled with fortune, no matter what his exalted motives.

But the blind bow-god had shot his last arrow, a spent one, and Mars entered as Cupid fled. Lassalle, at bay and furious after Helena had been forced to declare in the presence of his two friends—false ones she declares—that she would not see him, sent a challenge, accompanied by an insulting message, to the General. One day Von Racowitza entered and bade her good-bye. He was going to fight Lassalle instead of her father, who was too old and feeble. She was incredulous. Lassalle in a duel! Impossible! And he a dead shot—unhappy boy! The next day he returned, pale, fearful. She was aghast. Lassalle wounded! A falsehood! Yet so he was, and fatally. Three days later, August 31, 1864, the hope of Heinrich Heine, the hope of young Germany, died in agony of peritonitis, an agony that opium could not mitigate. At his deathbed was Countess Hatzfeldt. It is said he died repenting his crazy actions. His funeral was followed by thousands. Torchlight processions moved through Germany. He was a dead god, a hero translated to the clouds. Many believed that he had been crucified because of his love for the people. A bullet, fired from the pistol of a novice, had snuffed out the life of a man who was the most commanding figure in Germany at the time. He had been denounced as a brilliant charlatan. He was much more, though perhaps partially deserving that appellation. However, a man whom Bismarck feared and respected was something more than a brilliant firebrand.

And now our credulity must be strained. Six months after Lassalle's interment, Helena von Doenniges, hating her parents, at war with the world and herself, turned to the only friend she had in all Germany—Yanko von Racowitza. He was half dying. The shock of events had been too much for his frail, sensitive nature. In pity and as a terrible penance Helena outraged the world by marrying the slayer of her lover. Five months later she buried him. What hell this woman traversed during her earthly pilgrimage not even her book reveals. She admits her weak will; she was between the devil and the deep sea—her parents and Lassalle. She was young, trusting, without an adviser. Her father was brutal, the flesh weak. She asks us to remember *"que tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner."* But no one has pardoned her, least of all George Meredith, who in his most merciless manner has attempted to serve his readers with much shallow psychology for "those acrobats of the affections" as Helena and Ferdinand have been called. Meredith depicts Clotilde as the "imperishable type of that feminine cowardice" to which he says all women are trained. This may be true of the characters in the book, not of Helena. Young women who are imprisoned and stuffed with lies about their lover are not

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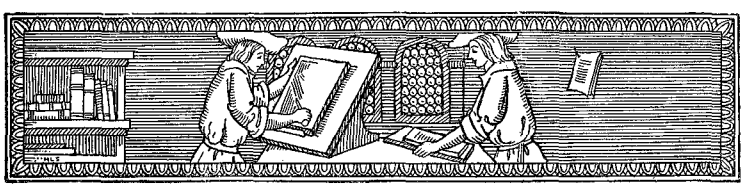
cowardly if they weaken, especially after the shocking experience Helena had undergone with Lassalle. She had, brave as she was, put all to the test and had lost. Is it any wonder that her nerves played her false when the man—as she thought—had deserted her? At least she cannot be compared with the lady in Browning's "Statue and the Bust." Helena greatly dared.

As to her marriage, it was both an expiation, a charitable act to Racowitza, a defiance to the world and also a cruel self-laceration. And there was possibly another, a more subtle reason than any of these. Flaubert at the close of *Madame Bovary* shows us Charles Bovary almost happy to talk about his Emma with her former lover, Rodolf. Racowitza was the one person on earth to whom Helena could talk of Lassalle. Possibly her reminiscences hastened the poor lad's death. And young women don't kill themselves for love; that notion is the invention of conceited males or romantic feminine novelists. To live and to suffer was more difficult for the woman than to evade the consequences of her weakness by sliding out of existence. She was a martyr, no longer a weakling, after her marriage. She has been banned by all the sentimentalists; whereas, if she had run away, as did Cosima Liszt-von Bülow, with a great composer (poor Von Bülow, who sacrificed himself to his wife and to his friend, Richard Wagner, is always left in the cold by these same sentimental folk), then Helena von Doenniges might have been called a heroine. Nothing succeeds like bathos. She should be pitied, not censured. And behind all this really tragic romance (not a tragic comedy) was something the English novelist forgot—the mating of a young man with a young woman; which is, whether we subscribe to Schopenhauer's view or not, the most significant fact in the life of our planet. The world was well lost for love by Lassalle; for Helena von Doenniges nothing remained but the mastication of dead sea fruit. When we understand, we sympathise. The clash of these two widely opposing characters is to be pitied. All that lives should be pitied.

James Huneker.



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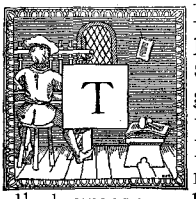
THE TRUTH ABOUT SHAKESPEARE



HAT conversation about pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses which bewildered the good Vicar's household has been repeated many times by critics of all degrees; and their remarks have occasionally, at least, justified an echo of Sir William Thornhill's uncomplimentary expletive. They have refused to take the greatest of our dramatists literally, to believe that he is capable of saying a plain thing in a plain way, to accept him as they accept other dramatists, to admit that his first object was to make himself understood by his audiences. Even some of the most appreciative among them have considered his work too much as literature and not enough as drama. This is the chief fault in Professor Raleigh's contribution to the English Men of Letters series, which has waited long and, as it turns out, wisely for the addition of Shakespeare* to the list. Professor Raleigh has many qualifications for the task. His acquaintance with the man and the time is intimate; his enthusiasm is held in check by his judgment; he has no axe to grind in the shape of a new theory; his style is brilliant and incisive; he has the invaluable gifts of sympathy and imagination. But the Shakespeare whom he gives us is the Shakespeare of literature, not the Shakespeare of the stage. It is not necessary here to indulge in any fine-spun speculations upon the precise relations between these two aspects of Shakespeare's work. The point is that his position as the greatest figure in our literature is incidental to his position as the greatest figure in our drama. He wrote for the stage; he apparently cared nothing for the publication of his plays; and his work must be judged primarily with regard to the conditions under which it was produced.

To say this is not to say that the dramatic value of this work is the only consideration. Every dramatist, in a sense, writes "over the heads" of his audiences. And the profounder his knowledge of human nature is, the more he uses the symbol of the obvious as the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual thought. Thus while he conveys to the hearer an instantaneous impression—and by the very terms of his art it must be instantaneous to be effective—he may conceivably have reserves of significance which only further familiarity can exhaust. We get, so to say, what the play denotes at the first hearing; what it connotes is a subject for future study. If its interest is so superficial that there is nothing left after one hearing it does not belong to literature, whatever its merits as a stage production may be. But the instantaneous impression is in any case essential. If the dramatist has not made us see what his play denotes he is no master of his art. Those who talk of Shakespeare's plays as "closet dramas" praise him as a poet at the expense of his reputation as a dramatist. As a matter of fact, one of the most marked excellences of Shakespeare is the supremely felicitous perfection of his technique. And it is the technique, not of the "closet," but of the stage, so that to prefer reading Shakespeare to seeing him acted is to lose half his charm. There is a curious illustration of the weakness of the "closet" theory in Professor Raleigh's remark that King Claudius in *Hamlet* is "little better than a man of straw." Doubtless many bad actors have tried to make him such. Yet the theatrical value of the part is plain. Again, take the opening scene of the same drama. There is no finer example of Shakespeare's command of all the resources of his art, but the mere reader hardly grasps its full significance.

All the known facts of Shakespeare's life go to show that he was a dramatist first and foremost. A large part of his mature years was spent upon the stage; he was an actor as well as an author. He began writing in the most practical way, by rewriting or touching up old plays, and his earlier work was clearly experi-

*Shakespeare. English Men of Letters. By Walter Raleigh. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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mental. He taught himself technique as he went along; note, for instance, the difference in handling between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *As You Like It*. Professor Raleigh has much to say that is of value upon these points. But one can hardly help feeling that he is hampered by his "closet" theory, and that he lacks the knowledge of and sympathy with stage conditions which would have enabled him to do fuller justice to Shakespeare's transcendent capacity as a technician. It is true, of course, that this first of dramatists has been sorely mutilated by modern managers who thought they could teach him his business. If the Elizabethan stage was less bare of resources than some writers would have us believe, it was still far removed from the luxury which is the dominant note of contemporary "productions." The audience contributed an alert imagination and a ready intelligence, and the spoken word made the first appeal. Now stage technique in any real sense is not a matter of upholstery. A certain colour in the background undeniably adds to the theatrical effectiveness of a scene; but to the great dramatist this is incidental, not essential; and the Shakespearian mastery of all the details of technique can be perfectly appreciated without it. This is more or less true of any dramatist whose work rises beyond mere *ad captandum* trickery. Mr. Pinero's fine play, *His House in Order*, could be enjoyed within the compass of bare walls and half a dozen chairs. But who would think of calling Mr. Belasco a dramatist in such circumstances? If, however, the modern manager aims to "produce" Shakespeare rather than to play him, it is none the less true that an eye for stage effect was not the least of Shakespeare's gifts, and that when we look at his work through any other medium than that for which it was created we get but a pale reflection of his design.

The truth about Shakespeare is that he was a dramatist with all the graces of popularity which the dramatists of to-day, from Mr. Theodore Kremer up, cultivate; that he endeavoured to please audiences, and so far succeeded that even early in his career he was the object of bitter jealousy; that he wrote to make money and did make it, retiring to lead the life of a country gentleman in his native town; that when he wrote he was not concerned with poetry or philosophy, but with presenting a segment of human life in the most vivid fashion he could command. The poetry and the philosophy are there, and they are matters of legitimate concern; but to put them first, to argue that our appreciation of these is the main thing, is to misapprehend entirely the scope of his genius. This is what Professor Raleigh has done, and in doing so he has interposed an obstacle to our comprehension which his acute study of the plays from the literary point of view does not remove. Yet it would be ungrateful not to admit that, within such limitations, he has nevertheless given us a volume which repays careful reading and helps toward a comprehension of Shakespeare's mind, if not of his art.

It has been said that less than justice is usually done to the resources of the Elizabethan stage. This fact is admirably brought out by Professor Baker, in his careful account of *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*.* Indeed, his book may well be read in conjunction with Professor Raleigh's, as supplying precisely the information which is lacking in that. Professor Baker has studied his subject thoroughly, as his citations of authorities show, and his conclusions, in the main, do not seem to be open to doubt. He believes that there was opportunity in Shakespeare's day for no little scenic effect. We know that very elaborate performances were given at Court, with curtains and apparently perspective scenery. Inigo Jones, the foremost architect of his time, directed the settings for these performances; and he was familiar with the Italian stage, where ingenuity in this direction was far advanced. Henslowe's inventory of his properties offers further testimony on this point.

> The audience saw the great horse of Troy on the stage and watched the Greeks steal out of it to surprise the city. . . . The stage was high enough for music underneath and for Hamlet's father to walk with such ease as was possible for so perturbed a spirit. Other

*The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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spirits descended from the "Heavens" or ascended from the depths below. Transformations of persons to trees and of trees to persons took place before the eyes of the spectators. Heads rose from practicable wells and answered questions. Remember, too, it is quite conceivable that an age which could produce some of our greatest imaginative writing may have had craftsmen imaginative and skilled enough to meet any difficulty met by the actors in mounting their plays.

Indeed, considering the accounts of the pageantry of the time, it would be surprising if plays were as crudely put on as has been supposed. The argument based upon the paucity of stage directions is of little weight; the playwrights usually superintended the rehearsals, as Professor Baker points out, and minuteness was not necessary in such circumstances. Besides, the stage directions as they stand give plain hints of ingenious devices for appealing to the eye of the spectator; read, for example, those in a play like *Henry VIII.* No doubt there were marked differences in this respect among the various theatres, which would explain occasional allusions to the lack of suitable properties.

We may be sure that Shakespeare, at any rate, took full advantage of whatever opportunity for scenic effect there may have been. But it was not for this reason that he surpassed in technique all his rivals. There are many merits in his predecessors—in Peele, Greene and Kyd, and above all in Marlowe. It would be extravagance of praise, however, to speak even of Marlowe as an accomplished technician. He was struggling towards greater freedom, as passages in his plays show; and perhaps, had he lived, he would have been Shakespeare's closest competitor. But with him, as with the others, the beauty of form was lacking. "These pre-Shakespearian dramatists," says Professor Baker, "leave us uncertain whether they are writing chronicle history, melodrama, or tragedy, not distinguishing the last from the two preceding allied forms; nor had they at all discerned the boundaries of farce, extravaganza, low comedy and high comedy. . . . Some one was needed to chart, to develop and to beautify this dramatic wilderness." And the man came with the hour, and that man was Shakespeare. It is idle to speculate what he might have become under other conditions. So great a poet would have found his voice in some fashion. Yet since the medium of expression which he did find was the drama, it is obvious that we cannot measure his genius aright if we do not study him first as a dramatist—if we do not permit him to visualise his poetry for us as he did for the men of his own day. That is to say, he is entitled to interpretation through the medium he himself selected. Comment based upon the mere perusal of his work must inevitably go more or less astray. Every dramatist understands the difference between writing for the ear and writing for the eye; and a large part of the problem is to produce, with sufficient attention to literary form, the requisite dramatic effect. The fact that Shakespeare is a great poet does not alter the further fact that this distinction between the spoken and the written word must be borne in mind in his work no less than in that of any of his successors.

Shakespeare apparently had a modest estimate of his own genius. Even when he had achieved first place among his fellows he was willing to collaborate with them as he had done at the beginning. Fletcher's hand is plainly visible in *Henry VIII.*, and various ingenious critics have endeavoured to assign to Shakespeare his precise share in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and in other plays with which he was less probably connected. Sometimes they have succeeded fairly well; more often they have failed. The truth is, of course, that many of the younger dramatists "wrote like Shakespeare," just as many of the younger poets of the Victorian age wrote like Tennyson. Besides, as Professor Raleigh well says, Shakespeare did some "journey-work," and in his writing, as in that of other popular authors, there is a better and a worse. "This consideration should be kept in mind by those who profess ability to recognise his style. The style of an author and the changes in his style are fairly easy to recognise when we have to do only with a sequence of works carefully written, and put forth over his

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own name. The problem would be enormously complicated if his most careless talk and his most hurried business letters were included in the account. And the problem has been complicated in Shakespeare's case by the pressure of theatrical conditions." Despite the effort which has been made, on the whole with satisfactory results, to assign his plays to different "periods," the mechanical test of "feminine endings" and the like has perhaps been too rigidly applied.

Shakespeare, then, wrote for the Elizabethan public, and that public appreciated his work. This consideration makes it difficult to believe that all the esoteric meanings, the abstruse philosophisings, attributed to him do not exist mainly in the mind of the reader. No play has suffered more from the commentators than *Hamlet*. Now while it is true that in this play Shakespeare put forth some of his ripest thoughts on human destiny —thoughts that a careless auditor might not completely grasp—it is also true that the main purpose is clearly indicated, that the plot is perfectly plain, and that we have only to take the author literally to follow his meaning. Any intelligent person who could throw away all the critical baggage with which *Hamlet* has been encumbered and go to see it just as he would go to see Mr. Clyde Fitch's latest play, would probably find the narrative simple enough and the leading character no mystery at all. Yet Dr. Werder attempts to argue, in *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery*,* that Hamlet is meant to be the man of action, not the man of thought, that he is not hampered by misgivings and hesitations, and that his delay in accomplishing his vengeance is due to purely outward causes. Dr. Rolfe gives the weight of his endorsement to this theory; but nevertheless it requires a strained interpretation of the text in many places, and the frequent substitution of an artificial for a natural explanation. It may be, of course, that Shakespeare, when he wrote *Hamlet*, was simply giving his audience a particularly hard nut to crack. This, however, was not his usual way, and the play may be accounted for easily enough without such a far-fetched theory.

I should not wish to be understood as disparaging the poetry or the philosophy of Shakespeare in order to exalt his skill as a dramatist. Surely he is our first of poets and philosophers! But it seems to me that full justice cannot be done to his marvellous genius unless he is approached from the side which he himself presented to his public—the playwright —the practical playwright, if you will. For every man should be judged by what he attempts to do. And what Shakespeare attempted to do, and succeeded in doing with a fulness of creative energy which beggars praise, was to draw from an intellect of unexampled splendour a complete picture of human life, to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Edward Fuller.

*The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Translated from the German of Karl Werder. By Elizabeth Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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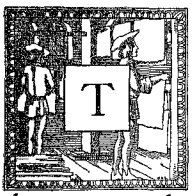
THE FACTOR OF STYLE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HERE is nothing that will so quickly reveal the presence of a pessimist as a discussion anent books and bookmen. In a recent post-prandial argument which sought, with the peace and good will befitting those who have dined comfortably and at leisure, to determine the various elements that contribute to the success of a novel, the pessimist promptly came to the front and interjected a note of discord by asserting that, whatever else might influence the popular verdict upon a given piece of fiction, one factor at least was safely negligible, and that was the factor of style. And when his dictum had called forth a chorus of more or less indignant protests, the pessimist went a step further and offered as documentary evidence the lists of "Best Selling Books" in the current number of THE BOOKMAN, challenging those present to point out any rational connection between the books therein set down and the principles of literary style. The sad part of it was, that there really was not much to say in rebuttal that was worth the saying. The plain truth is, that if you make a survey of the novels which for the past quarter of a century have successively claimed their brief day or month or year of popularity, the cases where merit of style is sufficiently marked to justify an inference that it contributed to the public verdict are too few to be seriously considered. One is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that, so long as a story holds the interest, the general reader either does not know when the style is bad, or knowing, does not care.

In this respect fiction differs from every other branch of writing that lays claim to be considered as literature. The poet, the essayist, the critic, must not merely have something well worth the saying, but must also be an artist in the use of words; he must have an instinct for linguistic form, a reverence for the delicate values of noun and adjective. It makes no difference whether he is an Emerson or a G. K. Chesterton, his chance of getting a public hearing depends not only upon his having ideas worth listening to, but also upon that elusive and indefinable something which is at once the stamp of kinship and of individuality in genius, and which, for want of a preciser term, we designate as literary style. And of course the reason is not far to seek. The man who reads a poem or an essay or a critical analysis is looking for some gratification above and beyond that of the mere acquirement of information; he finds in *Sir Roger de Coverley* a pleasure not afforded by a monograph of country life in the reign of Queen Anne; in *The Light of Asia* an emotion beyond that furnished by the article on Buddhism in the Encyclopedia Britannica. But it is no exaggeration to say that to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers the chief interest possessed by a novel is its news value; they read it as they read the paragraphs in the daily paper, for the sake of the passing thrill, and so long as the story is well constructed and the resultant thrill genuine, it may be written in the loosest of journalistic English without in the least interfering with its market value.

It is easier to recognise the public indifference to lack of style in novelists than to find a satisfactory explanation of it. Apparently both writers and readers have arrived at a tacit acceptance of the standard embodied in M. Jourdain's historic discovery that he had been speaking prose all his life. Now, excepting in the very general sense that we habitually speak something that is not verse, it is an obvious misuse of language to say that we speak in prose, in the ordinary intercourse of life. Indeed, if any one of us should venture, in the course of a five minutes' conversation across a dinner table, to adopt the polished phraseology of Pater, of Ruskin, of Edgar Allan Poe, our friends would very promptly begin to exchange significant

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nods and glances. The prose of M. Jourdain being popularly accepted as good enough for familiar intercourse in real life, and consequently good enough for the dialogue which makes up so large a part of current fiction, it is not so hard, after all, to understand why it should also be thought good enough to be the vehicle for those narrative and descriptive portions which the voracious modern reader so lightly and systematically skims over.

Yes, it is quite true that so far as the ephemeral success of this week's popular novel is concerned the element of style may be safely neglected. And furthermore, the fact is hardly worth a serious regret. Like all products of cheap, hasty, unskilled labour, the average "best seller" is manufactured for the sake of quick profits, the harvest soon reaped and soon forgotten. Time is the all-important element that winnows out the chaff from the wheat, the book that is literature from the book that is merely merchandise. A novel which is a good story and nothing more becomes, so soon as it is read, of no more interest than the puzzle page of a magazine after you have guessed the answers. For this reason a certain type of reviewers object on principle to the review which discloses the dénouement of a plot, not realising that if the value of a book will be spoiled by knowing beforehand how it ends, then the sooner the value is spoiled the better. But the book which has not only interest of plot, but style as well, will be enjoyed all the more if you know beforehand what its structure is; it will bear reading over again and still again; and even when whole paragraphs and chapters have been learned by heart you still find a renewed pleasure at each fresh reading, not from what it tells you, but from the way in which it is told.

In the course of the long, slow levelling process, to which eventually every author must submit, the factor of style, from being negligible, becomes potent, decisive, paramount. Lack of style, in the finer sense, is probably the most potent reason why the present generation no longer shares the enthusiasm of the past generation for Scott and Fenimore Cooper—just as it is the chief reason why Jane Austen remains perennially young, while Maria Edgeworth seems hopelessly out of date; why Thackeray with each decade forges slowly but surely ahead of Dickens; and also, it may be added, why just a few writers of to-day, such as Kipling and Conrad and Maurice Hewlett, will be ranked steadily higher as the years go by, long after the great mass of our present popular writers are forgotten. And this is precisely as it should be, because in the long run the world at large is bound to awaken to the fact that in the case of the few novelists who are true artists their matter, howsoever wonderful it may be, is of vastly less importance than their manner; and that there is the same enduring pleasure in reverting to their pages that there is in revisiting the familiar canvases of great masters, to discover each time some new beauty of line, some new wonder of light and shade. And this permanent appeal of the novelist who possesses style is to a large extent independent of the type of story he has to tell. In the whole range of fiction there is nothing which in itself is of more ephemeral interest than the detective story. The mystery once solved, what is there ever to call you back to it again? And yet, at the hands of Poe, even the detective story has acquired a power of appeal which outlives long familiarity. You may know *The Purloined Letter* and *The Mystery in the Rue Morgue* like a well-conned lesson, and yet you are lured back to read them once more, through sheer delight in the inimitable art of their construction.

"The Stooping Lady"

Among the authors represented in the present month's installment of novels, there is one at least regarding whose claim to distinction of style there can be no doubt—Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who shows in *The Stooping Lady* some exceedingly interesting developments. Mr. Hewlett is one of the very few contemporary writers whose manner is unmistakably their own. His themes are as broad as life itself, his characters as wide in range as humanity; yet, no matter what his scene or epoch may be, there is always that same fine quality of language which is the hall-mark of all that is truly aristocratic in English prose.

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You feel that he uses words with the same fine sense of their value that a jeweller has of the value of precious stones, placing each one in its appointed place with all the care that an expert gives to diamond setting. You discover, when you stop to study his methods of composition, that in each case he has used the one indispensable, inevitable word, and you fall to wondering just how much labour was involved in forming that particular combination of noun and verb and adjective that express so much in so little space and unmistakably render with the greatest apparent ease the precise shade of thought for which he was striving. It is this marvellous dexterity with words that enables him, as a similar skill with pigments enables the painter, to give you in *Richard Yea-and-Nay* the same colour-sense that you get from rare old tapestries, in *Little Novels of Italy* that which you get from the Florentine Pre-Raphaelites. This flavour of a remote past is so much a part of the warp and woof of all that Mr. Hewlett has hitherto given us that it has often suggested a serious question whether it is an inherent quality of his style or simply a part of his carefully studied method of giving historic atmosphere, just as you can give age to carved wood by the application of the right sort of varnish. The first, though not the chief, interest of *The Stooping Lady* is that it answers this question emphatically and once for all. There is nothing of the Tapestry Novel about this new volume; and yet it is as unmistakably Hewlett, from the first page to the last, as was *The Forest Lovers*. There is the same rare sureness of touch in word and phrase, the same delightful clarity of thought, the same wonderful power of making you see precisely what he sees in his mind's eye—only this time the pictures are as unmistakably early nineteenth century as in *The Queen's Quair* they were Elizabethan. And this fact brings us to the second special interest offered by *The Stooping Lady*. It is Mr. Hewlett's nearest approach to a novel of contemporary life, the first that has afforded a good chance to compare him with the other novelists of his own generation on even terms. It is safe to predict that the discriminating reader will bring away from this book an enhanced appreciation of Mr. Hewlett's genius—and that, too, in spite of the fact that *The Stooping Lady*, taken as a whole, falls short of being a full achievement of what its author purposed. Why this should be so it is hard to say. The opening years of the nineteenth century, with its attendant unrest, its war cry of reform, its violent clash of awakening democracy, with the hereditary arrogance of caste, are inherently as full of interest as other epochs of English history already treated by Mr. Hewlett. And there is no lack of dramatic strength in the story of a stalwart young butcher who resents with his fists the murder of his favourite horse by a drunken lord; who finds himself summarily clapped into gaol for having thus dared to assert his rights; and, through the injustice that he suffers, wins the notice, then the sympathy, then the love of the drunken lord's wayward, impetuous, brave-hearted niece, who is not herself conscious that she is stooping when she bestows her heart upon a man whose clean, fine manhood has taught her to respect and honour him. And yet, fine as the story is in conception and in workmanship, it somehow lacks the bigness, the finality, the enduring interest of *The Queen's Quair* or *The Fool Errant*, to name the two volumes between which the choice is difficult, in deciding upon his highest achievement. One may hazard the opinion that *The Stooping Lady* suffers chiefly from a certain partisan note that will make itself heard throughout; one cannot help thinking of it as a purpose novel, written a century too late to affect the issue. The partisan note also made itself heard in *The Queen's Quair;* but there the case was very different; the cause espoused was that of a woman and not a political principle. The fate of Mary Stuart will stir the hearts and fire the imagination for untold generations yet to come; but the fate of a London butcher, even a self-educated butcher with a poetic soul and a gift for oratory, seems somehow to lack the magnitude that we expect to find in Mr. Hewlett's later work. Even the author himself appears to have felt at the last that there was no better ending for the story than an anti-climax. So when the Stooping Lady has stooped

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even to the point of standing beside her lover while he endures his sentence to exposure in the pillory and the turbulent mob gathers, and the riot act is read and the soldiers fire a volley into the crowd, the author shifts his responsibility over to a stray bullet that finds its way to the brain of the pilloried butcher and saves the undeniably charming lady of the title rôle from the necessity of stooping any more. There are those who will number *The Stooping Lady* among Mr. Hewlett's failures; yet there are many who would rather read a failure from Mr. Hewlett's pen than a successful book by many of his contemporaries.

Mr. Richard Bagot inevitably suggests comparison with Mr. Crawford, not only in his choice of modern Italian life for his favourite theme, but also in the quality of his narrative style. It is a very quiet, limpid style, never calling attention to itself by any striking, unexpected turn of phrase, yet serving admirably the author's purpose in conveying his exact meaning with simple directness. Like Mr. Crawford, also, Mr. Bagot never lets you forget that he is writing of an alien race, with habits and temperaments and language quite foreign to that of the Anglo-Saxon; and yet, at the same time, he interprets them so skilfully that the sum total of your impressions is rather that of the brotherhood of the two races than of the gulf between them. In his earlier volumes, Mr. Bagot rather unduly dwelt upon ecclesiastical questions, the part that the Church plays in the social and political life of Rome—subjects that, however true and vital from the Italian point of view, necessarily appeal to a limited audience in England or America. His new story, *The Temptation,* does not offend along this line. It is nothing more or less than a story of love and of sin committed for the sake of love. Count Ugo Vitali, of simple habits and quiet tastes, marries beneath him, his wife being a daughter of the people, her father having originally raised pigs and sheep on her husband's estate. Naturally a beautiful woman, and intellectually clever, combining a certain peasant shrewdness with some degree of education, the Countess Cristina rebels against the seclusion of her husband's country home, wearies of Ugo's simple life, and nurses her jealousy of the widowed Duchessa di San Felice, an aristocrat in every fibre, who, according to rumour, was Ugo's earlier love. Such is the situation when Ugo's cousin and heir at law, Fabrizio, comes to make a long deferred visit to the Palazzo Vitali at Viterbo. Fabrizio is everything that Cristina had once hoped to find in Ugo, and had failed to find. Younger, handsomer, broader minded than Ugo, he fascinates Cristina from the hour of his arrival; and he in turn, susceptible to beauty and to flattery, quickly reciprocates her passion. They can scarcely remember afterward which of the two first voices the thought that if Ugo were to die, Fabrizio would step at once into his shoes, fall heir to his estates, and as soon as respect for public opinion would permit, marry his widow. The thought once uttered refuses to be forgotten. But to Fabrizio it is only a vague hope, constantly put behind him as something unworthy and abhorrent. To Cristina, on the contrary, it becomes an ever-present motive, something to be looked forward to and striven for, something to be deliberately accomplished if only fate offers an opportunity. The few readers who had the good luck to come across Frank Danby's first novel, *Doctor Phillips,* will remember that in that novel there was the converse situation of a husband who had come to love elsewhere and cleared the way to a second marriage by administering to his wife an overdose of the morphine already prescribed by her physician. The same scheme is carried out by Ugo's wife, and with the same result: repudiation by the one for whose sake the crime is committed, and who refuses to become an accessory. On the whole, a plot lacking in the elements of originality, yet none the less worth while because of its excellent portrayal of Italian country life.

"The Temptation"

Style in the abstract is one thing; but the minute that you have in mind a specific type of story, the whole question of style shifts ground; you must modify your method to suit your theme. Nothing, for instance, would be more incongruous than *L'Assommoir* or *La Bête*

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Humaine, written after the manner of Mr. Hewlett. Strong, brave, primitive stories, dealing in a straightforward way with big, basic emotions, demand strong, clear, straightforward English—and that, at least, we find in Edna Kenton's brief but poignant little volume, with its brief and inviting title, *Clem.*

"Clem"

It is several years since Miss Kenton's first novel, *What Manner of Man,* attracted much well-merited notice from discriminating critics, as the work of a new writer who would sooner or later have to be seriously reckoned with. Since then, aside from a few short stories of considerable psychological interest, Miss Kenton has done nothing in fiction until the appearance this fall of *Clem,* which from its opening page strikes a higher, finer, clearer note than anything she had previously produced. Like all clear-cut stories of real merit, it can be epitomised in a few words. It is a sincere, rather ruthless analysis of a girl fine by nature but crudely reared in the wild environment of western ranch and mining camp, who later comes to Chicago, ignorantly hoping that her father's money will pave her way, not merely to social recognition, but to that closer kinship that is born of love and sympathy. Here at the outset is a summing up of the girl by the one man who instinctively understands her:

> She was a thing apart from every other woman. She looked the primitive Woman. She might have been *the* primeval Woman walking untrodden sands, pressing the springing earth when the world was young. She was so nobly unashamed and so purely human—ah, yes, she was! The very atoms of her might have been scooped up from virgin earth, from sea-born clay just washed to shore; and a Rodin hand might have modelled her!

But plunged into conventional, exclusive social circles, the primeval fineness of Clem Merrit is lost sight of. This new world, of which she is pathetically ignorant, sees in her only a "big, blond girl, with blue jewels of eyes," and pronounces her whole appearance "loud, overbearing, shriekingly insistent." And when Reggie Wines, the only son of the most exclusive family in the whole narrow circle, finds in Clem the ideal of his first violent, unreasoning, boyish passion, offers himself and is accepted, the friends of Mrs. Wines gather around her to aid and abet the scheme which is to hold the mirror up to Clem Merrit and make her see herself as others see her. And this scheme is nothing else than for Mrs. Wines to recognise her son's engagement, invite Clem down to her country home, along with a household of guests, and during the week following to force upon the girl, by systematic and ingenious slights and snubs, a sense of her own awkwardness and want of social training. In one sense the scheme succeeds, because before the visit is ended Clem has reached a point of self-knowledge that would keep her from marrying Reggie Wines, even though his life hung in the balance, upon her decision. But in a broader sense it failed, because instead of teaching Clem her inferiority, the women and the men who have been so persistently and smilingly cruel to her have taught her instead the superiority of her standards to theirs—taught her that, crude and primitive and ignorant as she is, she has an inborn nobility of soul, a fineness of instinct beyond the understanding of the petty world in which they move. And better still, while they save her from the mistake of marrying a boy for whom she could never have cared save in a sisterly way, they unintentionally teach her to know her own heart and to discover the true worth of the man whom the discriminating reader will pick out, almost from the opening chapter, as the one man in the book who is worthy of her. Considered either as a love story, a psychological study, or a social satire, *Clem* is eminently worth while.

As a sharp contrast to *Clem,* an attempt at social satire that is distinctly not worth while, we have Robert Chambers's new novel, *The Younger Set.* That the sort of people pictured in this book exist we are forced to believe; but that any useful purpose can be served by gathering them together in bulk and serving them up in the pages of a novel may be gravely questioned. Mr. Chambers has done such good work, from time to time, that it is rather exasperating to come

"The Younger Set"

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across a book like this, which under a veil of pseudo-realism can no more disguise its fundamental melodrama than cotton-seed oil can escape notice in a salad dressing. You need nothing more than a frank retelling of the plot to demonstrate this fact. A young army officer, loving neither wisely nor too well, marries in haste a girl against whom his family warn him, and takes his bride with him when he joins his regiment in the Philippines. From the first, things go badly with them; a virulent case of incompatibility, aggravated no doubt by the climate, culminates in one quarrel too many, and the lady elopes with a civilian, an unmitigated cad, with much money and no morals. The hero consents to a divorce, resigns from the army, and returns, a cynic and a woman-hater, to New York, whither his former wife, now married to the villain, has preceded him. It takes the hero the space of three hundred pages to discover that his blighted heart is capable of renewed affection—this time for an educated young woman, of the summer school variety, who never speaks except in polysyllables. At last he makes up his mind to offer himself to her, but no sooner has she accepted him than his conscience awakens—he realises that he does not believe in divorce, and that it would be a sin for him to marry again so long as his first wife, now married to another, survives. Meanwhile the villain, finding in his turn that life with that much married woman is too strenuous, has cast her off and is seeking for legal release. Hereupon the hero assumes the burden once more, discovers that his first wife is hopelessly insane—in short, that insanity has from the beginning been the explanation of all her irrational acts—and although in straitened circumstances himself, surrounds her with all the comforts that expert medical skill and careful nursing can give her. Last act, husband No. 2, the villain, refusing to believe in the hero's disinterested chivalry to the divorced wife, comes to spy upon her in her retreat, where she sits on the floor, childishly dressing and undressing her dolls. But disguised as a doll is a pistol that the mad woman has somehow secreted, and when she sees this man, this second husband whom she feared and hated, she fires twice, first at him and then at herself. For a crazy woman she has good aim, for both bullets do their work. Quick curtain.

There is a certain virile directness of language that almost passes for style, and is peculiarly characteristic of a number of our younger American novelists, especially those who deal with the vigorous life of the West. Typical of this group is Francis Lynde, whose new story, *Empire Builders,* gives a clear-cut and eminently readable account of a far-seeing, big-hearted, irrepressible young fellow, who hits upon a gigantic railroad scheme and carries it through single-handed, in spite of the desperate opposition of a strong ring of capitalists and politicians whom his success will ruin. Quite early in the game his enemies discover that he is a dangerous man; so they try to bury him alive by making him division superintendent of a worthless little spur of railroad that runs up into a district of abandoned mines. But as already said, he belongs to the irrepressible type, and within a year he has explored the whole neighbouring territory, has discovered vast natural resources in adjacent, untapped districts, has formulated a careful plan for extending the now worthless branch until it connects with other roads which may be bought for a song—in short, has worked out a scheme for converting his spur into a vital link in a new transcontinental system. The story of how he accomplishes all this, builds up a fortune and incidentally wins the railroad president's daughter for his wife, makes fairly good reading of its class—although this particular vein of "heart interest" has been worked so often that it would be a positive relief to read one railroad story in which the president did not have a daughter.

"Empire Builders"

A chance similarity of plot makes it justifiable to consider two novels under a single head, *To Him that Hath,* by Leroy Scott, and *Tinman,* by Tom Gallon. Both of these stories find their motif in a self-sacrifice that lands a man in

"To Him That Hath"

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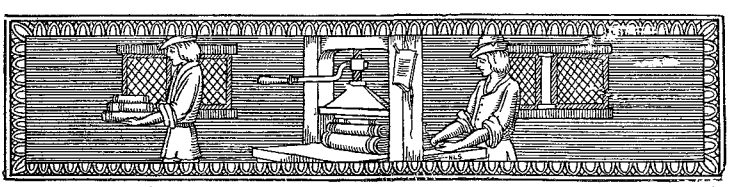
prison for a long term of years. Leroy Scott's volume was called to the present reviewer's attention by a discriminating friend, who said in substance: "The story is quite without style, and not especially original in plot; but somehow you cannot get away from it; you are compelled to finish it." This criticism proved to be well founded. As to originality of plot, each reader may judge for himself. Here it is: A young, serious-minded, conscientious man, deeply attached to a clergyman famous for his charitable missions, is summoned to the house of his friend, only to learn that the clergyman has killed himself and that five thousand dollars, trust funds belonging to one of the missions, are missing. A woman, whom the clergyman once loved, has been secretly blackmailing him. The hero, realising that publicity will injure not only the dead man's name but also the good work of the mission identified with him, voluntarily confesses to having himself taken the money, and undergoes his sentence to five years in prison. The story is more especially concerned with what happens later, when his term has expired and he undertakes to take up his work in the world once more. It is a careful piece of work, written with considerable insight into character, and with a sincerity that gives a poignancy to the hero's protracted and very genuine struggle against heavy odds. It is the simple directness of the narrative, as well as the reality of the types depicted, that holds you to the end.

"Tinman"

Tom Gallon's book is of less virile calibre, although the theme possesses greater novelty. Here we have a man of weak will and chivalrous instincts, upon whose credulity the villain of the story works, until he convinces him that the honour of the woman he loves is at the mercy of a third man, whom it is his duty as a sort of modern knight-errant to kill. He commits the murder, is of course discovered, refuses to reveal his real motive, which might have won him a recommendation for mercy, and is sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence is afterward commuted, and eventually he is released after serving twenty odd years at hard labour. The first portion of the book, though somewhat lurid in method, would have made a strong and unusual short story; but the further development of events, after the murderer's release, and the way in which history is forced to repeat itself, so that a second murder may add a cumulative thrill to an already overburdened plot, conveys an unmistakable flavour of nothing higher or nobler than the typical dime novel.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Professor Dunning's "Reconstruction, Political and Economic"*

This book was planned to be the twenty-second volume in the series entitled "The American Nation," published under the general editorship of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, with the advice of committees appointed by four great historical societies. The selection of Professor Dunning to write this particular volume was in every respect ideal. He has for years made the Reconstruction Period a subject of minute research, and has published sundry monographs relating to its different phases. Not only has he accumulated a vast amount of information from original sources, but he has digested it and mastered it so thoroughly as to make it possible for him to view the complex movements of this perplexing period with a sense of true proportion. No one can say of him that he does not see the forest by reason of the trees. And, therefore, in some 340 pages of large, clear type he has condensed in masterly fashion a mountain of material amid which a less scientific scholar would have lost his way completely.

In his preface the author has well explained the point of view from which he has approached the subject. While admitting that to the general student of political and social science "the South bulks largest in the history of reconstruction," he looks upon this period simply as "a step in the progress of the American nation." Hence, he says, it is the North which claims one's principal attention, since the evidence of positive progress is to be found in the record of the victorious section of the country.

> In this record there is less that is spectacular, less that is pathetic, and more that seems inexcusably sordid than in the record of the South; but moral and dramatic values must not have greater weight in the writing, than they have had in the making, of history.

*Reconstruction, Political and Economic. By William Archibald Dunning. With Frontispiece and Maps. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Professor Dunning, therefore, concerns himself with the politics of the North and West, in which the forces which were at play wrought out so marked a transformation that the American Republic in 1877 presented a startling contrast with the nation as it was in 1865. The author is well known as an adherent of that severer school of historical writing which not alone abjures anything like "colour" and the element of the picturesque, but which, in the writing of history, regards dramatic values with something like contempt. If, however, the reader will compare his former volume, *Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction,* with this, his latest work, it will be apparent that he has relaxed somewhat the strictness of his theory, greatly, we may add, to the advantage of his narrative. In the book before us there is a good deal of shrewd characterisation of men and measures, even though it be only in a sentence or a pregnant phrase. Andrew Johnson, "Thad" Stevens, and especially President Grant, are sketched for us in a few incidental but artful strokes. The author does not disdain to use the catch-words which were current at the time of which he writes, or to speak of "the new departure," "the bloody shirt," "the tidal wave," and "the dark horse." Sometimes he gives us a sentence which has the power of a whole page of detailed description, as where he says of Mr. Hayes that his "availability was of just that nebulous type which bulks largest to a tired delegate in despair of getting the man of his deliberate choice." In one passage (p. 157) he even preserves a joke, by no means brilliant, drawn from contemporaneous newspapers.

This undertone of scholarly geniality makes the book not merely easy reading, but gives to it an interest for every intelligent American. In it we see in their true relation to the country's history the blundering pugnacity of Johnson, the unfitness of Grant for civil rule, the significance of our foreign policy from 1865 to 1873, and the struggle of the American people for constitutional order and for a purification of the national government.

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How difficult it must have been to analyse the conflicting tendencies of this period and to bring the exposition within so short a compass, any student will be well aware; and his knowledge of it will heighten the admiration with which he reads Professor Dunning's book. Here and there one may object that conciseness has led to ambiguity. For instance, in the account of the functions of the Freeman's Bureau (pp. 30-32), the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1865, are not made clear enough by the author. That the Bureau was "to have charge of all matters pertaining to refugees, freemen, and abandoned lands," is a statement that is not scientifically precise. "The interests of the former slaves were to be looked after," is another statement which may mean much or little. It would have been well to cite the language of the Act rather than to use colloquial and therefore indefinite expressions. We must confess, however, to a certain pleasure in finding a Rhadamanthus of historical writing leaning back, so to speak, in an easy chair and lapsing into generalities.

A word or two about the style in which the book is written. In the main, its English is lucid and simple, and goes directly to the point. The author has, however, an undue fondness for the suspended preposition and sometimes for the suspended adjective, which makes his sentences at times a little clumsy. It seems not to have occurred to him, or to Professor Hart, who read the proofs, that the phrase *à l'outrance* (p. 298), for *à outrance,* is not the French of France, but belongs to the category of such bastard expressions as *sur le tapis* and *nom de plume,* which English and Americans employ in ignorance. And it really pains us to find two scientific scholars overlooking so grievous a violation of syntax as the following (p. 39): "Side by side, thus, with the military authority of the United States, *was* to be put in operation . . . the regular processes of civil government." It may be that Professor Dunning was here beguiled by his old-time fondness for the Greek, and that somehow or other the *schema Pindaricum* influenced his pen.

Extremely valuable to every student of American history is the final chapter, which is a critical essay on some of the authorities which the author used. It is an admirable example of a bibliography with comments—a thing which every scholar loves; and it may be said that Professor Dunning's briefly written judgments are exceedingly acute and just. An excellent index completes the book, which is sure to be regarded as one of the very best and most satisfying in the elaborate series of which it forms a part.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

Mr. Hichens's "Barbary Sheep"*

No one of the younger writers of our day furnishes a more admirable example of orderly artistic development than Mr. Hichens. His career is an object lesson to those who imagine that the novelist's art is a matter of pure luck and inspiration. From the first he has shown the possession of talent, but it was talent of a very uncertain order. Beginning with that wonderfully clever but unsubstantial book, *The Green Carnation,* he gave reason for fearing that he was to prove a "one-book" author. It was exactly the sort of daring, unpremeditated *jeu d'esprit* that a man occasionally tosses off at a first effort, and never again equals. And the immediate shocked applause which it provoked might well have turned the young man's head. But Mr. Hichens soon showed that he had his eye on larger things. The books that followed that first *succès de scandale* attracted less initial attention, but they set him on the path to serious recognition as a man to be reckoned with in modern fiction.

These books developed a curious mingling of realism and downright mysticism. On the one hand, it would be easy to guess from them, even without the evidence of certain eloquent pages in *Felix,* that their author had early fallen under the spell of Balzac; while on the other hand the report that he was in his youth destined for the Church may not be without significance. Not always were the diverse elements happily mingled. For instance, in one of the

*Barbary Sheep. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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most remarkable of his stories, *Flames*, the allegory approaches at times perilously near to the ridiculous. Judging him by the bulk of his work, one might set Mr. Hichens down as an intensely earnest, thoughtful, determined man who was quite devoid of a sense of humour. But, not to revert to *The Green Carnation*, this theory fails when one recalls one of his shorter tales, *The Mission of Mr. Eustace Greyne*, a little comedy in which the touch is absolutely certain, the humour unforced and unfailing. Yet there remains, in the case of such books as *Felix* and *The Woman with the Fan*—and even *The Garden of Allah*—a baffling residual sense of disappointment that must be accounted for. For my part I fell back at last on the theory that with all his undeniable talent, Mr. Hichens lacked the essential gift of the story-teller. He knows—no one better—what the novel should be; plot and character, incident and climax, are definitely before his eye. But in the actual writing there is often the effect of effort, of some great resistance being overcome. At times he seems conscious of having failed to strike out at a single blow the precise effect for which he aimed; and so he goes on doggedly, piling up phrases, multiplying pictures, until he has arrived through sheer persistence at something like the desired result. It is, you see, the method of a man of brains and acute perceptions working in an art the specific, intimate gift of which he lacks.

I confess to having felt some satisfaction with this theory until I read Mr. Hichens's latest book. Then it cracked, and I find it requiring some patching and remodelling before it will do service again. *Barbary Sheep* is characteristically Hichens; yet it is strangely unlike his work in some important respects. Mr. Hichens has often been accused of diffuseness; here is concentration enough. It is actually no more than a short story, without an ounce of padding—a little tragedy of the desert, no less tragic because the material catastrophe is barely averted. In the epic vastness of *The Garden of Allah* one felt oppressively the awful immensity of the desert. Here one is scorched by the heat of its swift passions. The whole thing is done in sharp, bold strokes; not a line is blurred, not a figure bungled. Here is the heroine, after her first taste of the desert and the hypnotic seduction of her Arab lover:

> Her light—not wicked—and fashionable life had always hitherto been governed by caprice, but caprice had led her always down flowery pathways stretching into spaces washed with light, never into the dimness of mystery or the blackness of sorrow. She had often felt quickly, but never passionately. Wayward she had ever been, but not violent, not really reckless; a creature of fantasy, not a creature of tempest. The song of the boy Arab under the rock by the river—she had been like that; like a winding, airy tune going out into the sun. Now she was conscious of the further mysteries, that lead some women on to deeds that strike like hammers upon the smooth complacencies of society; she was aware of the beckoning finger that pilots the eager soul whither it should not go, among the great wastes where emotion broods and wonder is alive.
>
> For the first time in her well-filled life she was very consciously in want.

This is not only admirable writing, it is also admirable characterisation—not subtle, but direct and sure. It is indeed notable that the important characters in this book are types of rather elemental simplicity. There are but three—the heavy young Englishman, Sir Claude Wyverne, his pretty, restless wife, and a handsome Arab officer, a creature of mysterious fascination for the Englishwoman. The Arab is a subtler, or at least a stranger, blend than the others; yet that is after all but to say that he is an Oriental. He is as plainly understandable as such an incomprehensible being can ever be. Mr. Hichens knows his Arab too well to balk at his contradictory nature.

The craftsmanship of this little tale is a sheer delight. The title itself is a fine ironic stroke. Sport-loving, unimaginative Sir Claude goes off into the mountains to hunt, leaving his wife exposed to the seductions of the desert and the officer of Spahis. His indifference to the danger which she realises so well is a spur to her restless longing. Her lover knows as well as she that her stupid, adoring husband has left her in this peril

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for the sake of killing a few Barbary sheep. "Barbary sheep!" The words are the refrain of the tragedy, and their reiteration, not too often, heightens the effect indescribably. In such small things as this the workmanship of the story is well-nigh perfect.

It is not a great story. Mere bulk counts for something in these matters, and *Barbary Sheep* has not the large impressiveness of *The Garden of Allah,* nor is it, like *Felix,* a final delineation of complex character. It is merely a small thing supremely well done. Not even yet am I convinced that Mr. Hichens is a novelist by the grace of God. In all his books he has been learning his trade by dint of persistent, intelligent application. But he has learned well. In the light of his most recent work it is not too much to say that he has mastered his tools more completely than any other among the younger generation of our novelists.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Weavers"*

Egypt, like India, is one of the countries over which hang clouds of mystery. It is a land made for the romanticist; yet what Kipling did for India in *Kim* has never been done for Egypt. A few years ago Sir Gilbert Parker wrote and published a book of clever short stories about the country, *Donovan Pasha.* In that book he made vague promise, if I remember correctly, of a larger work, for which these tales were to be considered merely as preliminary studies. They were in some respects admirable stories, quite in the manner of the early Kipling, and the promise made them doubly worth while. It is safe to say that many persons have awaited attentively the *magnum opus,* for the author had shown himself not unequipped for work of substantial merit. Already, in his first books, he had fairly made one corner of the globe his own by virtue of the freshness of his observation and a positive gift for drama. Those early tales of the Canadian woods still stand by themselves. But Mr. Parker grew up and left Canada. With *The Right of Way* he became one of our most popular authors. He travelled, became cosmopolitan, was invited to membership in that exclusive literary club, the House of Commons, and even achieved knighthood. From that time to this his career may have its place in the political history of England; assuredly, it will not appear in the annals of literature. What writing he has done has failed to come up to his old standard.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

*The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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But at last the larger work has come, to which his inveterate admirers turn with fresh hope. In *The Weavers* it is reassuring to find at the outset that he has prepared a large canvas. On the score of mere size this book represents a large ambition, and as one grasps its outlines it is seen that the idea on which it is founded is not insignificant. A young Quaker, of singularly strong and self-reliant character, leaves England and goes to Egypt. Such is the force of his personality that he becomes in a very short time the Kaïd's right-hand man, the virtual ruler of the country. He works for the good of his adopted country against the opposition of innumerable enemies, and emerges from every danger, having conquered the incredible guile and duplicity of the Orient by sheer force of honesty and character. In the end he is united to the woman he loves, when they have just renounced each other because she is bound to his enemy.

In this rough outline, which omits many salient features of a rather complex plot, there is plenty of room for vigorous characterisation, for a large sweep of events; above all, for a convincing realisation of the mystery and glamour of Egypt. I dwell on the excellence of the design, reluctant to leave off praising it, because its execution is so undeniably disappointing. The imposing mould of the story is, after all, only a shell. It contains no life. All the externals of drama are here—plot and character and setting. But not one of the characters is a real human being, and the plot is, in many of its ingredients, rather distressing melodrama. The setting is perhaps better; but it is hard to appreciate the beauty of a stage scene all decorated over with wooden figures of men. The realest of them, certain of the subsidiary personages, are shadowy and indistinct. Those that stand in the full light betray by the unlifelike precision of their movements their mechanical origin. They are qualities with personal names. David, the hero, if he were suddenly to come to life, would loath himself as an impossible prig. Not one of the principal characters lives in my memory as a distinct person.

In the invention of specific incidents by which the plot is carried on Sir Gilbert is in the main happier than in his characters. Too often, however, he plays in melodramatic style for the mere situation, fairly straining the long arm of coincidence out of its socket. The stale device of a lord's secret marriage under a false name, and the consequent descent of the title to the second son instead of the rightful heir, is gravely made to do service. The solution, involving the accidental death of the false Lord Eglington in the nick of time, is as feeble as the device itself. It is sadly apparent that the story was never clearly and definitely thought out by the author. For instance, it has no solid anchorage in time. It is actually possible to read the first dozen chapters without being able to place the period within a hundred years, and it is only through one or two insignificant allusions later on that one is able to fix it in the seventies or eighties of the last century. Such vagueness does not make the story universal; it only makes it unreal. There is one curious instance of muddled chronology which a graduate of a correspondence school of fiction ought to be able to avoid. Toward the end of the story one of the characters, who is represented as being exactly the same age as David's grandfather, proclaims that he is sixty-five years old. Since David cannot at this time be less than thirty-five, it follows that Luke Claridge must have been a grandfather at thirty. To be sure, Luke was in many respects a remarkable man. So was David, who retains his Quaker characteristics so persistently that to the end he uses the Quaker form of address, even when he is speaking in Arabic. Evidently Sir Gilbert has discovered an exact Arabic equivalent for the Quaker "thee," which he translates back into English.

These are, of course, small matters, but the fact to which they point is not small. The truth is that Sir Gilbert has tried to write a story without first thinking it out clearly to the end; he has tried to make his readers realise characters which he has never successfully projected in his own imagination; and the result, with all allowance made for good intention and a certain amount of good workmanship, cannot be called a success.

Ward Clark.

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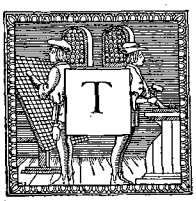
WHO WRITES THE JOKES?



O begin with, by far the greater part of the jokes are produced by some fifteen or twenty men and women, most of whom live in New York and most of whom follow other work as a means of livelihood. Somewhat astounding, but altogether true. When you come upon a joke in a magazine or in your daily paper you may be fairly sure that it was written by one or another of this mere handful of prolific "professional" humourists. And, as will be shown, there is often a way of telling just which one of them is responsible, despite the fact that his name is nowhere in evidence.

There can be no better to begin with than Mr. James J. O'Connell, who has been writing jokes for nearly thirty years and may well be called the dean of modern jesters.

Mr. O'Connell began contributing humorous sketches to the Danbury *News* in 1879 and soon afterward commenced writing jokes for the comic weeklies. In 1887 he was writing sketches for the *Evening* (N. Y.) *Sun* under Amos Cummings and remained on the staff five years, carrying a daily humorous department in addition to a great deal of general newspaper work "I have travelled extensively, my hobby is literature and my life has been one long struggle with ill health."

Mr. O'Connell says that he has contributed to every periodical using jokes and that his total output has already far exceeded one hundred thousand! Besides this, he has printed more than twenty thousand lines of humorous verse, has suggested many humorous pictures for artists and last year produced an illustrated book, *The Auto Guyed.*

Such figures may seem incredible to those who have had no opportunity of verifying the remarkable capacity of trained joke writers. Conviction came to the writer when he was serving as "cub" editor on a magazine that uses jokes and skits as "fillers." One day he found in his manuscript basket an ordinary envelope only partly filled with something which, despite its small size, was half an inch in thickness. The mysterious contents proved to be a package or deck of some fifty neat little oblong papers, each one of which contained a joke. Surprised at so many coming from one man, he was informed that this man sent in a package like that every week or two, apparently always had done so, apparently always would do so. This was something of a shock to the cub editor, but it was as nothing when the fact dawned on him that this remarkable output was merely the share allotted to one magazine and that this same man was sending out similar packages with similar regularity to dozens of other magazines, to say nothing of the newspapers! Perhaps he was a syndicate? No, there was only one of him. Then the cub editor fell to multiplying for the yearly output, got into five or six figures and gave it up.

Incidentally, as time went on the cub editor learned from experience that practically all acceptable jokes are found in these little packages or decks, each joke separate unto itself for convenience in handling, and that only the amateur crowds his gems of wit upon the same sheet of paper. Furthermore, the professional has made a study of jokes, knows how to present his point, is generally honest and always politic and therefore far less prone to serving up jokes previously published. As to prices, Mr. O'Connell, who may be taken as authority, summarises conditions as follows:

"While the joke writers have never had a union, the papers have never shown any disposition to cut down the prices. For the past sixteen years the rates have either remained stationary or have been raised. In the early 'eighties' things were different. Then one of the leading comic papers paid only $2 a column. Now one would receive $15 for the same amount of work. One pays $2.50 for a joke; two pay $2; most pay $1; a few go as low as fifty cents. Some out-of-town papers are said to pay only fifteen cents, but they don't get the work of the

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MRS. CLARA A. BOLTON

better writers. The syndicating of humorous matter has hurt the business very much and it is no longer possible for even the most successful joke writers to earn the large incomes of sixteen years ago. . . . Some of the dailies pay only $1 for a column picture with a joke. . . . They cannot afford to pay for this stuff and many do not hesitate to steal it."

In securing data from the professional jesters, they were asked what they considered their best jokes and their worst. Some of the answers are interesting from more than one point of view.

Quoting Mr. O'Connell once more: "As for my worst joke Walcot Balestier said this conundrum was excruciating:

"Why is the driver of a one-horse car like a sailor?

"Because he is a see-fare-in man.

"From my point of view I have written worse ones than that, because I have never been able to sell them to any one. Some of my epigrams have become colloquial:

"Marry in haste and divorce at leisure.

"Fast women and slow horses will bankrupt a millionaire.

"My best known quatrain appeared in *Judge*. It was accepted by I. M. Gregory, the kindest-hearted editor I ever met. He lived to a good old age, despite the fact that he read a batch of my jokes every week for fifteen years. This quatrain was seized upon by the publishers of a well-known dictionary to show that I did not know how to pronounce the word 'appendicitis.' "

AN EVERY-DAY EPITAPH

No more he'll ever greet us,
He now is with the blest;
He got appendicitis
And the doctors did the rest.

At first Mr. O'Connell produced at least one hundred jokes a day, shutting himself up alone in his room and devoting his whole time to it. Often from a bunch of one hundred an editor would reject all but one. Mr. O'Connell now writes all his jokes at night, transcribing and sorting them into batches in the morning. He keeps a note-book under his pillow, for his ideas come most easily just before sleep, but there is often sorrow in the morning when he cannot read what was written in the dark. After doing fifty jokes, however, he can sleep like a top.

England, where Thackeray and Hazlitt wrote paragraphs for sixpence or a shilling apiece, Mr. O'Connell found sterile ground, in spite of the fact that there are many comic magazines and that the papers use large numbers of jokes. There is no regular "joke market," as in America, and a large part of their wit and humour is copied from the Continent and from this side of the water, too often without credit. The prices paid may be judged from the fact that the price for a weekly joke contest is only $1.20.

Mr. Edwin Austin Oliver, the "Yonkers *Statesman* man," is responsible for more than seventy-five thousand jokes. Though most of these appeared originally, unsigned, in the *Statesman*, his work has been copied all over this country and translated into German, French, Italian and other languages. Mr. Oliver,

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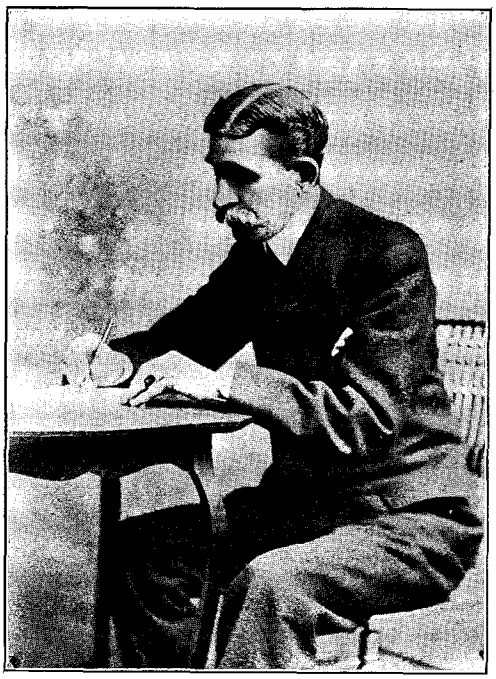
who is credited with being the originator of the conversational joke, writes his jests during the first hour at his office, before taking up his other work on the paper, and for thirty years he has produced from five to ten jokes every day, six days in the week, making his annual output something like two thousand and five hundred.

Though the joke writer is seldom allowed to sign his work, the observant reader can learn to detect his identity by his trade-mark, that is, by the names of the characters in his conversational jokes. For example, Mr. Oliver may be put down as the author of any joke whose speaking characters are Mr. Crimsonbeak and Yeast; Church and Gotham; Patience and Patrice; Bacon and Egbert; Bill and Jill; The Observer of Events and Things. The list of those that may safely be assigned to Mr. O'Connell comprises the following; most of which are familiar to any reader of American papers and magazines: Freddie, Cobwigger; Gladys, Myrtle; Crawford, Crabshaw; Flipper, Flapper; Prue, Dolly; Jaggles, Waggles; Ted, Ned; Mrs. Grammercy, Mrs. Park; Madge, Marjorie; Mr. Damrich, Mrs. Damrich; Codwell, Dr. Fee; Caustique, Merritt; Cora, Little Johnnie; Miss Romantique, Miss Yellowleaf.

When one comes upon the following people dispensing laughs in print one may feel reasonably sure of the authorship of Mr. H. I. Horton: Gerald, Geraldine; Hewitt, Jewett; Benham, Mrs. Benham; Ella, Stella; Mrs. Hoyle, Mrs. Doyle; Howell, Powell. Though on the staff of the Hartford *Courant*, Mr. Horton is one of the free-lancing jesters and his handiwork has appeared from ocean to ocean. He has no particular time for the work, but jots down ideas as they come to him, never trying to force them, as he believes the spontaneous ones more marketable. "I find that an occasional trip out of town, if no more than a trolley-ride, will freshen a man up when he gets stale, and he will return with ideas." In all, Mr. Horton has written more than twenty thousand jokes. "I get my ideas from reading and observation and, of course, from remarks I hear, but I make it a rule to beware of the well-meaning friends who have a 'new' joke which they want used. They are usually honest enough and their intentions are good, but their jokes are usually old, though they may not know it. . . ."



EDWIN AUSTIN OLIVER

Author of seventy-five thousand jokes and father of the conversational joke

Mr. Horton, who commenced to write jokes in 1894, believes that he would not have "entered upon the awful career" if he had not sold one joke from the first "batch" he sent out. His worst jokes he thinks are those about the mother-in-law. "I am a single man, fearing to commit matrimony lest I no longer see the funny side of life, but I think every man is ambitious to become a benedick some day, and I never write a mother-in-law joke without a shudder. As to my best jokes, I have often thought they were the ones I couldn't sell, but a writer is not naturally a judge of his own productions, though I have generally found that something which I thought fairly good found a market eventually."

Mr. Henry Miller, of New York City, who sends out fifteen jokes every two weeks, throws an interesting light upon editorial methods. To a certain publication (*Harper's* or *Harper's Bazar*) he

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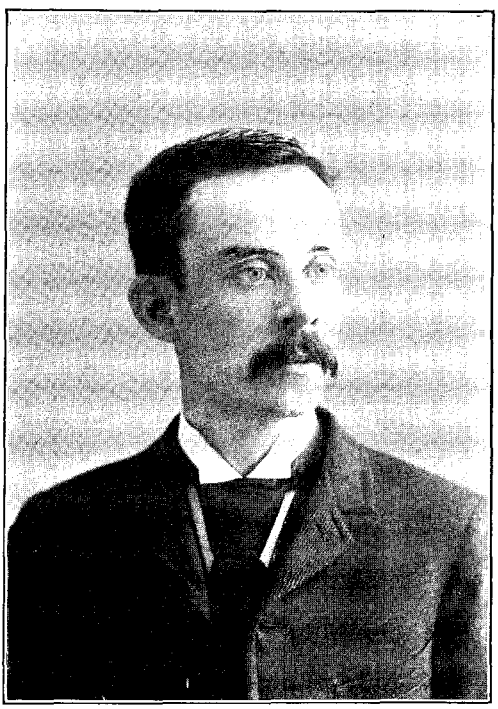


WILLIAM E. M'KENNA

submitted some jokes, all of which were promptly rejected with the usual coldly courteous printed slip. Learning the name of the editor of the humorous department, he sent the same jokes back to the same magazine, but addressed to this editor personally. Four of the rejected jests were accepted! "If one can get by the readers, it is a great thing."

"I have a great weakness for a joke of mine which I have been unable to sell," says Mr. Miller:

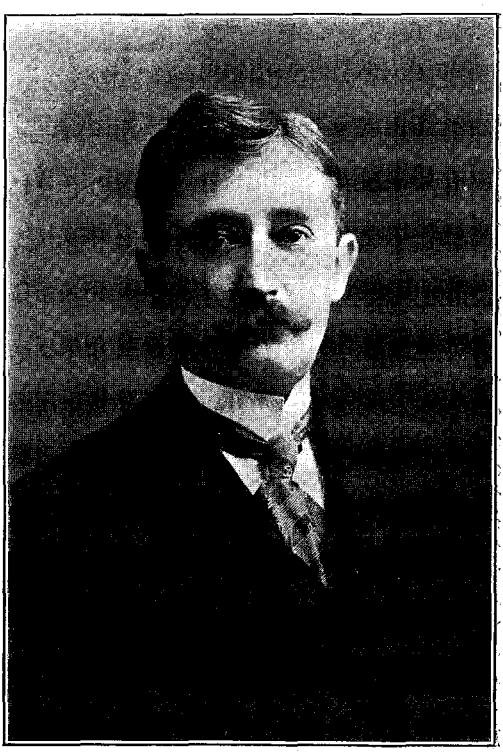
"If corned beef is Irish turkey, what is macaroni?

"Guiney-hen.

"I have no stock characters. For a number of years, however, I've been very curious to find out who writes the jokes with the invariable characters of Knicker and Bocker."

Happily, the answer to Mr. Miller's inquiry is forthcoming. It is "McLandburgh Wilson," who, as even most editors do not know, is entitled to a Miss before her name. There is even further mystery, for it has been claimed that she is cousins, both of her being Miss—one, Miss McLandburgh and the other, Miss Wilson. Editors are to be found who assert that they have had the pleasure of meeting her officially at widely separated times and that she wasn't the same person on both occasions. But this is probably only a most unjust rumour, though her work is of a quality to do credit to two or even three people. Miss Wilson's own story decidedly discredits the report:

"I started writing when a child. With the use of a hektograph I issued a comic paper, intended for family use, called *The Wilson Weekly Wit,* and had a dozen or more subscribers at $2.50 a year. I soon sold all the jokes to the newspapers, refunded the money to my patrons, wound up the business of *The Wit,* and launched out in the professional world. I do not know the number of jokes I have written, but there must be over twelve thousand. Now I write six, with quatrains and a poem of length, every day in the year, and more when occasion demands. My 'blown-in-the-bottle



HARRY IRVING HORTON

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JAMES H. LAMBERT, JR. (PERRINE LAMBERT)

trade-marks are: Knicker and Bocker for men and Bella and Sella for girls. Besides jokes I write serious, satirical and humorous verse. My claim to inventiveness rests in the 'historical personage' joke or satire, of which I am the originator.

"There seems to be no telling what the public will take to. What I have considered indifferent work has sometimes floated about for years and will not down. Again, what one thinks one's best goes flat, or, as we writers prefer to say, over the heads of the people."

Mr. C. M. Webb, of Connecticut, sets forth his experience and accomplishments as a joker in the following facetious letter, which the reader may sift into separate piles of wheat and chaff:

"My total output in the past twenty years has been about two hundred and fifty jokes, of which I have sold about fifteen thousand and been paid for about five thousand. My greatest output for one day was two jokes—a 'mother-in-law' and another of the same. The best joke I ever wrote was one I got $10 for. I think the editor had been drinking. I can't remember the joke. The worst joke I ever wrote I got ten cents in stamps for. This joke was copied in *Puck, Judge, Life, Figaro, Punch, Fliegende Blätter,* five hundred American and fifty foreign dailies, the London *Court Journal* and *Dahomey Magazine.* It took so well that I rewrote and resold it quarterly thereafter for ten years—after that John Kendrick Bangs and Clyde Fitch got their hooks into it and the editors tumbled. My stock characters are mothers-in-law and goats. The purchasers of humour may be divided into three distinct classes: those who pay munificently but take nothing; those who take munificently but pay nothing, and those you dream about."

Mr. Warwick James Price, of Philadelphia, has "been writing jokes for about seven years. I now own my own home. I started by accident, of course. I can-

ANDREW ARMSTRONG

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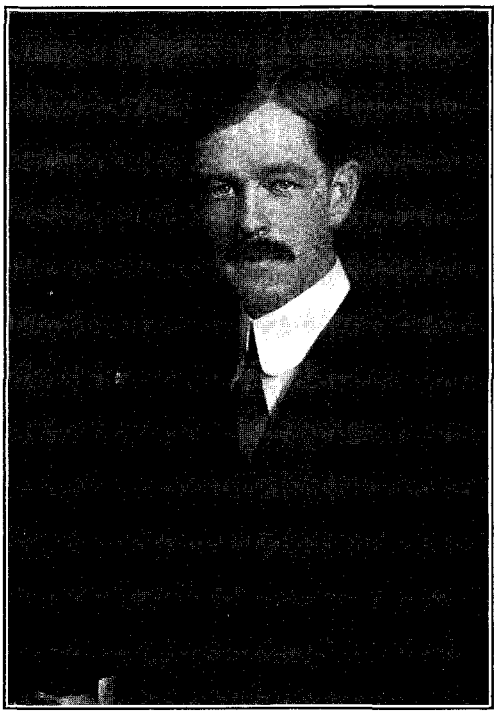

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

not well imagine any one turning to just that calling from choice. The genuine humourist who measured out five daily inches of laughter to the Philadelphia *Press* fell ill, and I was 'assigned,' quite as I might have been to cover a coroner's inquest. For eleven days I was responsible for 'In Merry Guise'; then they put me again on general work. But the poison had got into my young blood."

Mrs. Clara A. Bolton, of New York, keeps four hundred jests in constant circulation. Like Mr. Horton, she objects to ideas furnished by kind friends, but, unlike him, she makes no attempt to maintain her identity in print by using stock characters. "I don't know which is my best jest, but here is my most copied one. It was published in all the funny papers, both here and abroad:

"CYNIC (savagely). They say the only way the fashionable woman of to-day recognises her baby is by looking at the nurse.

"FASHIONABLE MOTHER (unmoved). How perfectly clever; when one changes nurses so often! I always tell ours by the baby carriage."

Mr. X, of Pittsburg, whose modesty withholds his name, may be assumed as the author of all jokes whose speaking characters are Rea and Raynor, Ray and Gauss, or Maude and Mabel. He is another of those who depend upon inspiration, elaborating at odd moments, though occasionally he "digs them out on the spot." "My hard work is getting the idea into satisfactory form."

Mr. Edwyn Stanley, of New York, has averaged one or two a day for the past three or four years, though he works only intermittently and as the mood comes upon him. Spontaneity is his slogan. "Of course the proper development of an idea often requires good hard labour, but it's obvious that this effort must be concealed. My worst product is bought; my best returns to my files. . . . I regret that subtle humour has no

EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

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sale. Puns as a foundation are too popular. Horseplay is at a premium. It seems that we Americans would rather laugh than smile."

Mr. Stanley and Mr. William E. McKenna, also of New York, both took up this line of work because the average joke seemed so poor to them that they felt they could produce improvements. Mr. McKenna was so particularly irritated by a bad newspaper joke that he set to work and in a few days wrote forty jokes as a first attempt. These were sent out to four comic weeklies (*Puck, Truth, Life* and *Judge*), ten to each. Thirty-nine were rejected, but one was accepted at the princely figure of $2.50. "I mixed up the remaining thirty-nine, added a few more, selected forty and sent them out, ten to each of the same papers. Thirty-nine were rejected, but another of the four papers took one at fifty cents. However, the result was sufficiently encouraging to make me give more attention to the matter and I have given most of my spare time to it since. I think I have written eight thousand or ten thousand jokes that have been published and maybe fifty thousand—others.

"A superficial knowledge of the leading topics of public interest suggests some jokes to a man who is looking for them. Anything more than a superficial knowledge is unnecessary and is impossible, indeed, considering the wide range of topics, unless the joke writer is a person of phenomenal intellect, which, judging from such evidence as I have, he is not."

Seventy-five per cent. of Mr. McKenna's work has been done for *Puck,* and he estimates that for a few years he furnished half the material in this publication, or possibly even more. Much of what he has done has been of a length and merit that permitted its appearing over his own name, and his work, both signed and unsigned, is doubtless familiar to most readers. Though Mr. McKenna no longer uses trade-mark characters to any large extent, you can still detect his authorship behind the names of Hudson, Judson; Parker, Barker; Ada, Ida; Powers, Bowers; Uncle Josh, Uncle Silas and Aunt Hetty.

"One of my best jokes was written by Lord Bacon. I don't know whether the editor knows this yet or not. It was quite a shock to me when I found it out a few years after it was published. As to my worst joke, I don't know whether it ultimately found its way into my waste-basket or into the London papers. Whatever it was and wherever it is, let it rest in peace."

Mr. William H. Siviter, who also has done signed as well as unsigned work, began writing jokes twenty-five years ago when he became editor of the Oil City (Pa.) *Derrick,* whose reputation as a "funny paper" he felt bound to maintain. Since then he has written "a few bales of jokes," besides supplying a Pittsburg daily. "I don't know how many I have written altogether and I should shudder to make an estimate. My method is to put down ideas as they hit me, in my little vest-pocket note-book, and write them out when I go home at night—if I am able to decipher my shorthand. Some days I write two dozen dialogues and some days I don't write any, because I do some serious writing sometimes, and sometimes I am too tired." Few are the joke-buying publications that have not printed bits of wit and humour from Mr. Siviter's pen. "You have to watch the joke market carefully and study an editor's whims, and then hope that your 'stuff' will reach him when he is in a conciliatory mood and is digesting a good dinner."

Though Mr. James H. Lambert, Jr., has been a jester for only two or three years, and his duties as assistant dramatic and literary editor of a Philadelphia daily confine his humorous work to odd moments, he has begun, under the name of "Perrine Lambert," to make himself felt in the field of motley in print. Of late he has averaged several jokes and at least a bit of verse every day. "I never force a joke or verse and consequently do not follow any particular method. At times, however, I take up a subject, such as the summer girl, the graduate, natural history, historical events and holidays. Natural history, I find, is an unlimited field for jokes, and editors generally appear to favour humour about animals and birds. Children, too, are prolific of good humour, and

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sometimes a remark heard on the street or in the car will result in an acceptable joke. Jokes are constantly suggested in conversations and the news in the daily papers fairly teems with humour. When a subject for a joke suggests itself I jot it down and wait for the humour to assume a witty point. For instance, I carried the single word 'moon' around for several months, confident that a joke hung around somewhere. Finally it came:

"'Pa,' began Bobby, 'may I ask one more question?'

"'Um,' replied Pa without looking up from his book.

"'Well,' said Bobby, 'if they had clocks on the moon, would they be lunatics?'

"The names of the characters I use generally conform in some way to the subject of the joke. Mr. and Mrs. Grouch indulge discontentedly in domestic repartee; Mr. Wise receives the wrong end of the argument when he attempts to instruct his wife, and such names as Mr. Staylayt, Miss Summerly and Farmer Kornstalk are obviously expressive of the character of the joke in which they figure.

"Personally I consider the following the best examples of my work:

"TRAIN DESPATCHER. Where's that freight train?

"ASSISTANT. Gone off.

"TRAIN DESPATCHER. Umph, I didn't know it was loaded.

"'Tommy,' said little Mabel, 'I'm writing to the Lord for a baby sister. What's the Lord's first name?'

"'I'm not sure,' replied Tommy wisely; 'but papa always calls him O. Lord.'

"'Did you visit Paris on your trip abroad?'

"'Almost.'

"'Almost? What do you mean by that?'

"'Well, you see, I had my wife with me.'

"As to my worst, I think the following would come under the wire nose to nose:

"PENN. What's Scribbler doing now?

"WRIGHT. I believe he's a domestic author.

"PENN. What's a domestic author?

"WRIGHT. One who writes home for money.

"'Going to take a vacation?'

"'Haven't decided yet. My wife and I are going to throw dice for it to-morrow.'

"Sometimes I succeed in selling a very bad joke by virtue of a good title, but I find that contemporary editors demand the best of both. I find the occupation of writing jokes a most pleasant one. It never becomes tiresome. There is so wide a variety of subjects and so many suggestions in a day's grind that the work never stales."

There is one jokester whose humour is so spontaneous, so absolutely individual, so American in the good old sense of the word, that even to the jaded editor there is a feeling of real joy on the arrival of an envelope containing the unvarying and time-honoured note:

ROGERS, ARK.

Editor——Magazine.

DEAR SIR: Here are fourteen jokes and skits. Kindly select those you can use and return the rest in the self-addressed envelope here enclosed.

Respectfully,
TOM P. MORGAN.

For such an envelope means that the editor is to leave the turmoil of a great city and draw a few restful, happy breaths in Torpidville, Pruntytown (Izard Co.), Polkville, and Possum Trot, Ark., in the quaint and delightful company of Squire Eli Ramsbottom, Tut Springer, Miss Annabelle Tammers, Hi Hilligoss, Mrs. Judge Tubman, Bill Slackputter, Cyrilla Stang, Mr. Timrod Totten, Miss Philenda Ann Pine, the patent-churn man, *et al.* The mere names are a joy. Or perhaps the editor is to revel in the astounding vocabularies of Deacon Slewfoot, Mistah Bowersock, Aunt Miasmy, Sistah Gladys, Pahson Bagster and Brudders Brownback, Meddlicott, Smoot, Utterback, Quackenboss and Borax Jones. Perhaps, again, little Bobby Jonks will discourse on much varied topics, or there will be meeting of the Linen Pants and Solid Comfort Club, the Sit and Argue Club or the Loaf and Wax Fat Club.

But no one can tell Mr. Morgan's story so well as he himself:

Now that it has become the fashion to expose almost everything, it is not surprising that there should be a demand that the inner workings of the humourist be investigated. But I am

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hurt to find the finger of suspicion pointing in my direction, for I am not a humourist. I don't even know how to pronounce the word—I don't know whether it is "hew"-mourist or "yew"-mourist, and I am not acquainted with anybody who does.

I have never been photographed with my index finger digging into my throbbing temple, and I solemnly swear I never will be. I don't tell good stories in which the bishop laughed heartily—I shouldn't know a bishop from a whiskey drummer if I were to meet 'em both in the middle of the turnpike at high noon. I have never been known as a raconteur—to be called a liar in English is bad enough, but in French it's awful! Moreover—and this ought to settle it!—I have never gone around the country with a sheaf of testimonials in one hand and a long, hungry, fiddle-shaped face in the other holding up and robbing the helpless public in the name of a lyceum bureau.

I am merely an honest, self-respecting joke writer who has got started and can't quit. I have been writing jokes for eighteen years or so, and the books that have helped me the most have been the publishers' pocket-books. I have always tried to help worthy publications, and have assisted in bankrupting several superfluous ones, so I feel that I have not wholly lived in vain.

I was started on my downward career by an editor whom I had never harmed by word or deed. In those days I was writing stories to fit prescribed spaces and circumscribed tastes, cheerily grinding along according to the dictates of my own conscience, such as it was, when up jumped this fellow and suggested that I try joke writing, saying that the work was easy and the payments large. Wotting no better, I eagerly swallowed the baleful potion, and have never fully recovered from it. Ever since then I have had but one aim in life—to become rich enough to chase that fellow around the world and push him into a well.

Since the beginning I have written ten billions, more or less, of jokes—just how many less or more I do not know; but it is quite a number one way or the other. The largest number I ever did in one day was twelve hundred and some, and it took me a little over a week to write them.

My methods are simplicity itself. I just catch my idea by the tail and drag it, clawing and spitting, out of its hole—that's all there is to it. The only way to write a joke is to write it. The true test of greatness is in selling them. It appears that I am a great man, for I have sold them to almost every publication that used such stuff, and have had some of them cross the ocean, be translated into English gibberish, and come home funnier than ever. An American joke is the funniest thing on earth after it has been trimmed up and mortised into *Tit Bits*. The Landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, Alkali Ike, the Old Codger, the Hon. Thomas Rott and old Squire Peavy, of Possum Trot, Ark., are joys supreme under such circumstances.

It is impossible to forecast the result when you turn loose a joke. A couple of years or so ago I published in a certain magazine a skit a page and a half long, which produced a quaint result. You know how you will sometimes get a fragment of an idea wedged in your mental machinery, and although not of the slightest consequence, you can have no peace until it is fitted into its proper place. You've often tried to remember the name of a feller that married the youngest—no, next to the youngest—daughter of old Deacon What's-his-name—feller, you know, with a wart right here, and—er—ah—well, anyhow, his first name was—lez see—oh, yes, Ezry! Ezry—nuh! Ellicksander—aw, naw. Who cares a confound what the fool's name was?—but I'd kind o'—there, now! Had it right at my tongue's end, and you—Eli? E-l-i? Now, lez see! Hey? What? Bill Wilson? Yes, so 'twas! Bill Wilson. Darn Bill Wilson! Never had much use for him, anyhow! Well, I ran onto the name of Sam Patch somewhere, and, remembering how the mind will buzz itself weary over non-essentials of that sort, I wrote myself down as totally obfuscated as to his identity—couldn't remember who he had been or what he had done; wasn't sure that he was a man at all—might have been a Pullman car, a race horse or what-not—sounded a good deal like a race horse, seemed to me. After the article appeared I received more than a dozen letters, one from London, one from Paris and one from the Philippines, all informing me in good faith who Sam Patch was, and only two of them hitting it right. One gentleman, who will be my friend for life, took his pen in hand to let me know that he had never before heard of Sam Patch, and hoped I'd be d—d (and he didn't mean Doctor of Divinity, either!), for now he couldn't rest till he found out. If I could fetch results like that every time I'd be a greater man than he who invented white blackberries.

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It has long been my custom to send fourteen jokes and skits in each batch submitted, kind o' as a habit and kind o' because it makes the bundle look just about the right size. Not long ago, after I'd got a batch prepared, I concluded I'd put in a skit which would cease to be timely if held over till the next sending, and instead of taking out one item, I simply added the skit, making the number fifteen instead of the usual fourteen. As heaven is my judge, I had no sinister motive, but when at the office of publication it was found that I had changed my number there was a sound of deviltry by night, and the editor, the associate editor, the stenographer, the cat and the tame poet went around in a maze of amazement at the innovation. And I believe that even yet they suspect me of being a dangerous crank of some kind.

While I emphatically deny being a humourist, I claim the distinction of being the author of the most fatal play ever written. I read it to a manager, and a short time later his wife left him. Another manager suavely consented to examine the manuscript, and within three weeks he was as dead as a door-nail. Still another manager got as far as promising to produce it, and then began to pick entomological specimens out of the atmosphere and remark, "Har! har!" at irregular intervals. One play reader tackled it and was run over by an automobile; another jumped out of a fourth-story window, and a third is now in a sanatorium and acting kind o' peculiar. Then I withdrew the critter from circulation; it didn't seem right to kill off the whole managerial tribe. I'll leave it to you if Shakespeare in his palmiest days could beat the record.

I next undertook vaudeville sketches, and seem to be improving, for up to noon to-day none of them has permanently injured anybody. I now have another play, a nice, clean, docile character-comedy, for which I have the promise of an early production by a daring manager. On the outcome I am not offering to bet. If the play pleases Smith, Jones and Brown I'll do some of the things I've long wanted to do; if it doesn't please them I'll write another one. The public knows what it wants when it sees it.

Well, to conclude nicely, jokesmiths work, strive and hop about like other people, and, like the majority of humanity, get all that's coming to them. The payments are sufficient, the editors are generally courteous and considerate, and there is a good deal of fun in it if you don't take yourself too seriously. And, best of all, nobody calls you "the Hon." or asks you to head any movements for the uplifting of anything. Everybody is a little suspicious of the jokesmith, and therein is great comfort. I wouldn't trade my little old job of joke writing for any sinecure in the wide, wide world.

It may be parenthetically admitted that the writer himself was the associate editor who received such a shock on finding that for the only time in years Mr. Morgan had presented fifteen instead of fourteen jokes and skits. And it may be well to add the good news that Alkali Ike has by this time met with success on the New York vaudeville stage and that Mr. Morgan is on the road to fame in this new field.

Others of the unsigned joke writers, whose production is of smaller proportions than that of those with whom this article is principally concerned, are: Mrs. M. L. Wildman, of New York; Mr. Emmet C. Hall, Mr. Andrew Armstrong, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. L. B. Coley, of Tarrytown, N. Y.

Before turning from the jokers themselves mention must be made of Miss Carolyn Wells, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick and Mr. Tom Masson, who, though they are so well known for signed humour, have turned their hands more or less to the anonymous joke. Mr. Masson is now editor of one of the comic weeklies.

There are, of course, joke writers, generally amateurs, who deliberately try to market other people's witticisms, and these, like the story and poem thieves, sooner or later find themselves placed on the "black-list" of the various editors. It was *Puck* that originated a telling method of detecting joke plagiarism. A room, called the "Crucible," was fitted up with a table, a chair, a pencil and paper and nothing else besides. Communication with the outside world was impossible. Into this cell was led the suspect with orders to write, within a definite period, more jokes or humorous verses like those he had submitted as his own. It was not a perfect method, but it produced fairly satisfactory results.

It is, as has been hinted, against the

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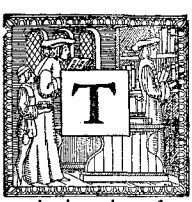
English papers that the jokers nurse their greatest grievances, and American editors are naturally rather prone to the same irritation. Mr. Horton relates how one of our own comic weeklies brought an American plagiarist to grief through his trustfulness in the London weeklies. He had taken from one of the latter a number of jokes, assuming that the English paper would not have been read on this side of the water. It hadn't been, but unfortunately it had in turn borrowed these same jokes from American papers, without giving credit, and the editors of the American weekly in question recognised the purloined gems of wit from their previous appearance in this country.

Arthur Sullivant Hoffman.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SODOM AND GOMORRAH



THERE was nothing out of the ordinary about the new guest who faced me one evening across Scipione's smallest dinner table except that, at first sight, he bore the characteristic air of mingled bodily agony and spiritual desolation which I am accustomed to associate with sallow-faced gentlemen lunching on crackers and milk at a counter. Soon, however, it became apparent that his was not the usual state of mind induced by the reflection that, in a life too brief for art, taking thirty bites to each morsel is, after all, somewhat of a handicap. He would saw away at his filet of beef pensively, poise the impaled segment in the air like Neptune handling a miniature trident, stare straight through me, become aware of my presence, and with a mumbled apology for his unseemly conduct, precipitate himself upon his food in a sudden access of fury. And yet, in spite of such odd behaviour, there was no denying him the complete appearance of good breeding. His face was long and thin, and the nose, perhaps a bit too large, ran as perfect in contour as the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle. Fine lips curved away at the corners with just a suspicion of contemptuously suspended judgment on almost everything, an impression reinforced by the glint of his dark eyes, which were slightly bloodshot. Even in his mood of intense preoccupation his manners were gracious.

To sit there impassive through one of Scipione's prolonged bills of fare with only a narrow board between us was manifestly impossible. Presuming, therefore, on my position as an old and favoured client of the establishment with, almost a proprietary, though entirely unremunerative, interest in its welfare, I was about to hurl a commonplace into the breach of profound silence that separated us when my neighbour spared me the trouble. Waking from an extraordinary long trance and growing aware, seemingly, of the necessities of the situation, he bowed across the table with a fine exotic charm that won me instantly and begged to know if he had in any way interfered with my comfort or disturbed whatever might have been the current of my thoughts. Strangely enough his voice showed not the least trace of foreign accentuation.

I hastened to reassure him of the unruffled equanimity of my soul and in turn prayed to know whether I might possibly have been instrumental in making his dinner less enjoyable than it should have been. No, he said, and the debonair warmth of his response served immediately to place us on a footing of frank companionship.

"You will possibly be more inclined to overlook my rather unaccountable behaviour," he half laughed, "if I explain that it is primarily due to a volume of recent verse which I glanced through this morning with a feeling of blended irrita-

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tion and disgust that up to the present has shown no sign of abating."

The waiter had just placed before him a platter of the celebrated spaghetti with which Scipione entwines the hearts of his customers. That my neighbour should choose to have this dish after his roast instead of before was worth perhaps a moment's notice, but no more.

"It is a pity," I said, "that a book of bad poems should have prevented your doing full justice to Scipione's art. Ought we not to be grateful, at least, that for every poor sonnet we must endure the world can show a dozen plates of fine wheat paste or savoury ragouts?"

"True," he replied, "but it is not of the fact that the verse was bad in the ordinary sense that I complain. I admit that we must have bad poets just as we must have the measles, and if our young singers would pipe their bravest little tunes and remain content, no harm would be done. But is there not ground for proper resentment, I ask, when our songsters in the fulness of their spirit strive to set up also as prophets? Now this particular book has an introduction in which the author asserts that he has made it his business to establish Evil as co-ruler in this world with the Good."

"Oh, well," I said, "when some youthful disciple of the Camembert school of poetry has his little tilt with Christianity and the Family, we need not be greatly concerned over the outcome. The moral law has survived quite a number of such encounters."

"But, my dear sir," he cried, "it is not at all as a champion of what you are pleased to call the moral law that I protest against the extravagances of our arrogant young bard. On the contrary, I feel free to confess that I refuse utterly to recognise your moral law and your present system of ethics, social or private."

"How," I exclaimed in unrestrained amazement, "you proclaim yourself, then, a revolutionist?"

"Quite so," he said.

"You deny, for instance, the sanctity of the marriage relation?"

"I do."

"And of our obligation toward the weak and the unfortunate?"

"Yes."

"And of duty toward the State?"

"The State as you conceive it at present, yes."

"And of filial obedience?"

"Yes."

"Of self-denial?"

"Positively."

"Self-sacrifice?"

"More than anything else I abhor that."

"Let me put it crudely, then, for you puzzle me. You uphold what we ordinarily call Sin against what we call the Virtues?"

"I do."

"You are a Satanist?"

"Why, yes, if you choose to make use of that rather hackneyed name."

"Well, then," I concluded, "utterly impossible though I find it even to conceive a satisfactory ground for your belief, I fail to see what reason you have for taking issue with our young poet?"

"My friend," he replied, and for all the suavity of his manner his voice was atremble and his eyes gleamed with fanatic passion, "can you not see that the greatest enemy of Evil is he who would turn it into a Good, into the Highest Good?"

"I catch your meaning only in a faint way."

"I will try to explain my position in a few words if you will be patient."

Without attracting my neighbour's attention the boy, Beppo, had removed his scarcely touched portion of spaghetti and replaced it with the regulation square of broiled bluefish.

"Please continue," I said.

"The charm, the strength, the very essence of Evil," he began, "consists undeniably in the fact that it is always in the minority, always in opposition, always disestablished, always unrespectable. Now what these young hot-heads propose to do is precisely to make our party a majority party, a party in power, an Established Church, a creed that is—horror of horrors—respectable. Look at me. I am the irreconcilable enemy of what you designate the common virtues. Why? For the very reason that they are common. On the contrary, see how sin, faults, failings, commend themselves to me and arouse repugnance in you until,

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mark you, until the moment in which we learn to speak of them as 'common' failings. Then *presto,* the situation changes. You begin to regard them with indulgence. For me they lose all flavour."

"That is a sufficiently comprehensible position," I said.

"Take the demi-mondaine," he continued. "To me she is the sacred priestess of passion. Give her legal status through morganatic marriage, and as far as I am concerned she is lost. Take the common thief. He is one of my votaries. Give him a charter of incorporation under the laws of the State of New Jersey and I am compelled to disavow him. In the same way homicide under the ægis of the Unwritten Law loses its zest for me, and the pursuit of innocent young women when justified as an essential manifestation of the artistic nature forfeits all attractiveness in my eyes. Therein, you see, rests the pernicious significance of the tactics pursued by our budding young Devil-worshippers. They mean well, but they are not far-seeing, and in seeking to vulgarise vice they would destroy it. One might as well advocate a solid dinner of caviar with mayonnaise sauce for dessert as preach adultery for the masses. The danger is so fully recognised by all true Satanists that already there is perceptible among them a definite reaction against the hitherto accepted principles of our faith. Why, only the other day I saw one of the most prominent members of our denomination in the very act—will you believe me?—of pulling a baby from under the wheels of an automobile."

He pushed aside his fish, untasted, and Beppo brought him a cup of bouillon. But my companion took no notice of the change.

"You will agree, then," he went on, "that any rôle but an oppositional one must be fatal to us. See what has happened to the Liberal party in England. See what happens to the Democratic party in this country whenever it obtains control of the Government. So firmly am I convinced of the fatal consequences popular recognition would entail on our cause that, conservative as I am by nature, I can see no other course left open to us than to effect a complete revision of our creed in a sense that shall leave us still in the minority. As a rule I abhor the practice of stealing an enemy's political clothes. But there can be no odium attached to our assuming the garments voluntarily discarded by our opponents. If the worst comes to worst, I am prepared to take my stand on a platform of altruism, monogamy, anti-infanticide and teetotalism."

"You speak with almost personal vehemence," I said.

He blushed faintly.

"I say 'I,'" he replied, "but of course I speak of all who think as I do. We all feel the danger so intensely that it seems at times as though it were already come upon us. One of our poets—I refer, of course, to our truly enlightened Satanic singers—has put forth a book of songs in which with prophet-like power he paints our future state with an intensity that makes it vividly present. I fear it would be abusing your good nature if I should venture to repeat for you what I consider the most characteristic, if not quite the most technically admirable, production in the entire volume."

"Not at all," I said.

He began his recitation with such fervour as to make me suspect that modesty alone had kept him from fixing more definitely the authorship of the poem. "Representing as it does a mother addressing her child," he explained, "I have, that is, the poet has called it,

MATER NUTREX

Your lips' embrace calls forth the heart within me
To knock, with wanton, wild desire saluting,
Against the intervening wall
Of flesh,
Like Pyramus and Thisbe. What matters it, oh, Sweet,
That man-made laws name this red-glowing fire Sin,
Or priests fulminate Hell? Upon my bosom,
Vibrant, your palpitating mouth
Is fresh.

Child! Your tiny, random, iridescent fingers,
Grating upon my body, erase the print
Of custom, doubt, or the fear
Of fate.

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They lend me skill to veil the face of conscience. They wake
The thirst to quaff the poisoned cup of rapture,
To melt to you in shame; to you, love, my own,
Not to some stranger's child assigned
By the State.

Your body has no secret groove or flexure
I do not seize. Soft bliss! Oh, Aphrodite,
In vain you frown and sternly point
On high.
Say why
Shall I whose soul the Serpent has encircled
Refrain from hugging to my breast the meshes
Of Passion's annulated form
And die?

"I think you will admit," he said after a moment's silence between us, "that there is in the lines a fine appeal for freedom, which is apt to give the Philistine conscience of the future a few uneasy moments."

"Indeed," I replied.

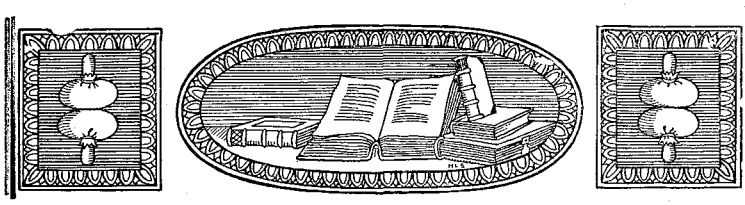
"The same author," he continued, "has published a tragedy which was produced—I should say, of course, which is supposed to have been produced—in those days by the E. P. Roe Stage Society after all efforts to secure a public performance of the play had been nullified by the activity of the police. The plot is of such classic simplicity as to bear compression within a few sentences. Arthur Harmon and Berenice Wainwright, who have grown up from earliest childhood together, discover at last that the feeling which binds them is love, and become convinced that life apart can have no meaning for them. The public authorities, however, ascertaining that neither of the lovers has at any previous time felt the call of passion or been a party to a liaison, recognised or private, forbid the marriage on the ground that a union founded on such utter inexperience cannot possibly be conducive to the happiness of the participants or the welfare of the State. Love, however, claims the two as its own, and in spite of public disapproval and the importunity of friends, they determine to be masters of their souls. They marry and the inevitable reward of criminal temerity is not slow in coming upon them. Ostracised by his relatives and the members of his caste, and cut off in consequence from the splendid career that had formerly stretched open before him, Arthur eats his heart out without venturing to utter the slightest reproach against Berenice. But Berenice knows that she has been the cause of his ruin, and finding, though too late, that the wages of sin must always be paid, takes her own life. Whereupon Arthur slays himself over her dead body. The moral intent is quite plain, don't you think?" asked my neighbour, nibbling at an olive, while he beckoned to Beppo for his bill. "Yet even in private the presentation of the play after the first performance was forbidden by the police, and many persons who had joined the Stage Society for the particular occasion, gladly paying the increased initiation fee, were doomed to disappointment."

"The police have seldom revealed themselves as competent judges in the realm of art," I told him.

He nodded and started abruptly to his feet. "I know I ought to continue the discussion with you," he said, "but it would be against my principles to do such a thing just because I feel bound to. You have been patient with me. Good-night."

He went out without tipping the waiter.

S. Strunsky.



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DISRAELI AND OTHERS*

OUTATION would be the most effective method of giving the reader an adequate idea of the scope and variety of Mr. Kebbel's volume of reminiscences of English social and political life; but a brief summary should suffice to secure for it the attention it deserves. The writer, a son of a country vicar, was originally destined for the Bar. But journalism promised a "short cut to independence," and the acceptance by the *Press*, a Tory newspaper established in the fifties, of "one or two short pieces" determined his career. The greater part of his editorial work has been done for the London *Standard;* but the *Press* was a journal with which Disraeli was at first connected, and it was this circumstance which brought Mr. Kebbel to the great man's notice. Naturally he takes a kindly view of his early patron. It may be a true view as well. Disraeli himself told Lord Rowton that Mr. Kebbel was one of the few who understood him. Certainly in these pages some fresh light is thrown upon "the man of mystery."

That Disraeli was never very popular with the leaders of his own party there is abundant evidence to show. Yet at Hughenden, though he was far from being the typical English country gentleman and had no interest in sport, he was distinctly liked. He was a lover of nature, and the primrose might have been "his" favourite flower, even if Queen Victoria was thinking of Prince Albert when she sent the famous wreath for the dead statesman's bier. He was fond of birds; the thrushes, goldfinches and warblers were his especial delight. In fact, his home life was quite the reverse of what might be gathered from his public life. Of his affection for his wife Mr. Kebbel gives several instances. She was proud of "Dizzy," and after her death, in 1872, he spoke of her as "a perfect wife." This is not like the rather "flash" political adventurer of the Liberal legend. As for that, many Conservatives had their doubts of their leader's sincerity. He was loyal, but it was with the loyalty of the soldier who had "sold his sword." Mr. Kebbel does not believe that such an estimate is just, and, indeed, it is difficult to discover any reasonable basis for it. Disraeli's novels are to a large extent a revelation of his personal opinions, which were those of "a born aristocrat." The real trouble was, of course, that Disraeli had a speculative and paradoxical turn of mind confusing to the plain Tory squire. Then, again, he never quite understood the English clergy. His famous phrase about putting down ritualism gave deep offence. The High Churchmen were naturally Conservatives, but Mr. Gladstone's intense Anglo-Catholicism was more to their taste. Disraeli's curious isolation from humanity is doubtless largely responsible for his incapacity to enter into the feelings of others—his chief defect, on the whole, as a party leader. Mr. Kebbel says that when he and Lord Rowton looked over their dead friend's letters and papers they found nothing of sufficient interest for publication. It is not necessary to point the moral by referring to the voluminous materials which Mr. Morley found when he came to write a life of Gladstone; many political leaders of far less consequence have left a large amount of "good copy" behind them.

But Disraeli—it has never seemed quite natural to call him Lord Beaconsfield—is by no means the only figure of importance in these pages. Mr. Kebbel devotes a number of chapters to various Tory statesmen of the old school, as well as to Tory ladies who in one way or another came into prominence. Perhaps the most picturesque of the former is the late Duke of Rutland, the Lord John Manners who was in his youth so vehement an advocate of "our old nobility" and whose famous couplet caused inextinguishable laughter. Of the ladies, the best known to Americans is Lady St. Helier, formerly Lady Jeune, who perhaps came as near as any Englishwoman

*Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories. By T. E. Kebbel. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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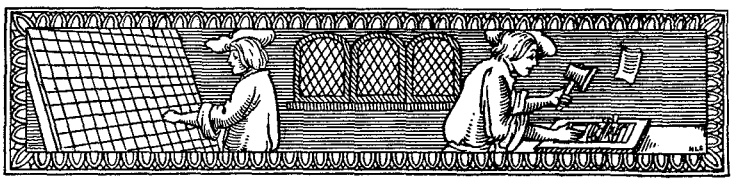
could come to establishing a "salon" of the Parisian type, although it cannot be said that she acted as Egeria for a House of Commons Numa. Hers was a Tory gathering usually, though she was not proscriptive, and many of opposite opinions were made welcome. The influence of women in English political life is a fact which few Americans understand. It has sometimes been used mischievously, but it is in the main an influence for good. Certainly it is to be wished on many accounts that American women took the same intelligent interest in politics that their English sisters take. There is enough "underground" feminine influence in Washington, no doubt, but no wife of a President or a Cabinet officer has ever imitated the example, say, of Lady Palmerston. It would be a hazardous experiment, no doubt, but the philosophical student of democratic institutions can hardly help wishing it might be tried.

Mr. Kebbel writes of Tory Arcadia and of Tory Bohemia, of both of which countries he has been a resident aforetime, though he modestly says little about himself. Arcadia was lost after the first Reform Bill went through; there are few Tories in the antique sense now. Bohemia has changed, too; writers, even newspaper writers, think about "good form." One of the curious figures of the Bohemian land was Mortimer Collins, whose name is well-nigh forgotten by the present generation, but whose work at its best fell only just short of genius. Collins was "a curious creature to look at. He always dressed the same way, winter and summer. He wore, as far as I remember, an ordinary dark morning coat with a white waistcoat and often a pair of rather short white trousers, neither of the two garments looking as if it could ever have been clean." He lived from hand to mouth, and either starved or dined too abundantly. Coarse in his tastes and language, he had a gentle side, as much of his verse shows. Mr. Kebbel tells how once Collins approached a thrush's nest and stroked the bird's back for some minutes. "To see this great, rough, loud roisterer, redolent of Fleet Street toddy and Bohemian slang, suddenly transformed into a child of nature, and capable of charming a bird upon her nest, was a kind of revelation." But such men hardly make good journalists. Mr. Kebbel seems to have had a kindly tolerance for many people with whom he could have had little in common. His own work was mainly done for the respectable *Standard* and for the equally respectable reviews. A surprising amount of real ability, it deserves to be said, goes into such work in England; there is little of the slap-dash writing which disfigures American journalism. And few American journalists, one imagines, would have the material, drawn from their own experiences, upon which to base so charming and informing a volume of reminiscences as this.

Edward Fuller.



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THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XVIII

GREAT MIS TOR

Ives Pomeroy was returning from fishing, and now he stayed awhile and screwed up his eyes that he might make out a figure that approached him. She was a woman, and first he failed to recognise her, and then, as she approached to within a quarter of a mile of him, he knew her.

This man's life progressed unevenly. He was wayward, now fluttered hope in those who cared for him, now awakened depression, or anger, or indifference. The folk were very tolerant for his mother's sake, and she, pursuing the way of her own sanguine heart, swiftly recognised any flash of larger ambition, riper knowledge and ampler patience in his nature. She seldom erred and the improvements that she discerned were often genuine; but some of these dawns were false, and occasionally a harsh sequel followed indications of advancement. He possessed as yet no stability and was hard to live with. Little reverence belonged to him, but his mother knew that love of justice formed a large part of his character. And upon this, together with her knowledge of herself and her dead self of the past, she hopefully built.

Avisa had suffered physical trials during this early spring, and was but lately returned home after undergoing an operation at Tavistock Cottage Hospital. She mended now, and the neighbours rejoiced to know it.

Jill Bolt approached young Pomeroy, and his first thought was to plunge off the footpath and put some distance between them; then curiosity changed his intention and he determined to hold on and pass her. They met, as they had sometimes met of late before. On these occasions Ives regarded Jill and she turned her face from him; but to-day he was astonished to find that she returned his glance; then she stopped; and then she spoke.

He had not heard her voice for many months and it moved him somewhat. Moreover the tone was humble and the words were meek.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Pomeroy?" she said.

He gasped. A thousand grievances seemed to perish in the very sound of her voice.

"Yes, you may," he answered. "I've seed you once or twice out here. Why for have you took to roaming, Mrs. Bolt?"

"I suppose you wouldn't be so kind as to call me 'Jill' again?"

He did not answer, and she continued.

"I walk for two reasons; because my husband's mother be always at me to take exercise and keep tramping for my coming little one's sake, and because I like it. Walking takes me out of earshot of my mother-in-law."

He listened to the sound rather than to the sense of her speech.

He nodded with his mother's nod.

"Sit here," he said. "'Twas a black day for you when you quarrelled with me, Jill."

"I know it."

"And a black day for me too. You've heard all that's happened to me. A man like me ban't built to be thrown over that way without paying somebody. I fell foul of people in general and ended by attacking the rich, because they tread on the poor. But it was only an excuse to break loose, Jill. You'd set me festering and the poison had to out."

"I beg you to forgive me, Mr. Pomeroy."

"Call me 'Ives.' There's been enough damned nonsense between us, and it's wrecked my life and gone far to spoil yours. But you can call me 'Ives,' I suppose. I forgive you, of course. No use to do otherwise."

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She looked at his profile as he sat beside her with his face turned to the summit of Great Mis Tor.

"You've suffered only less than me," she said. "I see it there on your face. Why was I born to make you an unhappy man? Such impatience—such cruel, wicked pride. Oh, my God, what a fool I was!"

He hesitated, then spoke.

"You sha'n't say that, Jill. You was a woman and the weaker thing. I know now you weren't all in the wrong. I've thought about it often enough. You was very much tempted, and I ought to have seen it at the time and been more patient and reasonable. I cut my own throat in a manner of speaking. Moleskin showed me that when 'twas too late, and he knows a lot about women. I ban't a patient man, worse luck, and I lost my temper at the wrong time and didn't call it home again soon enough."

"You sha'n't say these things now. The fault was mine, and the punishment be mine also."

"As to that——"

"I know you missed me a bit; but you've got the world to choose from; you're free. I'm done for."

He was interested and marked her hopeless voice.

"'Done for!' That's a hard saying. I suppose you'll have what you took him for—his uncle's money?"

"Blast the money! That's gone safe enough and I'm cruel punished ever for thinking of it; though, all the same, God's my judge that 'twasn't love of the money first, but anger at you made me take him. But living with him! If you or any other man only knowed the nature of Samuel: everything that's mild and tasteless. He's invalid food, that man! He makes me sick, I tell you—sick at his tame goodness. You, that be all up and down, and sulks and laughter, and anger and red hot worship—you that I know so well for all we're parted forever—you can't understand what 'tis to be so holy in character. He ought to be in Heaven, and I wish to God he was. Nothing to find fault with—but everything. I hate goodness since I married that man. I hate patience and meekness and giving way to everybody—like hell I hate 'em. Never an unkind thought of any living creature. Never a bit of news—never even a crooked word. That righteous and pious—there, I could shriek out swear words myself sometimes to anger him, but 'twould be in vain. And his awful flute—like a lamb bleating for its mother. I'd thank God on my knees if he'd come home drunk and beat me for a change—anything—anything's better than such a saint. He'm like a man made of potatoes—no taste to him—body or soul."

"That's him right enough," admitted Ives. "I always said and always will say you was a red rat marrying a white mouse. You had a fine flame in you always. With that brave, fiery hair, you was bound to be hot."

He looked at her great mane and was silent.

"Nothing like it nowheres else," he said, being shaken from the matter in hand by this physical splendour. "Lovely as ever. I'd have been a better father for that child coming than him; and a better husband for you than him."

His frankness did not disconcert her. She sighed and asked after his mother.

"I hope Mrs. Pomeroy be strong again?"

"Yes, she is; but not all we could wish yet. Doctor says we must look sharp after her for a year or two at least. However, she'll soon be herself again, I think. The doctors say she made a splendid recovery and tell us we've every right to hope she'll never fall so ill again. All the same, there's a little fear."

"I wish some of they doctors wasn't such fools. Do you mind when you rated me, Ives, because you said I was marrying Bolt for his hopes of money?"

"Well, and didn't you?"

"No, I'll swear I didn't—not only for the money. The thought of it helped me to decide; but it wouldn't have counted against you—if you——"

"Better leave that now," he said. "I'm punished enough."

"Anyway us won't get it."

"Why not?"

"Because his uncle ban't going to die!"

"He must die sooner or late."

"He's only sixty or thereabout, and the London doctor found as he hadn't got death in him at all. 'Twas his liver;

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and now the man eats proper meat and takes long walks and so on, and he's getting spryer every day."

"Your luck's out all round then. I wish to God you'd never quarrelled with me, Jill."

"Don't I? 'Tis a poor plight for a woman of character. Sometimes I feel that desperate that I could run away or cut my throat—anything to get out of it."

"Time will tame you—same as it will me, I suppose."

"Never!"

"Winter and wedlock tames maids and beasts. You was far too fine a piece for a poor ninnyhammer like Bolt. Still it might be worse. I suppose he does your bidding. I dare say he'd have made a better husband than me—here and there."

She put her hand on his.

"Don't say that, Ives."

"Leave your hand where 'tis," he said, with a voice unsteady.

For a time neither spoke; then Jill rose.

"Us better not meet no more. It puts wicked thoughts in me," she remarked quietly.

"Wicked be damned," he said. "Half the things men call wicked be no more than natural. Wicked's only a man's word. Everything that be worth thinking about be wicked, if you listen to they frosty people as call themselves good."

"Anyway we won't go back together. I'll go on my walk and you get home."

He opened his creel, took out some trout, made a neat parcel of them with brake-fern and rushes, then tied all with a piece of string.

"There," he said. "Good-bye! Keep up your pluck. You never know what may happen."

"Good-bye and thank you, Ives."

He turned his back upon her and went his way, while she did not move for some time. From under her pale eyelashes she watched him dwindle. She knew a great deal about his past and was familiar with his behaviour in the present. People began to regard him as an amended young man. He kept more at home and worked harder at his business. With regard to women, none could say that he specially affected any girl's society for the moment. During his mother's illness Ives had ridden twice or thrice weekly to Tavistock. Now Avisa was at home again and her son and daughter ceased not to minister to her. These efforts only relaxed when Avisa, now restored to health, took her place and controlled the affairs of the home as usual.

Jill thought of what she had lost and what she had gained. Upon the whole this interview cheered her a good deal. The effect of resting her hand upon that of Ives impressed her with immense possibilities. She wished that her child would come quickly; and in her heart she hoped that it would quickly go again.

Ives Pomeroy fell in with Ruth Rendle on his homeward way, and since she was proceeding to Vixen Tor Farm to see his mother, he escorted her. He appeared very full of the griefs of Jill Bolt and uttered a flood of indignant protests. He scorned the woman's husband and declared that her mother-in-law was enough to make any sane wife commit a crime. The subject entirely possessed his mind, and he made no secret of his recent conversation.

"A cruel thing for any proper spirited woman to be choked between them two stupid creatures. There'll be a flare up presently, if I know anything about her."

He ranted on at the unutterable misery of Jill, and Ruth listened patiently while Ives vented many lawless opinions, and for the time being gave no indications whatever of his alleged improvement in sense and sobriety. She was glad when they reached the farm and he left her with Mrs. Pomeroy. But this he did not do until he had described his interview to his mother and poured Jill's wrongs into Avisa's ears.

And his old sweetheart sat on till daylight waned. Then, like an enchanter, the mighty tor began to weave its own cloud-cap before her eyes and draw down from the firmament a nimbus of dark vapours. This grey fleece limned magically under sunset light, spread, and swelled and rolled downward from the hidden mountain top in pearly billows. There was no wind and the fog increased, filled Walla's deep glen beneath the tor, and came presently to the face of the woman where she still sat and pondered.

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At its touch, the sense of reality returned to her brooding spirit. She banished certain dreams that painted another pattern of life than the true one, sighed impatiently and turned to go home. For a mile she walked, and was just about leaving the Moor and entering Merivale, when she remembered the gift of the trout. These she had quite forgotten and left at her resting place. She did not want them; but the remote possibility that Ives might pass that way again, remember the spot as their meeting-place, pay it extra attention and find his fish, decided her to return. Already weary, she tramped back again into the fog, found her old lover's gift and took it home with her.

Samuel was waiting for his supper, and his hunger and resignation alike irritated her. When she showed him the trout and told him the name of the giver, her husband appeared too much astonished to say anything.

"You'd better go in and ax your mother if I ought to eat 'em or not," she said, knowing that he would miss the satire.

"A very proper thought, Jill. I will do so," he answered. "For my part, as a large-minded man I can't see no cause against. But mother, aggravating to you though she may be sometimes, poor dear, have sense enough for the pair of us still. If she says the fish did ought to be ate, you can have 'em for breakfast; if not, I'll give 'em to somebody else and tell Pomeroy that I've done so. Of course, he'll see the hidden meaning of that and take the hint in future."

"You may save yourself the trouble," answered his wife. "There's some things still as I dare to make up my own mind about, and I'm going to eat these fish for my supper."

Samuel looked rather nervous and his mouth opened while he reflected.

"Perhaps, you are right," he said. "'Tisn't as if he'd catched 'em deliberate for you. That I would not have stood for a moment—no man of spirit could be expected to do it. But since you met by accident and the fish was caught, and the idea to give you a few comed in his mind, it might be mean not to feed on 'em. Belike 'twas a sort of peace-offering, poor man, and I hope a sign of grace. But I'll take none. You cook 'em, Jill, and keep the three biggest for yourself, and I'll pop over to mother with the rest."

CHAPTER XIX

A THUNDER PLANET

Some differences of opinion between the brothers Toop culminated in words on a day in August. The matter concerned with Ruth, who had at last told them that she intended to leave Merivale. This startling decision was now in their ears, and they discussed it privately.

"Peter," said Joel shortly, "this is your work."

"On the contrary," answered his brother, "if it's anybody's work, it's yours."

"You'd better explain that."

"So I will then. 'Tis your bullying have done this. I say 'bullying'."

Joel stared. Then he snorted.

"More likely your foolish, clumsy love-making! Don't think that I haven't seen through it. Not likely she can suffer an old fogey like you, and you ought to have known better—you with your many natural infirmities."

"This is rather too much," said Peter. "If you wasn't so puffed up with your own importance, brother, and if you knew a little more how a man ought to treat the gentler creature, you'd see that what you are vulgar enough to call 'clumsy love-making' be just ordinary, proper behaviour, as between friends. For a friend she always will be to me. I have her word for that."

Joel started; then light shone from his face and he laughed unpleasantly.

"So that's it! You've given yourself away properly now, Peter Toop. They never talk that stuff about always being friends until a man have asked 'em to be something more."

"Don't they?" said Peter, growing very red and sticking out his beard. "And how do you come to know such a lot about it? What if I did ask her to have me? It's not a crime, I believe. She won't have you anyway. You don't know how to treat a woman."

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"No," answered Joel, "she will not have me, as you say so politely. I happen to know that, because I proposed to her in the usual way. I may or I may not have put it more gentleman-like than what you did. But where sense is lacking, a man's powerless. She decided against me."

"And that's why you've worked her so hard ever since, and been so sharp, I suppose?"

"Well, it made a difference to my feelings naturally. As for hard work, who works harder than me? She's not afraid of hard work, and she's not going because of me at all; she's going because of you."

"She's *not* going," said Peter positively. "If I'm anybody here, she's not going to leave the Jolly Huntsmen."

"So far as that goes, I don't want her to leave any more than you do."

"I don't care what you want or what you don't want," retorted Peter. "You've been very rude to me to-day, and I'm a good deal shocked to think of the coarse things that you've said."

There came the sound of a galloping horse, and both glancing from the window, saw Matthew Northmore ride past on his way to Tavistock.

"Wonder how that man put it to her," mused Joel. "For put it he did. I've very little doubt that he offered himself—maybe more than once."

"I hadn't thought of him."

"I'll tell you the sober truth," continued Joel with gathering excitement, "and the wonder is one or t'other of us didn't see it sooner. Ban't us that have made that girl want to go: 'tis yonder man! He's plaguing her with his long face and won't take 'no' for an answer. Mark me, 'tis him, not me or you, that be driving her away."

Joel was obviously comforted by this reflection.

"It only remains to stop him bothering her and make it worth her while to bide along with us," he said. "And that I'll do if money can do it. But the money will be my affair. I be going to give her five shillings a week out of my private cash, Joel."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"If you feel called to fling away your money . . ."

"Yes, I do. What's money to me? I don't suppose I shall marry at all now."

"Not marry! You can talk about not marrying so calmly!"

"Yes, I can. The next best thing to being happy yourself is to make somebody else so. And, anyway, even if I change my mind and the right one comes along, five shillings a week won't break me."

"I shall marry myself, and very soon too, if 'tis only to read that woman a lesson," said Joel. "Seen as I am——merely single—none can picture the husband I'll be; but when the deed is done and I've took a wife and blessed her with my substance, then Ruth's eyes will be opened and she'll begin to understand what she's missed."

"That's spiteful," declared Peter. "However, go your way. And I'm sorry if I said anything improper or disrespectful to you, Joel."

"Granted," answered the other. "Certainly we must not quarrel over a silly child. Come in the bar and we'll tell her what you've decided to do."

Voices, however, fell upon their ears as they approached, and Ruth did not learn her good fortune until the evening.

It was seldom that Samuel Bolt appeared as a morning customer, but upon this sultry day of July he came to drink. There was much upon his mind and he found a sympathetic listener in Ruth and repaid her with dreadful boredom—the usual reward of sympathetic people.

"I may be a father any minute now," said Samuel. "The time has come and I live in a bath of presspiration, to tell the truth. Jill's that calm that my mother says 'tis out of nature and all against the cheel. Jill might have done her part better, I must say. My mother told me what was right, and I told Jill. But my mother was a lot too wise to tell Jill herself. She's the very masterpiece of sense, and yet—" he broke off and emptied his mug. "A drop more cider," he said. "I'm rather downdaunted to-day. There's a thunder planet reigning, I reckon, or else such things couldn't be. I pray God us shan't have a frightful storm afore my child be born."

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"I hope all your anxiety will soon be changed into happiness," said Ruth.

"I'm sure I hope it will," he answered. "But to be secret with you, my dear, there are times when I get very much niffed and that vexed, I could almost stamp my foot or use a wrong word. The mischief is that both of 'em is so fond of me that they quarrel for sheer love of my comfort."

Ruth Rendle expressed sympathy and was rather glad when the conversation changed. There entered the bar Moleskin, cheerful and thirsty. He shook hands with Ruth according to his custom, ordered his drink and saluted Samuel.

"Don't often see you in here in work hours," he exclaimed, and Mr. Bolt admitted that it was so.

"As a matter of fact, I'm taking a day off," he said. "The steam-roller's broken down through no fault of mine, and till they've mended it, there's really not much for me to do. Sometimes, in reckless moments, I almost feel as if I should like a change of work. Almost tired of road-mending with a steam-roller after fifteen years of it."

"'Tis the dulness of doing the same thing over and over again," declared Moleskin. "I've just throwed up my own job at Sampford Spiney for the very same reason. No backsliding, thank the Lord; I find myself steady as a rock in righteousness, and the pleasantest part of my week is when me and my darter stand in the House of Prayer. But I couldn't shift muck forever, and since Farmer Ash didn't seem to have nothing else for me to do, I just up and left him. But something will come to hand soon without a doubt. Have a drop along with me, Samuel."

"If I must, I must," answered Mr. Bolt. "All the same, I've had enough cider for the present."

"Give him beer," directed Moleskin. "Beer's a very good top for cider. Never seed such poor promise of apples as there is this year, all through the in country. Orchards full of little old scrubby stuff not worth gathering."

"'Tis a thunder planet reigning," repeated Samuel. "Everything be going wrong of late—and especially with me, for some reason I don't know."

"You don't drink enough," answered Moleskin. "'Tis a great mistake. Look at me. I find I don't take a thimbleful less than in the old days. The only difference is that I pay money down for it."

"You haven't for some time though, Mr. Cawker," ventured Ruth. "If you'd like to see the score——"

"No occasion, no occasion, my dear. I'm quite willing to take your honest word for it. Have no fear. I shall get some new work in a day or two. And meantime you see parson stands in the place of God to the likes of me. And if the Almighty looks after the sparrows, so much the more is it parson's duty to look after me. We're all fellow-men and it is the call of the clever and rich to help the humble and meek; and 'tis the business of the poor to pray for the welfare of them in authority—from the King downwards; which I do. In my later wisdom, I see very clearly that we can't do much for the upper classes except pray for 'em as long as they last. And I pray for them, and everybody and always shall do."

"And for women labouring with child," said Samuel; "don't forget that, Mr. Cawker. I'm sure last litany Sunday when we comed to it, I felt as if every eye was on me."

Moleskin laughed tolerantly.

"Poor soul! Give him another half pint, Ruth."

"Not another drop," murmured Samuel; but Moleskin insisted.

"You can carry it; you want uplifting. You're more of a man than you think yourself, I dare say."

"I may be; but I'm easily daunted," confessed the other. "Some days I feel my foot goes down as firm as I could wish, and I look people in the eyes as brave as you would. But other times 'tis borne in upon me that I haven't got more sense than, please God, I should have."

"Be hopeful, be hopeful. It takes all sorts to build a world; and when the battle's over you'll make so good a meal for worms as the best among us," declared Moleskin.

"I may, or I may not, though I know you speak it kindly; and now the beer's

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in my head! Yes, 'tis there: I feel it mounting! I wish I hadn't took that last drop."

"You'll soon master it," answered Moleskin. "As to beer, when a man's took a good tankard or two of cider first, beer goes down on top, you might say, like——"

The simile was lost, for somebody rode to the door at a gallop, pulled up, dismounted and hastened into the bar.

It was Northmore, and he addressed Bolt.

"What are you doing here boozing?" he asked. "I was passing your house a bit ago and your mother screamed out to me to go for help. Your wife is ill, and I've ridden for the doctor and the nurse. You'd better go, I should think—else people will say you're rather a callous brute to be here soaking at such a time."

Samuel stared, staggered, then broke into a strange, excitable cackle, like a hen that has laid an egg and steps out into the light to let the world know it.

"There—there—well might I say a thunder planet was over us! I laugh, but God forgive me for it. To be a sober man from my youth and then—this minute—my child comes into the world to find its father can't stand straight!"

"Take my arm," said Moleskin. "I'll lead you up the hill. Put your head under the pump when you get back, and you'll soon be ripe for twins or any other black news."

As he went out, Moleskin turned and winked at Northmore.

"Try to be charitable, farmer," he said. "None of us be faultless—not even this poor reed as can be shaken with a pint!"

CHAPTER XX

THE DEVOUT LOVER

The day was Sunday and drowsy peace held Merivale after the hour of midday dinner. A few sleepy dogs blinked at the oppressive heat; a few fowls pecked here and there or scratched pits from the dust and sat in them. There was a drone of a harmonium from one cottage, the squeak of a flute from another, but no visible sign of life. Thunder clouds hung heavy over the central Moor; Walla, shrunk to her summer tenuity, threaded the vale, and not until the eye reached the village bridge did there appear any human being. Here, however, a few men were congregated. They wore their Sunday black, smoked their pipes and permitted the processes of digestion to prosper.

Presently a woman left the Jolly Huntsmen and approached Merivale bridge.

All the men knew her and all gave her "good afternoon." One added a caution.

"Keep your eye lifting out along, Miss Rendle," said Rupert Johnson; "there's a storm brewing. Us may miss it; but I reckon 'tis coming."

Ruth thanked the man and went her way to Princetown. She taught in the Sunday-school there, and the little event was now grown to be the happiest in her week. As yet she remained with her kinsmen. Indeed, they refused to let her depart, and finally she had promised to stop another six months with them. Nevertheless she desired to go, for life thus lived brought daily anxieties and daily heart-shaking hidden from all. Northmore's long, unhappy face haunted her, and she could not see Ives Pomeroy without suffering the sweet and bitter sickness of her own secret love for him. She felt that life was making her old before her time. No day passed without one or both of the two great disquieting forces intruding upon her, for Matthew Northmore usually called on his way to or from his home, and Ives often came also to hear his own voice and spend the hour before closing time at the inn. The latter was always a steady beer-drinker; the former, once a teetotaler, now drank spirits. His own share remained trifling, but the farmer developed an unexpected generosity, and the brothers Toop, as became good men of business, changed their attitude toward him and now regarded him as a worthy pillar of the public house.

Northmore's moral character was a little deteriorated under the strain of futile love. He fought to conquer it and failed. He could not drag himself away; he hoped when first he heard it that Ruth

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would go further off; then there came a sleepless fear and frenzy that she might actually do so. Finally he implored her to remain and wearied her ears with entreaties to stay. Sorely tried, Ruth sought Avisa, told the mother half her story and heard her counsel departure. Yet Ruth did not depart. She blushed at herself for stopping and scorned the feeble delusion with which she strove to calm her conscience. Then she rose above metaphysics and told her heart boldly that she stopped because she dearly loved a man. At night in darkness, she could whisper this fact to herself and view it unflinchingly, even with joy; but by daylight she dared not look upon it.

Meantime she stopped and Avisa Pomeroy, whose advice had risen from a disinterested desire to help the girl's happiness, privately rejoiced. It was Mrs. Pomeroy's earnest hope and secret prayer that this staid and steadfast woman might presently waken love in her son. Avisa handled Ives with exquisite delicacy bred from her own great heart. Sometimes the wonder of his mother was dimly glimpsed by him; at any rate a dawn of wider reasoning and self-control, that now made itself manifest in him, took him often to her. No project of his many projects rose but he submitted it to her. Sometimes she supported, sometimes she restrained, sometimes he proceeded against her advice, and when on one occasion he did so successfully, she hastened to point out that he was right and that she had been mistaken. The admission woke a fierce, chivalrous love in him. His nature was such that any concession from another made him grateful rather than proud. To him the hatefulness of admitting error was extreme; but all the more did he admire other people who could fearlessly confess that they had done wrong.

The oak coppice was not cut in young Pomeroy's twenty-fifth year, because Mr. Codd, who admittedly understood oak rinding and everything to do with it better than any man on Walla side, strongly advised postponement.

"'Tis all against my own interests," he said sourly. "I'm very anxious to drop work and take my pension—which I suppose I may presume to mention after nearly a half century of toil—but I sha'n't go till the coppice comes down, and I sha'n't advise you to throw it till another year's gone over it."

Mrs. Pomeroy obeyed and Ives, who enjoyed all details of forest work, gave his services freely to other men with young oaks to fell.

Now spring was gone and late summer had returned. The coming autumn was to see Lizzie married, and, for the rest, life moved with regularity at Vixen Tor. Mrs. Pomeroy's health had gradually ceased to be the only topic there. She was now considered to be quite well, and she declared herself so when the subject arose. She knew more concerning herself, however, than either Ives or Lizzie learned; and she watched her body with utmost care—for their sakes as well as for her own.

Much did she desire that some flicker of regard might waken in Ives toward Ruth Rendle; but it did not. There came rumours from various sources that linked now this maiden with his name, and now that. But Avisa was accustomed to these things, and so long as Ives spoke openly about his friends, she took little note of them. One woman, indeed, was often on his lips, and he did not weary of her; but Mrs. Pomeroy had done far more for Jill Bolt than anybody knew save Jill herself; and his mother paid little attention to the indignation that Ives constantly expressed concerning his old sweetheart's forlorn state, or the need for helping her against her husband and her husband's mother. His interest and keen jealousy for Jill Mrs. Pomeroy did not applaud, and always treated as lightly as tact would permit. But the subject persisted in the mind of Ives and he professed a frank regard for the younger Mrs. Bolt that openly angered Lizzie by its impropriety.

Now Ruth went on her way to Princetown and there came a horseman in the opposite direction. It was Northmore, and glad of the loneliness about their meeting place, he stopped, alighted and greeted her in his usual yearning fashion. She took her hand from his and blamed him.

"You wasn't at church this morning."

"No; I've had something pulling the

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other way lately. But I'll be there to-night."

"I'm stopping at Princetown till after supper," she said, and he scented a hope.

"May I bring my trap and drive you home? Please let me do that. It's a little thing enough."

He remembered a past occasion when she had let him drive her into Tavistock and when half way along the road an insane desire had burned in him to set his horse galloping across the Moor that their necks might be broken together.

Ruth refused him now.

"'Tis kind to think of it; but I'm not fond of driving and I'd much rather walk."

"May I come to see you home, if the weather turns nasty? So like as not that storm dogging the hills will burst at nightfall—the air's choking full of it."

She sighed.

"If you only knew how unkind it was—if you only knew how your eyes make my heart ache. Why can't you go and look round and find a woman ten thousand times better worth than I am?"

"Find her—where?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. I'm a poor straw driven by any wind—a nervous, frightened creature—a foolish thing. I shall never make no man happy. I don't know how to be happy myself, for that matter."

"I'd show you how to be if you'd let me. A man's generally strong enough to do one thing, if he pours his whole life and soul and brain into it. And that's what I'd do, and the thing would be to make you happy if you'd let me. By God, I'd fight the whole world and roam the whole world to find happiness for you! And I would find it."

"The world's full of women, Mr. Northmore."

"Is it? I can't see none. Full of one woman for me, and always will be, and only will be, if I live to a century."

She did not answer and he asked his former question.

"May I come up if the weather turns bad? You can't have the heart to deny me that."

"What's the sense of getting a wet jacket for nought?"

"'Tisn't for nought. 'Tis for the blessed pleasure of holding a shelter above you."

"If—if—" she stammered. Then her mind over-ran itself, she forgot what she was going to say and stopped.

He took up the word and his voice hardened and he spoke in a mood suddenly turned into savagery.

"If 'twas somebody else—perhaps if 'twas anybody else but me—you wouldn't think twice. 'If—if—if'—you say, and stop, and think I don't know what's in your heart."

"I wasn't meaning anything—only some foolish every-day speech I meant to make. So foolish that I forgot all about it."

"No, you didn't. The thought was so strong that it jumped to your lips and would have leapt out in another moment if you hadn't shut your teeth on it. I know—I know. What don't I know where you're concerned? Everything I know—his name, too, for that matter."

He had not sunk to this until the present. But he believed that Ruth in her broken sentence had thought 'If it was Ives Pomeroy.' That was Northmore's genuine opinion; and it made him angry and prompted him to this utterance.

She resented it, turned from him with a hard look and went her way swiftly: then, still walking beside his horse, he made haste to overtake her.

"Forgive me. I'm sorry—cruel sorry that I was such a jealous fool. I couldn't help it. I can't help knowing. I——"

She turned and stopped again.

"There's only one thing between us," he said; "and that's a man; and his name is Pomeroy. There! 'Tis out—more shame to me; but you've made me dead to shame. I'd creep through the contempt of the whole world now if I could win you by creeping. Curse the name of the man forever!"

His companion's eyes showed fear.

"Don't, don't speak and think this way. He's nothing to me, Mr. Northmore."

"No, because he's a daft fool, without sense or understanding. But he might be something—he might be everything to you. I know it. I read you like a book, because I love you. How can I help cursing him? Yet not him—only the

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fact that he's alive. I don't hate him —poor wretch: I only hate your love for him."

"This is cruel!" she cried. "How can you say 'tis love at all? You're mad to say such things to a maiden that never wronged you, God knows. I don't love him. I don't love anybody. What should I know of loving? You persecute me, and 'tis very wicked of you. My life's sad enough, and if you really loved me you wouldn't make it sadder."

He did not answer immediately.

"You're right," he said. "I'm a thought mad now and again in your company. But what you say is very true. I must have another fight for it and try to get going from here."

" 'Tis the great grief of my life to have made you such an unhappy man. Of course you can't go with your farm and everything; but I can, and I will when my six months are up. Better that way a thousand times. I wish they'd never made me promise to stop now. I was weak."

"It was natural. I can read your heart by knowing my own. If I found it too hard to go, well might you."

"For God's sake, don't say no more of that," she begged. "Ban't comely, or right, or kind—or—or true. 'Twas a cowardly thing, and you know it."

"It was. But I am a coward now. You've broken to pieces what little good of character I had. You can't help it. Anyway one of us must go, or I'll not answer for myself."

He left her and turned his horse round; then he mounted it and walked forward. For a moment she hesitated; then she called after him, in rather weakly tones:

"You may drive me back, if 'twill be any pleasure to you."

Northmore, however, with a mind deep sunk upon itself, did not hear her, and she, thankful that he had not done so, went upon her way relieved. But her feet dragged and she never reached Princetown after all. Her storm-stricken mind turned against the teaching of children, and presently, as soon as Matthew had descended the hill and was out of sight, she too began to go homeward and walked very slowly toward Merivale.

She was fearful of the farmer's increased ferocity, and now, retracing their intercourse with leisured mind, she perceived how radically he had changed within the past year. Had love for her, then, dragged him down from his old austerity and severity? Could she thus in all innocence demoralise a man by the mere persistence in a negative attitude toward him? It seemed a very monstrous thing, and, for the first time, a sort of dull resentment awoke in Ruth that her attitude should thus be rendered a reproach, because this man chose to go forlorn and wretched before the world and suffer her indifference to reduce him in the eyes of the people. She felt it a hard and ungenerous thing; and that Northmore should have named Ives Pomeroy woke active passion in the woman. He must be a mean spirit to have spoken that name to her. For a time she felt anger, then it waned, and she merely mourned when she reflected on the master of Stone Park. As she entered the Jolly Huntsmen a thunder peal seemed to shake the solid earth and glorious, ragged rifts of lightning rent the sky with fire; streamed from tor to tor; leapt across the rivers; dropped a brand where the Lone Stones struck up blue and wan in the heart of the storm, and slew certain terrified beasts that huddled together there. They tottered, turned up their eyes to heaven and so fell and died. Walla already began to wake, to rise, and murmur with great rain messages from the midmost Moor.

Many watched the storm and during the height of its passage children wept and frightened females hid their faces; but two women there were engaged upon a theme so interesting that neither found mental leisure to fear, even had fear belonged to them. One spoke; the other listened. The rattle and roar of the sky merely silenced Rachel Bolt for a moment, and as soon as it ceased her thin and ancient pipe, ludicrous in contrast with the organ music of the storm, proceeded again and poured its message upon Avisa Pomeroy's ear.

"If anybody—if angels from heaven—had told me that Samuel would ever say a short word to me, I'd have up and answered they was liars," declared the old woman.

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"And you would have been right for certain."

"But it's come—the blow's fallen. Look at my eyes—red—red. Burning tears poured out of 'em last night, and life poured away with them drops. I don't care when I die now. Not only short he was, but sharp, Avisa—sharp with me. Every word I can call home—every word cut like a knife into my old heart. 'You're wrong, mother—wrong,' he said. Twice mark you, he used the word 'wrong,' as if once wasn't enough. 'You're wrong. Jill knows perfectly well how to manage the baby!' That's what he said, Avisa—to my face after I'd told him day in, day out, since the little girl came, that his wife's killing it."

"Well, surely nothing to make a flurry about, my dear. A man can't always agree with his mother's opinion."

"I don't ask that; but in matters of a baby what right has he to have any opinion? But there, words are no use. He's taken her part. 'Tis time, and more than time, I was underground. I might have known it: the Bible prophesies it. I must wait and watch and see my grandchild done to death by that cruel viper."

"'Tis a very weakly little one," admitted Mrs. Pomeroy.

"It could be reared, if there was anybody to rear it. But I've got to sit here with my old heart breaking and see it die by inches. That wretch hates it, Avisa! She hates it, like the stupid creature she is, because it's a red un. And whose fault was that? Sammy ban't red anyhow. He's a flaxen man without a red hair on his body. She's dormouse colour, and what more natural than she should have a ginger-haired child?"

"And what more natural than that she shouldn't like it? Us mothers ban't strong in common sense at such times. But we must be hopeful, and don't you fret about the little thing, whether or no. Doctor sees her every day, and if he's satisfied; so did you ought to be."

"If that child dies, 'twill be murder," declared Rachel bitterly. "And old as I am, I'll tear her face for her afore the people, if it happens!"

Avisa strove long to comfort her friend, but Mrs. Bolt would not be comforted. Samuel's baby proved to be an extremely feeble and weakly infant, and behind his back the father was blamed for it; but Mrs. Bolt cried shame and blame upon Jill. Meantime the little life hung in the balance. Samuel and his mother prayed Heaven to preserve the atom; and Jill, albeit she spared no proper care and duty, heartily hoped that her puling infant would perish.

CHAPTER XXI

LIZZIE WEDDED

Mr. Arthur Brown displayed a good many little virtues, but above all he prided himself upon a well-regulated mind. When, therefore, his wedding day arrived, it found him calm and perfectly prepared. His hand did not shake as he shaved himself, and he parted his hair down the middle with neither more nor less care than usual. A fortnight of the honeymoon would be spent at Ilfracombe and a fortnight in London. Lodgings were already engaged and expenses calculated to the last half-penny. One five-pound note was allowed for possible luxuries. Lizzie had never been to London and the prospect was a delight to her.

All who cared for the Pomeroys contrived to be present, because this was held an important wedding. Mr. Brown had very few relations or intimates, but a schoolmaster or two attended the ceremony, and his friend, a Harold Wilkinson, a young jeweller from London, acted as best man. The bridegroom did not entirely approve of many among the wedding guests, though he kept his opinions to himself and was reasonably gracious both before and after the ceremony.

It remained for Ives to cast a cloud upon the day; and he chose a moment peculiarly inappropriate to do so. Some had driven and some had walked back from the wedding, and he preferred to return home afoot. With him came Joel Toop and Emanuel Codd.

"Be sure not to mention it," said the publican, "but 'twill be out soon, only I want the wedded pair to get off without hearing the news. They'll toll the bell this evening. Such is life: a wedding

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peal in the morning and the knell for the corpse afore sunset."

"Who's dead now?" asked Ives.

"A very poor, small morsel of flesh, and a great deliverance no doubt for all concerned. 'Tis Samuel Bolt's baby, in fact."

"That's a damned good thing," declared Ives. "Anyway Jill will think so."

"And I dare say she knows more about it than she'll tell the coroner," growled Codd.

Ives looked at him dangerously, but the old man missed his glance.

"There'll be a little feeling without a doubt," added Joel. "My brother was up, so soon as he heard about it, to comfort all parties and take the measurements himself—a thing he does for a neighbour in his large-hearted way. And I'm sorry to say that there was high words going. In fact, old Rachel have made herself mighty ill and the doctor, when he comed, was busier with her than with the dead child. Sammy's sitting in a corner crying his eyes out, and Jill's like a statue. She's put on mourning as cool as a cucumber—seemed to have had it ready by the looks of it—but t'others haven't growed calm enough to do such a thing yet."

"I hope 'twill be the beginning of a bit of peace for her," said Ives. "That old hag and her husband and his flute between 'em pretty well worry the flesh off her bones."

"She don't get more than she deserves," answered Codd. "She's a hard case and well everybody knows it; and I hope they'll have the rights of this business."

"Really, you ought to be careful, Codd," replied Joel. "You come dangerously near to libel in the things you let yourself say. Some day you'll fall within reach of the law, and that means money."

"More likely a horsewhip," said Pomeroy. "Old blackguard! The law's too slow to tackle him. He wants a lathering to sting charity into his dirty heart."

"Pretty talk—on your sister's wedding-day, too! If I'd got any authority——"

"Shut your mouth," cried the other. "You haven't got any and never will have. Keep your nasty thoughts silent; don't spill 'em through your lips, to trouble your betters to-day."

It was in this frame of mind that Ives took his place at the wedding board, and every circumstance of the banquet increased his exasperation. The bridegroom's frigid propriety irritated Ives to madness, though Arthur Brown played his part with a perfection that awoke immense admiration among the company. He smiled on a calculated scale of geniality in proportion to the importance of the guest. He made several pleasant general remarks at the breakfast. He helped Lizzie to cut the cake. He called everybody "neighbour" except his best man; but the jeweller, though a lifelong friend, he addressed as "Mr. Wilkinson." Arthur Brown, in fact, suggested a great and good young man unbending among his inferiors. He did not flaunt his superiority, but it was visible in his tolerant complacence. This patronage even extended a little to Lizzie herself.

Ives, with a cloud on his face, ate his meal silently and wished the matter ended. Presently, however, he caught his mother's eye, understood her expression and made an effort to be more urbane. Avisa knew that Jill Bolt's baby was dead, but she hoped that bride and bridegroom might depart in ignorance of the fact. However, that was not to be. Peter Toop, in a moment of professional enthusiasm, spoke an awkward word, and it was overheard by Arthur.

"Ah—taken from the evil to come doubtless," he said. "In my judgment a man of the somewhat infirm build of Samuel Bolt should not have been permitted to have any hand in the next generation. I have devoted a good deal of thought to the subject and——"

A cork shot dangerously close to the schoolmaster's ear and silenced him. Ives was opening three bottles of champagne, and whether he had intentionally or accidentally directed the first toward Mr. Brown, he alone knew. Everybody laughed; the bridegroom smiled and dried a few drops of wine that had touched his face. Lizzie's glass was filled, but her husband took none. He shook his head leniently at young Pomeroy, who carried round the champagne.

"Must be true to my principles—even

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to-day," he said; and Ives, with a short, not pleasant, laugh, turned to his mother and filled her glass.

To Mr. Peter Toop fell the solitary toast of the day; for though the best man from London had prepared a humorous and witty speech on the subject of the bridesmaids, there were none—a fact which secretly disappointed Mr. Wilkinson, though he pretended to be much relieved to find it so.

Peter spoke somewhat heavily and infused a gloom into his reflections ill suited to the event. His speech was long and never reached its peroration, for Ives created an extremely painful diversion, and the wine that should have been drunk to a sister's happiness was very differently applied. For some time the company listened to Peter's slow and laboured maundering, then people began to whisper among themselves. Mr. Codd was of those who had the bad taste to talk. He addressed Johnson, who sat beside him, and by so doing much annoyed Joel, who said "hush!" somewhat loudly once or twice and edged away from the labourers. Then it was that Ives overheard a sentiment and instantly exploded.

Emanuel Codd, ghoul-like, appeared incapable of dragging himself away from the dead baby. He had done what he could to asperse Jill from one direction; now he went further and reflected against her from another.

"Bah! The likes of her don't care a rush for law and order. Perhaps I know and perhaps I don't know who was the father, but it wasn't that slack-twisted toad her husband, mark me!"

This assertion was not designed for any other than his fellow-worker, but, unluckily for Mr. Codd, young Pomeroy heard every syllable, rose, roared, sought a missile and found his wineglass.

"You vile old wretch!" he cried. "Why haven't the women wrung your skinny neck afore to-day? Why don't these respectable people here kick you out into the gutter, where you ought to be? Take that and get you gone, you loathsome beast!"

He flung his wine into Mr. Codd's face and then leapt from the table. Consternation prevailed. Mrs. Pomeroy rose; Arthur Brown shrugged his shoulders.

"Even to-day!" he murmured reproachfully to Lizzie.

Ives went out without a word; Emanuel Codd drew forth a red handkerchief, spluttered into it and mopped his face.

"I give notice!" he screamed out. "Mark me, all you people, as have seen me so cruel ill-used by that infernal young youth—I give notice for this day month! I'll endure no more of it, no more of it. And how God A'mighty can suffer that man beats me. 'Tis throwing away good patience to let him go on, and I don't care who hears me say so."

He also left the table and at the door turned and lifted his voice again.

"He'll strike in His holy time, be sure of that. And I hope that I shan't drop afore right's done, for I shouldn't rest easy in my grave to think that Ives Pomeroy was still trampling the earth after I was under it. And I hope I'll be the Lord's tool to smite him!"

"Go away and hide yourself!" said Joel Toop sternly. "You're a bad old man, and I heard what you were saying myself, and you got no more than you deserved. And as to your being the Lord's tool, 'twill be a long time afore He wants such a horrid creature for any work of His. Get on, Peter."

But the undertaker had lost the thread of his discourse and made no effort to find it.

"I command all present to drink to these here dear people," he said. "Good luck and long life and prosperity to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown!"

Lizzie kept her tears out of sight and soon retired to make ready for her journey. Mr. Codd went to his room, doffed his festive attire, put his wine-wet coat in the window of his attic to dry, and having returned to his corduroys, went out to work. He chose a spot for his labours immediately in front of the parlour window and toiled ostentatiously there, to show that for him the day's rejoicing and merrymaking were at an end.

Ives meantime waited for his sister and went up to her room with her.

"I owe you a word, Lizzie," he said

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soberly, "and cruel sorry I am to have made a fuss on such a day of all days; but I couldn't help it; and if you knew what that hatch-mouthed old villain was whispering, you'd forgive me. For him to dare to take away a sad, sorrowful woman's character at such a time! I'll tell you what he said some day, but not to-day. Anyway, God knows that I wish you all the good and happiness and joy and luck and love that a brother can wish a little sister. Arthur's a rare sensible chap and I know he'll make you a steadfast, steady husband, and you've a right to be proud of such a man, I'm sure."

She shed a few tears and put her arms round him, while he caressed her, kissed her and patted her cheek tenderly.

"You'm a dinky dear," he said, "and you bore yourself terrible brave, and—here's mother. I knowed she'd soon be up. I'm telling Lizzie how 'twas, mother. So long as you and she do understand, I care not a rush for t'others."

Mrs. Pomeroy, thankful for small mercies, felt glad to find Ives with his sister, and when he had left them, Lizzie explained that he had received some very dreadful provocation. The mother doubted it not and felt no particular grief over the incident. Indeed, her passing cloud of anxiety was quite dissolved when she found her boy and girl together. His attack on Mr. Codd and his subsequent speech with his sister both sprang from a love of what was good. So Mrs. Pomeroy believed; and when her son subsequently told her the truth concerning the head man's imaginings, she blamed him no more.

By the time that Lizzie and her husband were ready to start, Ives, at a sudden whim, had climbed the Vixen; and he shouted his farewell from that lofty altitude. Then he disappeared and did not return home until long after midnight, to find his mother still up and waiting for him.

When he slept she lay waking, and saw dangers ahead that as yet Ives neither discovered nor suspected. In this connection Avisa did not fear her son, but feared for him; because Jill was a curious, fascinating woman and soon she promised to be a desperate one. That day, made reckless by anger and grief, Rachel had permitted herself to say many things to her friend. The misery of Samuel's home apparently approached a climax and old Mrs. Bolt openly declared that she expected Jill to run away. She added that the sooner her son's wife took this definite step, the better Samuel and herself would be pleased; but Samuel did not hear the sentiment, or he might have ventured to modify it.

CHAPTER XXII

CALL OF THE BLOOD

Over against his home on the eastern bank of Walla, Ives Pomeroy sat on a mossy boulder beside a woman. They talked earnestly; and their feet were buried in flowers. Opposite them the Vixen towered above Pomeroy's farm, where it gleamed with newly whitewashed walls. Beneath was the river and her hanging woods; while at hand stretched those oaken coppices whose time had come and who now shook forth their last splendour of golden green. Already saw and axe gnawed and struck where the harvest of oak began to fall. Above this scene of activity the waste sloped toward King Tor and the spring gorse arose in sheaves and masses of gold from a bluebell sea.

Ives sat beside Jill Bolt. They met by appointment without secrecy; and within sight of them where they sat, Rupert Johnson, Emanuel Codd and several others were working.

She retraced recent events, for they had not spoken together of late days.

"After Christmas the old woman 'peared to grow a bit more friendly. Samuel was ill then, you remember, and off work for nearly six weeks. She wanted him to go in the hospital, for she mistrusts me and thinks I can't look after him; but he wouldn't go and he's pretty right again now. A dog's life; I suppose 'twill be better when his mother dies."

She looked straight before her, and he fixed his gaze on her profile—her strange face and heavy eyes; her hair, like a wild fire of wind-blown flame; her round,

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deep bosom. She had grown thinner of late, he thought, but she was none the worse for it. He carried an ash sapling in his hand and, after patting the ground idly with it, patted her shoe. She did not heed him.

"How's your husband's uncle now?" asked Ives.

"Nearly all right, I believe. 'Twas a scare about nought seemingly."

"You were married under false pretences then, Jill."

She smiled.

"Not that—only a cruel, bad bargain. My race be a very unlucky one: nothing ever falls out well with us. The only good thing that's happened to me since I married was making your mother my friend. She understands pretty near all I've got to suffer—nobody else does."

"I'm very sure I do."

"You understand all that a man can—I grant that. Oh, Ives, you don't know how I love you for being so large-minded; but there's a lot of things no man can understand, and that your mother does. A very wonderful creature. I hope to God she's growing stronger and no sign of any more trouble."

His face grew gloomy.

"As for that, she makes light of it, but I don't. She's going into Tavistock again next week—for my satisfaction, though she vows that all be very well. I see her hand go up sometimes, when she thinks none be looking, and I feel the stab of the pain as if 'twas in my own breast."

"I'd lay down my life for that woman," said Jill; "and so would you, if I know you."

He nodded and was silent. Then his voice changed a little and she marked an echo of the old, masterful intonation when he courted her. But it shook a trifle too, as though he was not quite certain of himself.

"Look at me, Jill," he commanded; and she obeyed instantly.

Her pale eyes, under the droop of the upper lid, fixed themselves on his dark ones. She did not look horizontally into his face, but obliquely and sidelong. The glance was gentle, humble and trusting.

"You said you loved me just now."

"Well, and I do. I'm not ashamed of truth—never was. Is it a sin? I always loved you—always save in those few black days when we were fools, the pair of us, and I left you. But don't think no more of it. What's done be done."

"'Tis a brave man's part to undo what's done sometimes," he said.

She laughed and put out her hand for him to hold. It was a simple little gesture often performed in the past—like the unconscious action of a child. He used to love her to do it then. Now he held it and looked round. There was nobody in sight, though shouts and the cracking of wood echoed close by. He held her hand and pressed it as he used to. She drew it away.

"Whatever be I thinking of?" she said.

"Thinking of two years agone," he answered. "And so be I. You've not changed much, for all your trouble."

"I'm thinner far."

"So pretty as ever anyway."

"You are a wonnerful, generous, rare chap," she said.

"Give me a kiss, then," he faltered, not looking at her. "Your good's my good. I never seed anybody that I never got tired of but you. I'd go to the world's end for you this minute, Jill."

"No more kisses, Ives."

"One—on that little mole on your cheek. Please, Jill!"

A light twinkled across the valley. A spot of white fluttered up and down in the garden, and the man marked it.

"Dinner," he said; "that's my mother waving her apern. 'Tis the signal dinner's ready. Just one, Jill. Where's the harm of that? Who's the worse? I'm panting all over for it!"

"'Tis springtime in your blood, not me. Any other would make you just as hungry."

"No, by God!"

"I won't let you kiss me, Ives, because I don't think 'tis a seemly thing; but I'll come and eat a bit of dinner along with your mother and you, if you like. No call for me to be home till tea-time."

He was delighted and made up his mind to touch her face with his lips before the day was done.

Through the tree stems, himself unseen, Mr. Codd had watched his master touch the hand of Jill. He sniffed to

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himself and imagined evil. Now Ives approached him, and the old man, labouring along under an armful of oak bark, stopped and waited for young Pomeroy to speak. Emanuel, with his brown, gnarled face and thin mouth, with his load and the strong smell of the bark exuding from his person, stood there a very incarnation of the astringent, tannic, tonic principle.

Ives dimly recognised this.

"They ought to cart you away with the other stuff," he said, laughing shortly. "You'd tan hides as well as oak can."

"Truth generally tastes bitter in a bad world," answered Codd. "'Tis the business of men that don't like us to tell it. And I don't like you, and I'll always tell it. Not that truth will ever tan you into anything useful."

"'Tis just for that I like you to stop here," answered Pomeroy. "If we want to see a chap in deadly earnest, we must look at our enemies. There's no friendship takes the trouble that a red-hot hate does."

"I'll take this trouble, anyhow, hate or no hate," answered the old man. "For your mother's sake I'll always speak up and scorn anything you may do or say that's wrong. You mind this: don't you be loafing about stray corners in springtime with your neighbour's wife! Cuss till you're black in the face: that's good advice, and for once in a way there's no hate behind it."

He threw his load down, then began to pile the bark upon a grey and glowing stack.

Ives did not curse but laughed.

"I might have known you was squinting at us! You scent evil, like a carrion crow scents a dead pony. Don't you fear, my old blid. I sha'n't do nothing to shock your nasty mind."

He was none the less glad that Mrs. Bolt had refused his petition.

"Another thing," said Emanuel. "'Tis all one to you, no doubt, whether a man works or idles; but Cawker, as be down on the south edge of the copse-wood. might just as well go home for all he's doing. As my duty was, I went across this morning and surprised him sitting by the river smoking his pipe and watching a wood-dove's nest over his head. I only tell you this because I believe he's getting four shilling a day for his job."

The edge of the wood where Moleskin was supposed to be earning honest money extended but little out of the farmer's road as he passed down hill to the river. He made the necessary detour therefore, and, on sighting Mr. Cawker, crept forward very carefully and stalked him.

But the converted poacher knew exceedingly well what it was to be stalked. He saw Ives coming before the latter saw him. Nevertheless, Moleskin, who as a matter of fact was not working, made no effort to do so. He lolled on a scented cushion of wild thyme and his eyes peered into the valley beneath. Blue smoke puffed from his pipe, and his dinner in a little frail stood beside him. He appeared the picture of elderly, orderly content and peace.

"Morning, Ives. I heard 'e coming! You see, I know who 'tis without looking round," said the idler, when Ives had reached to within twenty yards of him. Then Moleskin rose and beamed and stretched his arms.

"A gladsome day," he said. "'Tis good to be alive and know you'm a righteous creature doing man's appointed work on such a day."

"Drop that rot," said Pomeroy. "With me anyway you needn't pretend anything. Why ban't you working?"

Mr. Cawker winked slowly.

"Force of habit," he said. "And not rot by no means. 'Tis good to be alive, even at the withering time of life where I begin to find myself. Yet there's a sort of second sap begins running in us old men, if we've lead a healthy open-air life like what I have. And when I say I'm a 'righteous creature' now, I mean it."

"Why ain't you working then?"

Mr. Cawker shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't think 'tis the young man I like best on Dartmoor axes me that question," he answered. "'Tis a day to glory at and feast upon and snuff up, like a sweet smell, and drink in, like a drop of spirits. We know one another very well, thank God; and you've taught me a lot; and among other things that there be times when 'tis only a mean spirit will work. The world calls to pray and to play this

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morning. For that matter praying and playing be often one thing."

"And four shillings be four shillings," answered Ives. Then he took a seat and filled a pipe, with his thoughts running upon the woman by the river.

"Four bob is four bob, and nobody can deny it," admitted Moleskin. "Yet four bob a day to a man of my parts be very small money. Not that I grumble, because righteousness is its own reward, as I tell my wife when she says it must end in the workhouse afore next winter. 'Let it,' I answer. But why need I say these things to you? You know what the dear women be—all of 'em. If they was reasonable and common-sensible, half of the pleasure of 'em would be gone. But —there, you've got the delight of finding out about 'em still. I'd give my knowledge for your ignorance if I could begin all over again—bless their hot, cunning hearts!"

"You're too much for me," said Ives. He felt in his pocket and found half-a-crown. "Give this to Mrs. Cawker with my compliments, and mind you do! No nonsense. If she don't thank me next time she sees me, I shall know you sneaked it."

Moleskin was hurt.

"You can even think such a thing and know me—as I am now! Once you might have said that; but I take it very unkind that you do since I turned over a new leaf."

"Get on with your work and don't waste no more of your time or mine," said Ives.

"Come down to the river then—for luck," answered Mr. Cawker. "I've got a bottle dropped in there—to keep cool against the dinner hour. Thirsty work and rough work, this rinding of the oaks. 'Tis thirsty work doing nothing too—clever at that though you are still. For that matter I always say you'm clever at everything you turn your hand to."

They had now reached the river and Moleskin fished up a big white glass bottle full of gin and water. Pomeroy, to oblige him, drank a little. Then they parted and soon the farmer stood again by Jill Bolt, where she waited at the crossing. Thought had sped somewhat swiftly with her during his absence. Her instincts felt a joy in him—in his brown skin, sturdy neck and curly hair—in his somewhat fierce eyes and the general atmosphere of healthy masculinity that he diffused. It was she who seemed in an oncoming mood now.

"I was afraid you'd forget me," she said.

"Not likely! I don't forget. There's more water here than I thought."

She laughed.

"Looks as if you'll have to wade a shallow and carry me across."

He fired at the idea.

"Let me—I will!"

"Of course not—I was only laughing. There's no need really."

"But there is need, and I'm going to do it—and—and——"

He sat down and began to take off his boots. He was in such a hurry that he fumbled a knot. The lace was leather, but in his amorous impatience he exerted sudden strength and broke it. Not until afterward did he discover that the strain had injured his finger.

" 'Tis all nonsense. I can take off my shoes and stockings as well as you, for that matter," she said.

But he did not reply. In a moment more his boots were round his neck and his socks in his pocket. Then he turned his trousers to the knees, flung his stick over the river and opened his arms.

"Come on," he said. "No good saying 'no.' I be going to carry you over willy-nilly now."

She let him have his will and his arms picked her up and held her close.

"You be lighter than you was."

"Yes, I am; and maybe you're stronger."

He waded out, and his feet felt the sparkling water, and his face felt the woman's hair. In mid-stream he stopped and looked at her, and hugged her.

"Go on, go on," she cried. "This ban't fair."

"All's fair in——"

He kissed her.

"Kiss me back," he said, "or I'll drop you in the river!"

He felt her arms tighten round his neck, and she kissed him fiercely thrice for his once.

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"Glory, glory!" he shouted, and his noise frightened a kingfisher that sat twenty yards distant on a dead branch above a pool.

For a long time not another word passed betwen Jill and Ives. He brought her across, then put on his shoes and socks, then picked up his stick. Presently he spoke again.

"This is the most splendid thing that has happened to me for two years," he said.

"You was always too strong for me and always will be. I won't trust you no more, Ives."

He did not speak and half way up the hill she burst out impatiently:

"To live all one's life among these old crook-backed men and women and in such a home as mine! I wish to God I was dead and out of it."

Still he did not reply. He was thinking swiftly of all that she meant to him. Old fires began to waken; a thousand old memories arose through the channels of the five senses, since he had held her so close again and pressed his face against her.

"I'm going to think about it," he said presently. "There's a remedy for most things where two people be of one mind. Leave it till us meet again. Let me have a week."

"You can't do anything now. But I know you would if you could."

"I can run away with you!"

She laughed.

"That's like your pluck! But where?"

"Not another word till I've had a bit of thought about it," he said again. "I'll go up into the Vixen with my pipe and —this puzzle."

They appeared at the farm, and Ives explained that Jill had come to eat with them. He went away for a time and left the women together.

"I hope you get stronger," said Jill. "Mrs. Bolt said something about you to Samuel and feared you wasn't so well."

Avisa shook her head.

"Don't think that. I'm going down to Tavistock next week—to please Ives; and I hope that the doctor will say there's no cause to be troubled. Just a passing thing. For that matter, what be life's self but just a passing thing, Jill?"

But her face belied her. It lacked the old full outline. Jane Pomeroy also shook her head.

"'Tis very well to make light of it, Avisa," she said. "But you know that you'm not all you should be."

"Just ups and downs—same as we all have—men or women," answered Avisa. "Don't say nothing before the boy, mother. It makes him so terrible vexed when a word's spoken. Besides, you must know I'm going to have a useful help here come autumn. Then Ruth Rendle is going to stop for a few months along with us. She've had a hard struggle to get away from the inn; but the Toops know now that she's really going, and they've got used to the idea."

Jill reflected on this arrangement. She knew very little of Ruth, but she wondered what Ives thought of her. He had never mentioned her, therefore she guessed that she did not interest him.

At dinner the talk ran on Lizzie Brown and her husband. They still dwelt at Sampford Spiney; but Arthur had at last achieved promotion and would go to more important work in East Devon after Christmas.

"Lizzie's happy — that's the main thing," said Jill. "So long as she understands his nature and he don't hurt her——"

"He don't hurt her, because she haven't got the power of being hurt," answered the man. "A little, unfinished thing like dear Lizzie—made to be cuddled and fussed over—eh, mother?"

"No, Ives. Lizzie wasn't that sort. She never wanted cuddling—even from me when she was a young one. She's happier without it. He loves her very well and she's perfectly satisfied with what she gets, and can't picture nothing different."

"How a woman can be happy with a man who's got starch in his veins instead of blood—" began Ives. He finished the sentence with an expression of contempt and his grandmother took him to task.

"You want for everybody to be cut out in your own pattern," she said. "'Tis so narrow and silly, I'm sure. A

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fiery sort of world and cruel unrestful to live in, if all was like you, my dear."

"'Twould be living anyway," he answered. "I'd sooner smart sometimes, as God knows I have done, than never smart. Because, if you can't suffer when you'm miserable, you can't rejoice when you'm happy. Life's a tingling business with me. It rubs against me and it's good or bad—never neither one nor t'other, like with Arthur Brown. The man don't know he *is* alive!"

That night Ives talked along with his mother, bewailed the wrongs of Jill and tried to win some expression of opinion from Avisa. She was cautious and sympathetic. She guessed pretty correctly what had set his blood on fire, and felt no anger at the fact. Her only sorrow and care was that this woman had strength still to waken his hunger, and that it was not another who had done so. She felt uneasy concerning the future; and for the present she felt powerless. The trend of her son's existence was toward betterment, and there she left the matter. Upon one glad occasion, treasured in the mother's heart, young Pomeroy had openly admitted that there was more in Ruth Rendle than at one time he had imagined. She accepted the concession with immense secret satisfaction, but was careful to reveal none of her hidden delight. As for the plan that Ruth should come to Vixen Tor farm presently, Ives made no objection at all. Since Lizzie had left, too much work fell on Avisa, and she would not engage a servant. Therefore her son was glad when Ruth promised to come. He did not guess the girl's secret trepidation or the struggle that she had to decide. Indeed, Mrs. Pomeroy herself knew little of that. But she was very glad that Ruth should stay with them awhile, and she felt, so far as her son was concerned, an inevitable intimacy, that must arise from dwelling together, would settle once for all the problem most in her mind. She understood Ives and knew that he would be engaged to this girl in less than six months, or not at all.

But it was of Jill Bolt and not the maiden that Mrs. Pomeroy thought that night, until sleep closed her day's anxiety.

CHAPTER XXIII

A RELAPSE

Now did the mother's natural fire abate and sickness surely lessen her native energy. She hid all that was possible, and indeed her strength waned so slowly that no eye marked the gradual decline of it.

Upon her second visit to the hospital there came a guarded report. The physician committed himself to no very definite opinion. He held intervention at this juncture not called for, but urged upon the patient to take all possible rest and strive for peace of mind and body.

Many visited Mrs. Pomeroy when she returned home again, for she was a woman well loved, and much given to kindness.

There came certain summer days when circumstances all combined to make Avisa happy, and good followed upon good. Another had feared such prosperous tidings and predicted some rough reverse before that week was done; but she felt no uneasiness and, looking forward, only prayed that her life's hope might come within sight of fulfilment before the end. Her secret desires, indeed, were largely narrowed to Ives at this season and he was seldom out of her mind. Of late, while her health was again the first anxiety at Vixen Tor, Ives had behaved as a very pattern man and son.

She hoped and tried hard to believe that he had ceased to think of Jill Bolt, and she was able to tell him after speech with old Rachel Bolt, that Samuel's wife appeared much happier of late.

Then came Peter Toop to see Mrs. Pomeroy and she found that the publican echoed her own hopes.

"A very great improvement, and we all mark it," he declared. "Even Northmore, as can't be called a friend of Ives, has allowed of late in company that your son seems inclined to grow up to man's estate at last. He'll catch up his years very soon and be as good and steadfast a character as his father before him."

"'Tis the best medicine you could bring me to hear you talk so."

Peter expressed pleasure, then proceeded to the matter that had brought him.

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"I be come chiefly about Ruth. You'll guess 'tis a very cruel loss to us, and for my part I can't see at all how we'll do without her. I may tell you, Avisa, in the darkest confidence, that I offered her marriage—though I know you didn't advise it. Still, that's a matter a man be often very pigheaded upon. However, she wouldn't have me. She was very ladylike, though I still think mistaken. A woman such as you will be a good shield for her; but, to say it without pride, a man like me would have been still better. But that's over. She won't have me. The question is, 'Who will she have?' Now you know Matthew Northmore?"

"Very well, poor chap. He was here a bit ago and came, like your good self, to say he felt glad to hear I was going on well."

"But when Ruth arrives I warn you that he'll haunt the place. A mistaken and a desperate man. He's ruined his life largely on her account."

"She will never take him. She cannot."

"Of course she won't. Why should she? There's no dignity to the poor soul, and I might call your attention to the very different way that I behaved when she refused me. I loved her as well as ever Northmore did; but when she said 'twas out of the question, I just suffered it. Not a thimbleful more than my usual did it tempt me to take. But that man—it turned him from teetotalism to begin with; and that was, of course, to the good—yet there was something weak in it. You talk to him, Avisa Pomeroy. I can't myself, having been as it were in the same fix; and Joel won't, because he says, since Ruth is so short-sighted as to leave us, he doesn't feel no more interest in her."

"You ask a harder thing than you know," she answered. "I'm interested in Ruth too—and very, very interested in her future. She's an uncommon woman and, though I look through a mother's eyes, yet I wouldn't do it if it coloured the picture unfairly to her. But 'tis this way. I honestly believe, and more and more every day of my son's life, that he and she would make a most beautiful, happy couple and be a very good blend. I'm telling you secrets, Peter, but I know you'll keep them."

"You deep woman! Trust a mother! Well, I don't see anything against it, though a year ago I shouldn't have liked it. But Ives be on the upward path, I believe."

"And the wiser he gets, the more he'll see in Ruth."

"I wonder what she thinks of him? But even you don't know that, I suppose. Well, 'tis a harmless state of things, and if they be meant for one another by Heaven above they'll come together. But why should that stop you talking to Matthew Northmore?"

"Because I'm partial. I try not to be, but I must be. Still, if Ruth have made up her mind about him for good and all, perhaps there's no unfairness in my trying to get the poor fellow to see how 'tis."

"Certainly not; and I hope you will do so. I'll go further and say 'tis your duty. Remember, Ruth's that fond of you that, if you held up your finger, she'd jump in the river for you."

"And I'm fond of her—dearly fond. 'Tis more than good of you to let her come to me just while I've so little nature in me; but I hope you'll see her as often as you like, and, if I get a bit stronger presently, then maybe she'll come back again to you—if nothing happens."

Peter laughed.

"Something will happen, however—if you've got your native wits in your head still."

"Don't think I shall do anything. I know 'em both too well. . . . " She stopped, then put her hand on his arm and continued in a low voice. "Sometimes I think 'twill be my passing that will do what I want—and only that. And I'd go very happy, Peter, if I saw them with their hands clasped beside my bed."

She sat alone in the kitchen when Peter departed, and the next guest was Mary Cawker. Rupert Johnson brought her in and explained that she had come to see the mistress.

At Avisa's wish the man stopped, because she knew something about his secret mind that none else knew.

Mary declared the happiness of her

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family, and of herself, at Mrs. Pomeroy's bettered health.

"Mother, as be a bed-lier these many years and can understand illness as only such dead-alive creatures can, was very wishful to tell you that she felt thankful," said Mary. "And father too. He says that it may be as much an answer to his prayers as anything, because he says if the prayer of a righteous man availeth much, though an every-day thing in heaven—as common as letters through the post—yet the prayer of such as him might have a lot more to it, because so rare."

"A wonderful reform, and I hope he'll never look back," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "Ives told me you were largely to be thanked for it, Mary. Well, 'twas a useful and beautiful thing to come into the world for, if you comed for nothing else but to save your father."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," answered Moleskin's daughter; "yet, now and again, I have my doubts how 'twill end. To be plain with you, he's a terrible lazy old man since he found the Lord. Us rejoice, of course, at least, I do. Mother don't and never did from the first. The fact is, there's no money coming in."

"I'll talk to Ives," promised Avisa, "seemingly 'tis a choice with your parent between doing wrong and doing nothing."

"He'll never do nothing. Far too busy-brained a man for that," answered Moleskin's daughter. "But if you could—if anybody could see their way to seventeen and six a week, I do think all might come right. Nobody can honestly say he's not worth it."

"He's well worth it," said Mr. Johnson. "If I can get it, as I can, thanks to Mrs. Pomeroy and Mr. Ives, then your father ought to be good for a sovereign at the least, if not more."

Avisa nodded, and her grey eyes twinkled with the brightness of old.

"You can knock off for a bit and see Mary up the hill, if you like, Rupert," she said.

The young man started guiltily; the hard-faced Mary showed no emotion. But Avisa had seen a dawn of joy even for Mary Cawker. She smiled as they went out together and Rupert uttered his clumsy thanks.

"I'll bide after hours, ma'am. Have no fear as the farm will lose by it."

These things happened on a Wednesday, and during the following day Ives himself rejoiced his mother by his solicitude. He also mystified her. It seemed that he had surprises for her, but he would not utter them until he knew her health was strong enough to stand them. She had long guessed that something was hidden, but as yet knew not what it might be.

The time to tell seemed close, for she could usually rely upon instinct in this matter, and Avisa came with placid mind to the familiar nightly interview. Ives said little by day to her or anybody. It was at those times, when the life of the farm slept, when he returned to his home after midnight, and when Avisa often came down from her room for a little while to see him eat his supper—at these times he told her things concerning his personal interests, plans and hopes.

On Saturday night the mother and old Jane Pomeroy sat and talked of the past. It seemed that a climax had been attained of late by each member of the little family, and Jane reviewed the situation.

"I, for one, never should have expected it," she said. "Because you always let him have a freer hand than his father would. My son well knowed what poison boils in a young man's veins, and what worthless things they be most times till it works out of 'em. However, Avisa, all's well, I do believe. He's taking closer and closer after my son."

"Lizzie's happy as a lark too. If Ives be so well suited with a partner in his turn, you and me can go happy, my dear."

Jane nodded.

"No need to talk of going, all the same," she said.

"And if he makes as good a husband as he has son——" continued Avisa.

"Let's hope he'll shine better at it—for all sakes. We mothers be too easily satisfied. The wives want a lot more than we do," declared old Mrs. Pomeroy.

They talked by fits and starts until it was after ten o'clock. Then Jane summed up, as she rose to depart.

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"Here be I nearly an hour after my bedtime—all through talking about your blessed boy and girl, and my dear son, your husband. Well, 'tis a beautiful subject, God knows. And Ives have got to get in love with my favourite, Ruth. That's the next thing. Then—then I suppose I'll be a great-grandmother, and you'll be a grandmother, and us'll begin our cares and hopes and ideas all over again for the next generation. Well, so must it be; there's no steady happiness in this world if you love people."

"There's no steady happiness unless you do," said Avisa.

Jane Pomeroy went to bed, and her daughter-in-law prepared a supper for Ives.

Upon her dreams the man presently came and brought red-hot reality with him. He was flushed and evidently excited. He asked a question swiftly, and when his mother answered in the affirmative, his secrets burst out of him in a flood.

"Be you strong enough and brave enough to hear a bit of strange news to-night, mother?" he asked, flinging off his cap and walking up and down restlessly. "Don't say 'yes' if you ban't; but things have got to be done, and quickly. Only I don't want them to come as a shock and surprise upon you. That might be worse than if you didn't know at all."

"I'm quite equal to hearing what you've been hiding so close these many days, dear lad."

"I might have guessed you'd seen a bit of it. What don't you see? And you'll swear afore the living God to tell no creature? You'll swear that, mother?"

She grew a little cold and her lips tightened. He spoke in the old, ferocious voice and strode hither and thither in the old, tigerish fashion.

"I'll do nothing you don't want me to do, after we've talked it out," she answered, strong in her own power over him.

"Very well, then. And first I must have my coppice money—fifty-seven pounds, ten, my share came out at."

"You can draw it from the bank to Tavistock to-morrow."

"That's all right then. I'm like to be busy to-morrow by the looks of it. Now, mother, listen. Jill Bolt's the matter, and for God's sake don't say a word till I've done. She's being tortured to death—nothing less than that. And I won't suffer it no more. I've put it to her a dozen times that she's a fool to bide there. But some rotten ideas about virtue have kept her in hell linked to that drivelling fool of a man. Why, his flute's enough to make a decent woman cry out for divorce. If that's not cruelty, what is? And to cut a long story short, she's consented at last and is going to run away with me to-morrow night."

Mrs. Pomeroy shut her eyes for a moment. Then she rallied and looked at Ives.

"Going to run away? Well, the woman can't do more than that for 'e, to be sure," she said quietly.

The youth gave a triumphant grunt.

"There! I was right to trust you. You take it like the sensible wonder you are!"

A silence fell for some moments between them, while Avisa marshalled all her wits to fight this battle and the son rejoiced to believe that his mother was on his side. He had largely deluded himself of late, and Jill had helped the process. Now Ives believed that, thanks to his initiative, this great adventure was to befall him. He fancied that his own energies and resistless arguments had brought Jill to his way of thinking, that he had won her to his own idea of wisdom, that he had overborne her feminine scruples, enlarged her mind, and secured her reluctant consent to this romantic step by sheer force of masculine strength and will. In reality, however, Jill arranged her own plans and thought on ahead a great deal further than Ives dreamed. She had weighed the chances of this step, and her decision was largely guided by information as yet hidden from young Pomeroy.

"Speak, mother," said Ives. "I want to hear what you've got to say to Jill as a daughter-in-law. Because that's what it's going to be afore any of us be much older."

"You've had your unquiet moments afore you came to this, my son. You mustn't hurry me. There's unquiet moments for me just now too. This is a far-reaching thing. I can't speak in a hurry."

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"You're not going back on—not that I care if you do. My mind is settled."

She kept silence still. Her thoughts raced swiftly, and she arranged her plan of argument. Somebody must be sacrificed; and that person could only be Jill.

"You can judge how steadfast I am, mother, by my telling you."

"I can; yet I'm proud to think you set me so high as to tell me, while there was time."

"You'll never change me."

"I know that, but you may change yourself."

He turned sharply.

"Now you are going to begin one of those long——"

"Not I. 'Tis a short and sharp business, my dear. Only a thing never looks the same to any two pair of eyes. A bit ago I saw two strange laddies start to walk from Langstone Common to the top of Great Mis. ' 'Tis nought,' they said; 'us will be there in twenty minutes.' But they didn't know of the valley and the river in between. These simple things be just they that have oftenest got a kink in 'em."

"There's no kink in this job, for I've thought it out to the end. I've been quiet and steady getting my plans all cut and dried and waiting for you to grow stronger, and now all's ready and the time has come."

" 'Twas like your kind heart to wait for that. And you love me well enough to list to me even now, though I guess how full your thoughts are of t'other man's wife. 'Tis this way, Ives; you must think of her as well as yourself."

"Ban't I thinking of her?"

"Right well I know it; but think deeper. You take her; but you'll never marry her."

"Of course I will so soon as ever Bolt's divorced her."

"He won't divorce her."

"I'll make him!"

"Nought can make him. That's one side—hers. Here's another—yours this time. When did Mrs. Bolt say she'd run away with you?"

"On Monday last she had to promise, for I'd take no longer denial."

"I thought so. Did she tell you the news touching Samuel's uncle on Monday last?"

"The latest news is that he's not so well and going down the hill a bit. And that shows to her credit, for she puts me far ahead of the money Bolt will get."

"That's not the latest news of Samuel's uncle. The latest news is that he's going to marry the young woman in the shop. It came all of a sudden. 'Twas to be yesterday. No doubt it's done now."

"Jill didn't know it then."

"Jill knew it very well, for Samuel told me exactly how she took it when he broke the news."

"What did she care?"

"She cared so much that the very day she heard it, and not sooner, she decided for you."

"You've no right to say a dirty thing like that!"

"I be going to say still dirtier things, and you've got to hear 'em, unless you want your life to be ruined forevermore. Mind, 'tis life or death for you, or I'd never raise my voice against any living creature. Not a word would I say against Jill Bolt if it wasn't your salvation that was in danger. Indeed, and hers be too, for if he won't divorce her, what's to become of the pair of you?"

"What do we care? She loves me."

"I grant it—up to a certain cautious point. She's wiser far than you, and she knows that, come what may, an honest man like you will stick to her and give her half that's his to the end. But do she think of you as well as herself? She knows right well Samuel would never divorce her; he'd think it wicked. Therefore she knows that she can never be your wife, however much she pretends."

"What do we care for the parson's twaddle?"

"That's not here nor there. I suppose you care for them as will follow? I suppose you don't want to get nameless childer? Does this woman look ahead or think or care what will happen to you saddled with another man's wife? 'Tis a great adventure, and like your bold spirit to think of such a thing, but I won't have you hoodwinked into a bad bargain while I can help it. Let her run away if she wants to. Let her run away a hundred times. But why with you?"

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"Good God! You can ax that? Don't she love me and only me?"

"Now Sam's money is done for perhaps she does, but not till then."

" 'Tis a mean thing, mother, to harp on that."

"No, Ives, 'tis a proper and self-respecting thing. She thought that you'd hear nothing of it till afterwards, and she'd have pretended, of course, that she didn't know it. But 'tis that has decided her, not your prayers. She's not worthy of you—not worthy of my son, and I say so, a woman little prejudiced against any living creature."

"I know her better far than you. She couldn't be so mean as that, I tell you."

"She's worse than that, Ives. Poor creature, I smart to have to fight her and hurt her behind her back; but 'tis you or her. She's not honest. She takes the man's money from his little store. Her stepmother told me. She'll come to you with a fat purse, mark me. Could you suffer that?"

"I won't do no blackguard thing and go back on my word for anybody on God's earth," he said at last.

"Then don't make her go back on hers," answered Avisa quickly; "that's far, far worse. She's the man's wife and under oath to him. Why not? Why shouldn't she honour him? He's better than thousands, and a kind and trusting soul. For you to strike such a man! For my strong son Ives to lower himself to rob that poor, harmless creature! Like stealing a child's toy! And don't you go dreaming that she's a miserable woman, because it isn't so, whatever she may tell you."

Very gradually she gained a little ground. She probed the wound of his self-esteem delicately yet firmly, and he smarted to think that Jill had been so exceedingly wise on her own behalf. He remembered, though he did not tell his mother, that there had indeed been no abandon about her love until the previous Monday. He could not fail to mark that she had become far more yielding since the news concerning Samuel's uncle. Until then she refused to promise anything definite and denied him the least lover's privileges. After those fleeting fires in the bluebell wood, when she let him carry her across the river, she had maintained a very strict attitude and only erred in liberty of speech. So far none could tax her with a greater crime than listening to the man and offering no protest to his proposals. Ives reflected upon the past and saw that, despite his denials, there was nothing in it that did not chime with his mother's theory. He gasped with secret wonder at her intuition. The day before Jill had coolly told him that she was going to take her husband's savings when she departed, and he had forbidden it and been a little shaken that she could even dream of such a deed. And now his mother foretold that even such a thing Jill would be capable of doing.

Hours passed and still Avisa Pomeroy spoke. The clock whispered three, but neither heard it. The mother was strung up to a tense excitation of mind that could not feel fatigue. She poured out words as never before had she poured them. Some inner prompting told her that this was the supreme moment of her life, and she did not spare herself.

And the man listened; now swore and strode this way and that, now sat down again and set out his views, now strove to spin some new sophism with a vocabulary that was scarcely equal to utter the thought in his head. He suffered deeply and turned and twisted before the steady onslaught. But he listened; he did not fly from the opposition. Reason had its way with him between frantic flashes of unreason.

He was firm, but Avisa was firmer. Once or twice she felt a physical collapse threatening her body, but she persisted, and finally got him to promise faithfully that he would do nothing whatever until he had again spoken with her on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LETTER

Little was said during the following morning, though Ives knew that his mother would speak with him before nightfall. He felt shaken but unconvinced. She grew stronger during the

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day and nerved herself for the last struggle. Little time remained, because her son had plainly told her that he was going to leave Merivale with Mrs. Bolt in the small hours of the following morning. Jill's preparations would doubtless be made that day; his own, as he had declared, were already made. He intended to be away from Vixen Tor for six weeks, and his share of the money from the cutting of the oak coppice was to pay for it. By that time he imagined that Jill would be divorced and his way clear to marry her.

But a thing happened more significant than Pomeroy's silence during these pregnant hours: he made no more mention of his money and did not go to Tavistock to draw it. Hourly his mother expected him to ask for a cheque; but the time slipped on past noon and he took no step. Her heart beat high and hope came to her. As the hours advanced she nerved herself and secretly prayed that she might have but one glimpse into her boy's heart, the better to prevail with him. But his heart was hidden; he even avoided her glances that she might not read his eyes. He slunk through the day as though ashamed of the past rather than the future. She could not perfectly apprehend his attitude, but rather feared that what she saw was the outward sign of inward suffering. She suspected that he meant to have Jill at any cost and was ashamed of himself for the determination. She believed that his soul was affirmed to do evil and that he smarted in consequence and went heavily till the night came. Once again in company of the woman, this emotion—this constraint and self-contempt—would doubtless vanish from him. But precious hours yet remained, and Avisa thirsted to be with her son alone.

The mother, however, erred in this theory of Pomeroy's present attitude. Indeed, she over-praised his true emotion; though the conscience of Ives had nothing else it was that tormented him into this gloomy condition and made him more than common saturnine and fierce. His conscience, however, stabbed with a different wound than Avisa imagined. He had made up his mind not to run away with Jill, and for that he now hated himself with all his might. He longed for her body still; but the high chivalry and the romance of the proceeding were all dust and ashes since he had spoken with his mother on the previous night. The poetry of this great experience perished out of it when he heard that Jill's decision was based on the sordid circumstance of her husband's uncle and his plans. It chimed with a good deal else in her that had jarred on the occasions of their secret meetings. The thought gradually inflamed him to bitter anger, and having fully digested it, Ives decided that he would not marry Jill.

First he stopped there. He determined with himself that he would run away with her, amuse himself with her and ultimately leave her to her own devices. It was on the edge of sleep that he came to this conclusion; but it did not bear the light of a waking mind. He rose and the intention vanished. Then he began to make up his mind anew. But he was now determined not to marry Jill even if he could do so; and since his nocturnal thought seemed vain, if not actually vile, by daylight there remained nothing but to abandon the enterprise altogether.

He told his mother when evening came, and such was his concentration of mind upon himself, that he quite forgot the other side until Avisa reminded him. He had not intended to see or communicate with Jill. He spoke in heat and uttered oaths and profanities; he made it very clear that his motive for this change of mind was no desire of right, but rather wounded pride. Blinded by wild anger he went back on his morning clarity of thought and declared that Jill deserved to be ruined. Then his mother answered him and with infinite skill took care to utter no word that might add a pang to his smarting spirit.

"You are yourself in this," she said. "And your justice was bound to bring you to it, Ives. 'Tis your ruling passion, and always have been—justice to men and women and children. I'll not be talking now, and I'll not judge your motives, but I will say you've done the wisest thing you could—for her as well as for yourself. There's a large lesson looming ahead for her too. I shouldn't see her to-night. Just write one of your

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short, swift letters. And don't play about with reasons. There's nought on God's earth more dangerous than giving reasons for some of the things we do."

"Write to her—why? I'll neither write nor see her."

"For her husband's sake more than her own. She'll be going to meet you, I suppose."

"I'd forgot that! When I gived up the thought of meeting her it seemed as if all the world must know it, and her with the rest."

Avisa nodded.

"A very natural feeling; but as yet she don't know. Better write a line and get it to her to-night—to her own hand somehow."

He wrote and at last satisfied himself; then he blotted his letter, sealed it into an envelope and set the single word "Jill" upon it.

He did not offer to show it to his mother, and she did not reveal the least interest to learn what it contained.

"That girl will hate me like hell after this," he said.

"She'll come to hate herself far worse even than you after a bit."

"Yes," he said. "And I know what a damned unpleasant feeling that is—nobody better. I hate myself with all my heart this minute."

He rose and took his hat.

"'Tis after nine o'clock," he said. "I'll drop in for a few words with Sammy, or take a message from you to his mother. Then I'll see that she gets this unbeknownst to him."

He left his home and went out into the summer night. It was warm and somewhat close. He thought of the Windystone and the tryst there appointed for three o'clock on the following morning. She would be ready with the few things that she meant to take packed in a bag. He himself had bought her the bag for that purpose.

The squeak of a flute fell on Pomeroy's ear as he approached Mr. Bolt's cottage; but Samuel was on the other side of the road in his mother's home. The window stood wide open and the room was lighted. Old Mrs. Bolt sat smiling with her face turned to her son, while Samuel, with shut eyes and bulging cheeks, played the tune of a hymn: "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." Upon his arm he still wore a black band for his baby. Samuel's own cottage appeared to be dark save for a gleam of light over the front door; but the kitchen faced upon the other side and Ives doubted not that Jill was there. A sudden longing struck upon him to go in and see her. But his desires toward her and his new knowledge of her could not live together. He had only to summon the one to cool the other. Now he slipped his letter under the cottage door, waited till Samuel's flute was uttering a shriller note than usual, then rapped loudly thrice and went his way. She was bound to hear and must see the letter when she entered the lamp-lit passage.

But Jill neither heard nor saw. All was ready for her flight. At two o'clock, when her husband slept, she meant to leave her home and return no more. She had gone to bed very early that she might enjoy a few hours of sleep before the great exodus. From the other side of the road her husband's flute squeaked faintly, as it ranged over his mother's favourite hymns; and Jill's last waking thought was that she would never hear the odious sound again.

When Ives went home, Avisa had gone to bed. She knew that he would not want her any more on this night. Therefore she withdrew herself and he was glad. He felt sore with his mother. The emotion shamed him, but he knew that it was real. He thought of Jill reading his letter and writhed.

Meantime the husband it was, and not the wife, who found that fateful note. Sammy returned home soon after ten o'clock. The house was silent and he did not doubt that Jill had gone to bed according to her habit. As he locked the front door his eye caught sight of an envelope on the floor; and he picked it up and stared at the solitary word "Jill" written large across it. Samuel did not know the hand, but felt somewhat interested. Letters seldom came to his house, and when they did, his wife or himself would open them as chance willed. He took down the lamp from a plaster bracket representing an angel, and went

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into the kitchen. Then he drew himself half a pint of beer and opened Pomeroy's letter to his wife.

Samuel read every word through five times. After doing so, he set down the page and stared before him. So silent and so still he sat, that two mice, scurrying hither and thither like shadows, drew near his boots, found a fragment of food and nibbled there.

Thus wrote the lover:

"DEAR JILL: A good deal has happened in my mind since we planned to be off together to-night. I've thought about a few sides of the subject that I hadn't thought of before, and I sha'n't be at the Windystone to-morrow morning at three o'clock as arranged. You'll live to see we are better apart and that there is nothing to be gained by ruining yourself on my account. Because your poor husband would never take a divorce, and that being so. . . . I haven't changed my mind because I'm afraid of anything, or want to do right or any nonsense like that. It is not because I care a curse for anybody, or anything anybody can do. All the same I've got a very good reason for changing my mind, and if by chance you can't guess it and think you've a right to know it, I should not hesitate to tell you. And, though I'm doing this, I loved you a lot more than ever you loved me really, for all your speeches. But I won't say any more than to hope you'll be happy some day or other. As for me, I don't expect it and don't look for it.

"Yours very truly,
"IVES POMEROY."

Mr. Bolt came slowly to himself after helplessly reading and re-reading this communication. At first he was frightened rather than angry. Once he rose and put on his hat; but he remembered that his mother would long since be asleep. Then he decided that, as became a man, he would thresh out this tremendous circumstance singlehanded. He paused to wonder at his own courage, then asked himself what he must do. He read the letter again and tried to grasp how much had gone before it. It was clear that Ives Pomeroy and Jill had arranged to run away that night, and that Ives, at the last moment, had changed his mind. He must have come himself with the letter, heard Samuel's fife and felt it safe to leave the letter for Jill. Mr. Bolt then permitted himself to wonder what sort of relations had obtained in the past between the pair. This line of thought awoke emotion. It was perhaps hardly worthy to be called anger, but he was certainly very much irritated. He struck the letter in the face with his fist, called Pomeroy a scoundrel and walked up and down the kitchen; but first he took off his boots that he might not waken Jill overhead. Suddenly a cold sweat burst out all over him. Perhaps she was not overhead; possibly she had already gone to the Windystone. He crept upstairs to see and stood at the open bedroom door. She was in bed and sound asleep. He heard her steady, regular breathing.

Samuel descended again, saw his beer and drank it. He mopped his forehead and read the letter once more. He thought for yet another half-hour; then his mind began to wander and, to his surprise, he grew sleepy. He started up indignantly, read the letter again and began saying more harsh things of Pomeroy under his breath. Nevertheless, he felt thankful that Ives had changed his mind, and he began to wonder what had made him do so. Samuel found his spirit grow milder as the night advanced. He even ventured to hope that it was God who had worked this miracle in the mind of Pomeroy and thus saved all parties. He felt weak and quite worn out, but yet realised that he could hardly retire without taking some definite step. For the moment Pomeroy might be disregarded, since he was not going to the Windystone, but without a doubt Jill intended to do so. He must, of course, stop that and have it out with her. In his present weary condition the necessity for this terrible deed depressed him. He tried to work himself into a fury with her and failed. He drew himself some more beer and read the letter again. His head kept nodding, and presently he passed beyond recovery and fell very soundly asleep. For nearly two hours he thus remained, and then woke

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to find the lamp smelling and the light of it reduced to an azure bead of fire.

Samuel came slowly to his senses and had an inspiration. He felt that to fall into a fierce quarrel with Jill at this time of night was physically impossible for him; his system cried aloud for sleep, and he hardly knew how to get upstairs to bed. But his mind gave an expiring flash, even as the lamp had done, and he had a great idea. He lighted a candle, locked up the letter, and went to bed. He had decided upon a terrible revenge. He decided that he would do nothing at all! Though in itself a plan unheroic, yet the consequences must be very considerable. His silence meant that Jill would presently rise and go off to the Windystone. Samuel fumbled at his buttons and dragged off his clothes.

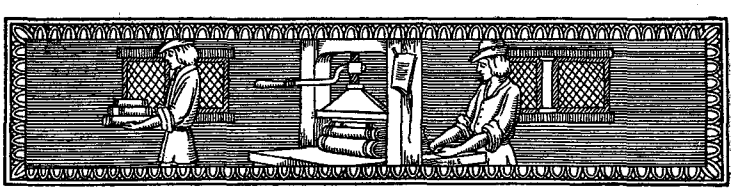
When he lay by sleeping Jill's side and felt her tawny hair against his face, Samuel's spirits sank and he wept. The immensity of this wrong overwhelmed him. He began to argue that it was not Jill's fault at all, but the man's. He had tempted her with lies and the devil had helped him. Samuel felt cold and wretched after his sleep below; but he did not creep close to Jill for warmth as was his custom. "No! I've got my dignity," he said to himself.

Some while afterwards she woke him getting up, despite the stealthiness of her movements. He pretended to be still asleep. She dressed in the dark and left the room. He heard her open and shut the door; then her feet sounded outside. He peeped from the window, but it was too dark to see her. His mood had changed. He felt rested and refreshed. An emotion of light-heartedness overtook him. He surprised himself by laughing at the picture of Jill waiting for one who would not come. He got back into bed and rolled over to the warm lair that Jill had left. He was just going to sleep again when a new idea, somewhat splendid at first glance, made him sit up and rub his eyes. "How would it be if I was to get in my clothes and go after her and forgive her and bring her back?" he asked himself. He even went so far as to light a candle and put on his socks. Then he took them off again and blew the candle out. "Won't risk it—might be dangerous and tragical," he murmured regretfully. "She'll be expecting that bad fellow, and if I come up and tell her that he ban't coming, 'tis any odds she'll lose her temper with me, and say things, or even do things, that us both should much regret. I'll leave her in the Lord's hands. I'll kneel on my knees and lift my soul to Him; I'll—I'll— 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Shall us poor worms——"

Here he sank finally to sleep and did not wake again until the sun had risen.

Elsewhere Ives Pomeroy, sleepless, tossed and turned and sometimes standing at his open window, looked through the darkness to where westerly the Windystone stood on the edge of the Moor. He thought of the silence that two voices had meant to break there. He pictured the ancient granite brooding alone under night, and a whim woke in him to go forth and keep the promised appointment, even though he knew that the woman would not now do so. He sneered at his folly and returned to bed.

(To be continued)



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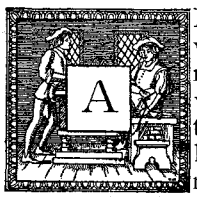
PRAGMATISM*



NEW name for some old ways of thinking, pragmatism is to philosophy what a court of arbitration is to capital and labour; it attempts to mediate between arrogant rationalism and complacent common sense. Essentially independent, it follows neither the professional philosopher on his high *a priori* road, nor the man in the street with his cock-sure notions of truth; rather does it strive to tread a path between the two, a *via media* from which may be obtained the ideal outlook of the one and the concrete practicality of the other. In this rôle of mediator pragmatism exhibits its adaptability to modern demands, finding the world sick of abstractions and, at the same time, uninspired by the current scientific beliefs, it offers itself as a tonic to tired minds, a pungent compound which will restore the jaded appetite for the speculative life. Here it claims efficiency for the most opposite types of men—the rationalists, who go by principles, the empiricists, who go by facts—for it seems to possess a remarkable insight into the varied symptoms of each. Assuming individual rationalists to be devotees to abstract and eternal principles, and individual empiricists to be lovers of facts in all their crude variety, the pragmatist describes the one as intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist, monistic, dogmatical; and the other as sensationalistic, materialistic, pessimistic, irreligious, fatalistic, pluralistic, sceptical.

This is the table of contrasted traits drawn up by the most recent exponent of this most recent phase of thought. Given this table, and postponing the question whether it be coherent and self-consistent or not, Professor William James holds that the antagonism between the two types forms a part of the philosophic atmosphere of the time. Describing the one type as tender-minded and the other as tough-minded, he continues: "The tough think of the tender as sentimentalists and soft-heads. The tender feel the tough to be unrefined, callous, or brutal. Their mutual reaction is very much like that that takes place when Bostonian tourists mingle with a population like that of Cripple Creek. Each type believes the other to be inferior to itself; but disdain in the one case is mingled with amusement, in the other it has a dash of fear." This inimitable description suggests the story of the rise of pragmatism in this country. To reconcile the ways of thinking between the wild Westerner and the effete Easterner, there arose half way between the two what has been called the Chicago School, headed by Professor Dewey. This school, perceiving that both concrete facts and abstract principles were good, sought to attain a system which would combine the excellences of each. Here the prime criterion was declared to be practicality. "Grant an idea or belief to be true," says pragmatism, "what concrete difference will its being true make in any one's actual life? How will the truth be realised? What experiences will be different from those which would obtain if the belief were false? What, in short, is the truth's cash value in experiential terms?" With this emphasis on practicality, pragmatism now attempts to resolve certain dilemmas of philosophy, inasmuch as it counts itself most useful in its method of settling metaphysical disputes, which otherwise might be interminable. Avoiding the barrenness of transcendental idealism, it seeks to unstiffen discussion by giving up the pretence of finality in truth, and simply asking, in regard to any question, "What difference would it practically make to any one if this notion rather than that notion were true?" Here a learned opponent, adopting a sort of slang which pragmatism does not disdain to use, has defined its idea of truth as "any old thing that works." Thus he imagines a rustic visitor to the city, who, seeing that an uplifted hand will stop a trolley car, tries

*Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1907. Pages xiii. + 309.

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the same symbol in front of an automobile, and—the police gather up his fragments. Such a man, it is unnecessary to say, is not a pragmatist, for the essence of pragmatism is success. Now, apply this method to any historic system and observe the result. Take transcendental idealism; it may be inspiring to an ardent believer, but is such a belief to an ordinary man anything more than a cold-storage system of truth? Like the Christian Science formula, "One life, one truth, one love, one principle, one good, one God," the purely rational conception of reality, as ready-made and complete for all eternity, may possess an emotional value, but intellectually it is no solution of this present world, with all its bewilderments, surprises and cruelties. In a word, continues Professor James, rationalistic systems are remnants of artificiality, too refined to satisfy the empiricist temper of mind. So we find men of science preferring to turn their backs on metaphysics as on something altogether cloistered and spectral, and practical men shaking philosophy's dust off their feet and following the call of the wild. But this is too fast, concludes the advocate of pragmatism; the man of science needs philosophy; he may give up "God" and the "Absolute," but he still calls upon "Matter" and "Energy." The practical man also needs philosophy; he may give up the flamboyant optimism of his salad days, but he still needs something to cheer him on his way. Here pragmatism offers itself as mediator and consoler, to satisfy both kinds of demands. It can remain religious like the rationalisms, but, at the same time, like the empiricisms, it can preserve the richest intimacy with facts. Pragmatism means, then, not the bare presentation of abstract outlines, but a helpful method of tracing specific consequences of any given hypothesis. Assuming the empiricist attitude, it turns toward concreteness and adequacy, toward fact, toward action, and toward power. How is one to choose, say, between optimism and pessimism? By its effects on practical living, responds the pragmatist; one naturally accepts the former doctrine because it gives a happier view of this sorry world. Or, again, what practical difference does it make now that the world should be thought to be run by spirit or by matter? In the one case there would be the hypothesis of an eternal perfect edition of the universe coexisting with our finite experience, in the other the hypothesis of blind physical forces, bits of brute matter unconsciously following their particular laws. Between theism and materialism, thus presented, it is impossible to choose hypothetically, but apply the principle of practical results and there is vital difference. The one hypothesis is pessimistic, its sun sets in a sea of disappointment; the other is melioristic and means the preservation of our ultimate hopes, since it is not a blind force, but a seeing force, which runs this universe. So, likewise, with the controversy between determinism and free will; pragmatism rids one of Puritanism, drives away the vapours of a bilious conscience, and puts man, if not on the road to perfectibility, at least into the fresh fields of independent action.

But it is in the ancient problem of "the one and the many" that pragmatism claims to reach the most comfortable conclusions, despite certain palpable inconsistencies. Accepting design, free will, the absolute mind, spirit instead of matter, because they have for their sole meaning a better promise as to this world's outcome, it suddenly abandons this monistic point of view and takes up with a pluralistic. This at first appears unnatural; it is as if an American of the strict constructionist type should suddenly give up the idea of the paramountcy of the federal government and become a violent advocate of States' rights. And yet this apparent reversal of judgment has its reasons, namely, the temperamental preferences of the author for that rich medley of facts called the world, rather than for that risky monistic dogma of an absolutely perfect universe. Here the monist might be compared to the protectionist, who argues that if one break be allowed in the sacrosanct Dingley system, the whole will fall to the ground. Wherefore to the philosophic stand-patter pragmatism comes in to unstiffen his theories, to show that this is no more the best of all possible worlds than the present is the best of all possible administrations, and that pluralism, like States'

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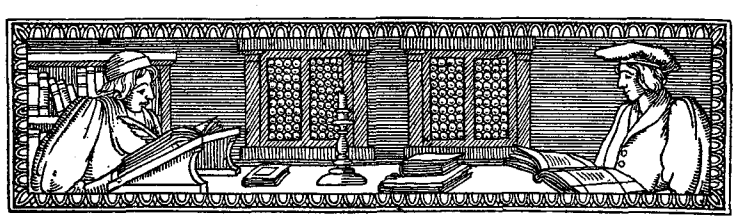
rights, is necessary to allow that free play of parts so conducive to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Pragmatism, then, it is said, pending the final empirical ascertainment of just what the balance of union and disunion among things may be, must obviously range itself upon the pluralistic side and sincerely entertain the opposite hypothesis of a world imperfectly unified still. Hence, the actual world, instead of being complete "eternally," as the monists assure us, may be eternally incomplete and at all times subject to addition or liable to loss.

These views of Professor James on the fundamental problem of the one and the many will, of course, be criticised, for he fully expects to see the pragmatist view of truth run through the classic stages of a theory's career, first being attacked as absurd; then admitted to be true but obvious and insignificant; finally, seen to be so important that its adversaries claim that they themselves discovered it. Thus, if one might forecast its future, pragmatism will very likely be dubbed a mere progressive pantheism; then explained away as a revival of the ancient Greek conception of cosmic fluxility, of a plastic principle in nature; finally, claimed to be the only, original American philosophy, despite its brilliant advocates in England and Italy. But to confine one's attention to the first stage, pragmatism at the present moment does not seem so absurd as its opponents think. Conventional monism, with its insistence on eternal principles and fixed archetypes, will be hard pressed to explain away that mutability in nature, that changing pageantry in earth and sky, from which native writers like Emerson and Whitman drew their philosophies. As an acute critic has observed, the notion of a finished world is as hard to grasp as the notion of a finished waterfall. Or, to carry out the figure, instead of being immutable, a frozen river of reality, truth is ever in mutation, ever carried forward on the flowing stream of consciousness.

All this seems a fair construction to be put upon pragmatism in its latest exposition; it has been found judicial because acting as a mediator between rival theories, independent because rejecting the orthodox ontologies, practical because insisting upon an account of truth which has a cash value. But lest the latter characteristic appear too commercial, too much in the nature of a transaction in the Chicago clearing house, the Eastern exponent of pragmatism concludes with a defence both typical of his locality and suggestive of his intellectual heritage. Feeling, indeed, the immense pressure of the objective control of things, resolving to test his notions of truth by their material utilities, he yet allows the value of subjective principles of pure reason and the worth of such spiritual inspirations as "over-beliefs" and "faith-ventures." Herein the author exhibits traces of a transcendental environment and even of a mystical heredity. Reasoning from pragmatic principles that we cannot reject any hypothesis, if consequences useful to life flow from it, he finds that the use of the Absolute is proved by the whole course of men's religious history, and following the lead of Henry James, the elder, he appears, in his doctrine of meliorism, to revert to that Swedenborgian type of thinking which conceived the world as a progressive spiral of perfectibility.

I. Woodbridge Riley.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Company:

American Book of Golden Deeds. By James Baldwin.

A record of deeds of bravery and heroism performed by Americans for America. Some of these stories are merely familiar legends rewritten, but the greater part of the book, it is said, will be entirely new ground to the reader.

Outline for Review of Roman History. By Newton and Treat.

Outline for Review of Greek History. By Newton and Treat.

Presenting the essential points of Roman and Greek history. Fifty typical questions from college entrance examination papers have been included.

Mathematical Geography. By Willis E. Johnson.

Educational. This is intended as a text-book in high schools, academies and normal schools; also for the guidance of teachers.

Appleton:

The Younger Set. By Robert W. Chambers.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Empire Builders. By Francis Lynde.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Grinmar. By Nathaniel Kussy.

With its scene laid in an ancient and lonely castle in England in the sixteenth century and its characters men who breathed the passionate spirit of the times, *Grinmar* consists of the third and fourth acts of an unpublished play made into a novel.

Century Company:

Brunhilde's Paying Guest. By Caroline Fuller.

The Paying Guest is a young New Yorker, who has sought refuge and rest in a quiet Southern home. His hostess, or "landlady" as he at first styles her, is an ideal type of womanhood and he soon falls in love with her despite the disparity in their ages, she being eight years his senior. It is subsequently discovered that the New Yorker is a Southerner born, and his ancestral estates are near at hand. The traditional family ghost is introduced in the shape of the Whirling Woman. Ultimately he wins the reluctant consent of Brunhilde and marries her. The book is full of numerous other complicated love affairs.

Clem. By Edna Kenton.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Week on the Concord. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Walden. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Excursions. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Cape Cod. By Henry D. Thoreau.

A bijou edition of the collected works of Henry Thoreau.

Stories from Morris. By Madalen Edgar.

Stories of Early England. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton.

Stories from Chaucer. By J. W. McSpadden.

The first three books in a new series.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

The Making of a Successful Husband. By Caspar S. Yost.

This volume is evidently intended for the improvement of husbands. The subject is dealt with in the form of letters which a father who has committed matrimony successfully writes to his son. They treat various subjects—whether it is better to board or keep house, the wife's allowance, the bride's relations, and should women work.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Memoirs and Artistic Studies of Adelaide Ristori. Rendered into English by G. Mantellini. With Biographical Reminiscences by L. D. Ventura.

A resumé of the remarkable dramatic career of Madame Ristori. She tells many intimate anecdotes of the principal personages of her times and of her "confrères" Rachel, Ernesto Rossi, Tomasso Salvini, Edwin Booth and other prominent figures of the nineteenth century. Madame Ristori also makes a critical analysis of many of the famous plays in which she appeared. This is a companion volume to *The Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun.*

The Lone Star. By Eugene P. Lyle.

A romance about the making and makers of Texas, introducing Crockett, Houston, Santa Anna, and other less noted historical figures.

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Duffield and Company:

The Successor. By Richard Pryce.

Dealing with the want of an heir for a great English estate. Edmund Alton, the nephew of the present incumbent, grows up in the belief that he some time shall be Lord Alton de Merringham. When his uncle dies this almost becomes a certainty until the birth of a daughter to Lady Alton destroys this hope. When Gundred, the daughter, grows up, however, the inevitable happens and she marries Edmund, thus making him master of the manor, if not the lord.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Burning Torch. By F. F. Montresor.

Following the fortunes of Dolores Ellerson, a girl strangely endowed with the gift of looking into the future. As a child she leaves her home in South America accompanied by her father. On the voyage she becomes an object of interest to the passengers by foreseeing many disasters which occur, and a premonition of evil concerning her father results in his committing suicide in a spasm of insanity. On her arrival in England, Dolores is taken to a family of cousins, with whom she lives for a time. The remaining four hundred pages of this volume takes up her career step by step to her death, which she anticipates in the same remarkable way.

Paul Elder:

In Lighter Vein. By John de Morgan.

Witty sayings gathered at different times and from men and women all over the world whose names are familiar.

How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers. By R. W. Wood.

Limericks illustrated by accompanying pencil sketches by the author.

R. F. Fenno:

The Kingdom of Love. By Henry Frank.

The author of this book tells you that love reigns in a kingdom of calmness and serenity, of the awakening of the slumbering soul, and society brought to an ideal plane.

The Serf. By Guy Thorne.

A story placed in the middle of the twelfth century. Hyla is the serf of the Baron de la Bourne, but he differs from the other serfs on the estate in that he does his own thinking. His owner is a hard and cruel master, who takes all from both men and women that he can. The baron wrongs Hyla and his family in many ways, and for this the serf determines to have revenge. In order to accomplish his purpose he secretes himself, and when his lord goes by, kills him by shooting three arrows into his body, one for each of his daughters and one for freedom. Hyla is afterward caught, and for the avenging of his wrongs tortured and hung.

Harper and Brothers:

Barbary Sheep. By Robert Hichens.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors. By General Charles King, Captain Charles A. Curtis, and others.

Exploiting the adventures, both in fact and fiction, of American soldiers, by some among them.

Henry Holt and Company:

Leading American Soldiers. By R. M. Johnston.

This is the first book in a series of biographies of leading Americans which is to be issued. Distinguished soldiers in the service of our country are here presented, and the principal battles in which they were engaged are considered in detail.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Selected Poems of Shelley. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George Herbert Clarke.

A text-book which the author says is "suitable for student use, and conforming to class-room requirements, yet based on other than formally pedagogic principles."

Little, Brown and Company:

A Lost Leader. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A romance of English political life, the hero of which is said to be an adumbration of Mr. Balfour. Mannering is living a retired life in the country, from which his friends in the political world seek to drag him. They finally succeed in their designs. Mannering becomes one of the most prominent figures in England, being known as "the people's friend." While out walking one night, he is held up by a half-crazed workingman, who wishes him to visit the provincial manufacturing cities and see for himself the true state of the working people. This changes the whole trend of his political life, which never reaches a successful conclusion, for though twice on the eve of becoming prime minister, he is both times defeated.

The Macmillan Company:

Temptation. By Richard Bagot.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Methods in Teaching. By Rosa V. Winterburn.

A treatise on the methods of teaching

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employed and advocated by the Stockton Schools.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Century. By Justin H. Smith.

A summing-up of the efforts made by the thirteen United Colonies to secure an alliance with another member of the British colonial possessions in North America.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

China and America To-day. By Arthur H. Smith.

An exposition of the present conditions existing between America and China. There is a special criticism on America's strength and weakness in that country. Doctor Smith wishes to be known not so much as a representative of the Government, but rather as a missionary to China.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Essentials in Architecture. By John Belcher.

An aid to the general reader of average intelligence, showing him how he may distinguish between the good and bad in architecture.

A Short History of Jewish Literature. By Israel Abrahams.

Beginning with the fall of Jerusalem, in the year 70 A.D., and covering the seventeen centuries which intervene, to the death of Moses Mendelssohn, 1786. The object of this book is to encourage an elementary study of a part of Jewish literature which has hitherto been much neglected.

The Makers of British Art. Morland. Edited by James A. Marston.

A biography which attempts to show Morland's different moods and styles in a way that no other work has done.

Pompeii as an Art City. Edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A.

One of the Langham series of Art Monographs. Illustrated.

Synoptic Publication Company:

Gospel Development. By Caleb T. Ward.

The aim of this book is to show the origin and growth of the Four Gospels, and for the more convenient consideration of this work, it has been placed in two divisions.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between August 1st and September 1st:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Penalty. Begbie. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Dodge.) $1.50.
4. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. As The Hague Ordains. From the Diary of a Russian Prisoner's Wife. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
5. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Ackroyd of the Faculty. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Castle of Doubt. Whitson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Doniphan Expedition. Connelley. (Bryant & Douglas.) $2.50.
4. The Lonely Lady of Grovesnor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Needles and Pins. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Leighton. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The World's Warrant. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. To Him that Hath. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Bruce's Social Life in Virginia, 17th Century. Bruce. (Staly.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Old Home House. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Bar 20. Mulford. (Outing.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Woodcarver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. Meany. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.25.
2. The Master of Stair. Bowen. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. Pigs Is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips.) 50 cents.
4. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Through the Eye of the Needle. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.

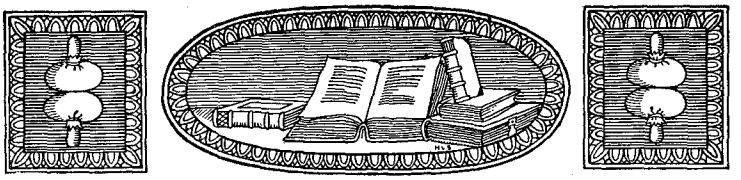
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00..... 248
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50..... 236
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 158
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 121
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75..... 106
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50..... 73



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